The Sunday Oregonian.

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STEAMER LATONA ON AND AFTER MAY [illegible] will leave Taylor-st Dock, Portland at 10 A. M. and 3:30 P. M. Oregon City, 7:30 and 1 P. M. Sundays leave Portland at 10 A. M. and 5 P. M. Oregon City at [illegible] A. M. and 3 P. M.
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U. S. Marshal's Citation.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DISTRICT OF OREGON, ss.—Whereas a libel of information has been filed in the District Court of the United States of America for the District of Oregon on the 7th day of [illegible]ember 1886 by Mr. Lewis L. McArthur, United States Attorney against the following described property, viz: One hundred and sixty cans of prepared opium, which [illegible] of prepared opium for the [illegible] Collector of Customs for the district of Willamette on the 26th day of [illegible] 1886 were seized as forfeited to the use of the United States for the reasons and causes in the said libel mentioned and praying the same [illegible] of the said court in that behalf [illegible] all persons interested in the same [illegible] be cited to answer the premises [illegible] having had that the said property [illegible] may for the causes in said libel [illegible] be condemned as forfeited to the use of the United States according to the form of the statute in such case made and provided. [illegible] under the said monition under the seal [illegible] directed and delivered, I do hereby give notice to all persons claiming the said [illegible] or having anything to say why the same should not be condemned as forfeited [illegible] pursuant to the prayer of the said libel, that they be and appear before the said District Court on Monday the 4th day of October 1886, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, [illegible] the same shall be a day of jurisdiction, thereafter, then at the next day of jurisdiction thereafter, [illegible] a claim for the same and to [illegible] their allegations in that behalf.
[illegible] at Portland in said district this 14th day of [illegible] ber 1886.
PENUMBRA KELLY
U. S. Marshal Dist. of Oregon.

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DR. FONG LEE,
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GRANT IN PEACE.

The Great Soldier as a Presidential Candidate

[illegible] into Politics by President Johnson's Course, He Refuses to Take any Active Part in the Campaign.

Copyrighted by Gen. Adam Badeau.

[illegible] already shown Grant's original aversion to politics. Immediately after the close of the war the attention of the country was turned [illegible] the great soldier as a probable candidate for the presidency, but to him nothing could be more distasteful than the thought. Probably no man has ever been mentioned for the place [illegible] unwilling to accept the honor [illegible] for all his elevation [illegible] plain and unassuming [illegible] satisfied with his position at the [illegible] and gratified with his personal [illegible]. He had received no training in [illegible], he had no aptitude for the career, he [illegible] the ways and arts of politicians and pre-[illegible] his soldier friends and his reputation as a [illegible] political associates or political fame. [illegible] that he must lose some of his [illegible] when he became a candidate, must [illegible] of his ease and offend many of his [illegible] in office. Besides all this, [illegible] the bitterness of poverty, and he [illegible] placed beyond pecuniary anxiety, [illegible] he became president he must relinquish [illegible] of $22,000 a year that was settled on [illegible]. He had little to look forward to [illegible] to take the place of [illegible], and he was still young, [illegible] the war closed. He considered [illegible] circumstances, and he has told me [illegible] with positive apprehension [illegible], which by degrees was con[illegible] certainty, of becoming a presidential candidate.

[illegible] first approached on the subject [illegible] the liberty and repelled all discussion [illegible]. I have often seen men who [illegible] receive very mortifying [illegible]. They would make per-[illegible] little speech, devise a snare [illegible] he must certainly fail, [illegible] tempt him to talk, con-[illegible] made a reply unavoidable, [illegible] simply look at them with no [illegible] on his face, and say not a [illegible]. If he had uttered anything at all [illegible] continued or renewed their [illegible] silence was the most [illegible] possible. It not only en-[illegible], but was merciless in its way. [illegible] and blushed, no matter how [illegible] attempted to change the [illegible], and invariably before many minutes [illegible]. Sometimes as the door closed [illegible] look up at me with a quizzical ex-[illegible] showed he enjoyed their con-[illegible] was amused to the stratagems of [illegible] was the most skillful and the most suc-[illegible] I have ever seen. His [illegible] never returned to the charge.

FORCED INTO POLITICS.

But the course of Johnson made it incumbent [illegible] the soldier to accept the political situation, however unwelcome. The people whom he had led in the war naturally looked to him to [illegible] what he had won, and for a year before [illegible] necessity, for decision there could be [illegible] the signs. Still Grant lived in the [illegible] the necessity might be averted. He [illegible] to himself that he must take up [illegible] role. The approach of the crisis [illegible] no ambition in him. Indeed, the specta-[illegible] dishonored, impeached, almost [illegible], was not calculated to make one who [illegible] eager to become his successor. The struggles whose inner history [illegible] so well, the troubles with cabinet [illegible], the distracting fears and anxieties of [illegible] the fate of Lincoln—all con-[illegible] dispel the illusions which men further [illegible]. Grant saw for himself [illegible] the lot of the president was a hard one [illegible] believe he ever stated to any human [illegible] admitted to his own heart, before the [illegible] rupture with Johnson, that he would accept the nomination for the presidency.

This [illegible] doubtless helped him to con-[illegible] his differences with the president, [illegible] him submit to more from Johnson [illegible] otherwise would have endured. Then, [illegible] saw not a little in the conduct of [illegible] and of individual members of the re-[illegible] party that he did not commend. Of [illegible], with the general policy of the party he [illegible] accord, but he disapproved many partic-[illegible] and disliked many men that as a candidate [illegible] in some sort indorse. Besides all this, [illegible] many admirers and some warm personal [illegible] among the democrats, whom he was un-[illegible] to lose, and the influence of his wife's [illegible], which went for something, was decided-[illegible] to the republican party and sentiment. [illegible] to the last moment taking the [illegible] step.

But when he wrote the letter that defied the [illegible] he identified himself with the presi-[illegible]. The country looked upon the [illegible] signifying his willingness to be consid-[illegible] Johnson's antagonist. Johnson himself at [illegible] even afterward hoped to be the [illegible] of the democrats. He was at this mo-[illegible] acting in unison with them his only [illegible] of their party he was their repre-[illegible], and though he did many things that [illegible] democrats disapproved, they were forced [illegible] uphold him. Thus when Grant was thrust [illegible] a position of personal and prominent hos-[illegible] to Johnson, the republicans claimed him [illegible] rallied around him. He knew himself that [illegible] die was cast.

HE WAS NOMINATED BY ACCLAMATION

At Chicago in May, 1868. Stanton carried him [illegible] news. I was with Grant at his own head-quarters when the secretary of war entered the room. I had never seen Stanton there before. [illegible] this time he did not send for Grant. He [illegible] hurriedly up the stairs panting for breath [illegible] one should precede him. He had received the first telegram of the vote, even in advance of Grant, and as he rushed in he exclaimed: "General, I have come to tell you that you have been nominated by the republican party for president of the United States." Grant received the intelligence as he did every important announcement of his life. There was no sign of exultation or agitation in his face, not a flush on his cheek nor a flash in his eye. I doubt whether he felt elated, even in those recesses where he concealed his inmost thoughts. At that moment I believe he was sorry to leave his position in the army, and disliked as much as ever the prospect of new responsibilities and unfamiliar cares. But of course when he was in a fight he desired to win, and since his name had been placed before the public with his tacit sanction, he would have been disappointed had he not received the nomination. Of that, however, there had hardly been a possibility. The next night he made his first political speech, in answer to Gov. [illegible], who publicly congratulated him on his nomination. The address was entirely unpremeditated. [illegible] almost every speech he ever made, but I took it down at the time. It was in these words: "Gentlemen, being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, and without the desire to cultivate the power, it is impossible for me to find appropriate language to thank you for this demonstration. All that I can say is that to whatever position I may be called by your will, I shall endeavor to discharge its duties with fidelity and honesty of purpose. Of my rectitude in the performance of public duties you will have to judge for yourselves by the record before you."

With all his modesty Grant was conscious of his own character. He felt the weight of the services he had rendered, and dared to allude to them without humility.

Indeed, he had been told so often that he was indispensable at this crisis that he might be pardoned if he believed it. He thought at any rate that he was as important to the republican party as the party was to him. He had not sought the nomination and the party had not [illegible] the prestige of his name at the polls [illegible] was not grateful to the party, for he believed that if the party leaders could have done without him they never would have nominated him. And it is true that he was not the choice of the leaders, who doubted his political ability and doubted even yet his political fidelity; he was forced upon them by the rank and file. [illegible], Chase, Greeley, Sumner—all would have preferred a purely political man. Grant [illegible].

TOOK NO PART IN THE CAMPAIGN.

He refused from the first to take any active part in the campaign. When the trial of the president was concluded and congress adjourned, he set out for his little home in Galena to get away from arrangements and conferences. The party managers were very much annoyed by this course. Nearly all his friends thought it unwise, and those who were intimate enough advised against it. He was now, they said, the chief of the party, and its important members desired to consult him continually during the contest. But he replied that he did not wish to consult them. He had lent his name, but he would take no part, give no advice in the struggle. He went off as far as he could from the turmoil, and directed that his letters should not be forwarded to him, nor even opened. Grant, indeed, at this time, meant to keep himself untrammeled by pledges not only about place, but even about policy. He had some idea of being the president of the people rather than of a party. He became absolutely a politician afterward, but only this idea will account for much that was extraordinary in his course, both during the canvass and even after the election. He had no thought of being untrue to those who supported him, but he had not sought the nomination, and he felt himself more free on this account, and he meant to keep himself so. This is not a surmise of mine; it is what I have heard him declare.

When he went to Galena I remained in Washington writing a pamphlet history of his life for the campaign. He knew my occupation and approved it, so that he was not, after all, indifferent to success nor the means to insure it. He simply did not wish to use these means himself in this campaign. He wanted to feel that he had not striven for his elevation.

When my work was complete he wrote me the following letter:

GALENA, Ill., Aug. 18, [illegible]8.

DEAR BADEAU:—As I have concluded to remain here till about the close of September I think you had better open the letters that have accumulated in Washington. Such as are on official subjects refer to Rawlins. All others do with as your judgment dictates, only do not send any to me except such as you think absolutely require my attention and will not keep till my return. If you are not otherwise more agreeably engaged I think you will find it pleasant here for a while and then to return with me. I have also written to Comstock to come out if he feels like it. The family are all well. Yours truly, U. S. GRANT.

REFUSED TO DICTATE TO POLITICIANS

Accordingly, I opened the hundreds of letters that had been received since his departure, answered those that required answering, and took a dozen or two with me to Galena. There I remained until the election, for Grant did not return to Washington before November. In all this period only one or two of the political people of consequence ventured to write to him, but many letters were addressed to me whose contents were evidently intended for my chief. Of course, I laid all these before him, and my answers were governed by his wishes, but he still refused to advise, much more to dictate any of the strategy of the campaign. E. B. Washburne and Russell Jones were the only politicians of note who saw him often during the canvass, but they were his intimate personal friends and in his confidence in many ways. Rawlins remained at Washington. He wrote rarely, but was in constant communication with the political managers. He was without orders or express sanction from Grant for this course, but Grant knew that Rawlins was acting in his interest, just as he knew that I had written his history for the campaign. Comstock, one of the aides-de-camp, was also at Galena, but he abstained scrupulously from politics. He prided himself on being a soldier, pure and simple.

Two instances of Grant's persistent determination not to be a partisan I can now recall. Gen. Frank Blair was the democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, and in his speeches made repeated and offensive reference to Grant, calling him a military despot, a tool of the politicians, etc., etc., etc.; but Grant refused to resent the language. He had been a warm personal friend of Blair and excused the heat of his expressions in a political campaign, though there were many military and political associates of each who thought these expressions unpardonable, for Blair had received advancement and recognition from Grant, and was thoroughly conscious of the purity of Grant's intentions. All this made no difference in their personal relations and when Grant first met Blair after the canvass was over, he received him as cordially as ever.

SHERMAN'S ATTITUDE

The other circumstance relates to Sherman. Many of Grant's friends thought that an expression of sympathy from Sherman, the utterance of a wish for Grant's success, would have great weight with Sherman's old soldiers, as it certainly would have had, but Sherman was determined to keep himself on the outside of practical politics. He had, besides, I always supposed, some sort of sympathy with the view that the South should have been allowed to return without so many restrictions and harsh conditions, and he was unwilling to say one word to imply a contrary feeling, even in favor of Grant. His silence provoked some caustic criticism from many who were anxious for Grant's election. But it never affected Grant. He respected Sherman's individuality, he thought Sherman had a right to his own views, he was sure of Sherman's friendship, and Sherman's reticence in no way lessened Grant's confidence. Yet I am sure that Grant wanted the expression that Sherman withheld, both as a matter of feeling and because he knew the weight it would carry. He was disappointed when the expression did not come, but I heard him defend Sherman for not giving it. Their friendship stood this test also.

During the political campaign Grant went about the country very little. Once he visited St. Louis and once Chicago, but attended no political meetings. He staid at the houses of intimate friends or relatives and avoided political demonstrations. There was a political meeting in Galena, but he was not present. His mornings were passed in reading and answering letters, or giving me directions or information for such as I was to reply to, though he often said: "Say nothing to that. If you do not answer the letter will answer itself." He was always clever and almost adroit in his reticence.

He read the newspapers closely, and discussed public affairs, even the chances of the election; for, with all his taciturnity, with all his apparent inaction, he would have been profoundly mortified at defeat. In the afternoon he drove or walked, paid visits to his old friends about Galena, sat in their offices and warehouses and took tea with their families in turn. He had many transient visitors, and entertained them in the same simple fashion to which he had been accustomed before his greatness, perhaps with a more liberal hospitality, but with as little ceremony.

ON ELECTION DAY

On the day of the election I accompanied him to the polls, where he voted for Washburne for member of congress, and, indeed, cast his ballot for the entire republican ticket, except for president. He was a citizen of Galena when the war broke out, and has not lost his franchise.

At about 10 o'clock in the evening he went to Washburne's house, not far from his own. Arrangements had been made there to receive the news. Wires were laid to connect with the office of the telegraph, and by these the messages came which were to announce the name of the next president. There were in the room a dozen or more of the citizens of Galena, one or two correspondents of the republican press, and a few political people, but except Washburne none of national importance.

Every man present was more excited than he whose stake was greatest of all. He did not pretend to be indifferent, but he would have displayed a greater anxiety if a friend had been the candidate. Once or twice the news was less favorable than had been expected, and often there seemed a balancing of the chances, but I have often seen him show more concern over a game at cards than on that night when the presidency was played for.

Finally, between 1 and 2 o'clock, the returns were sufficiently definite for us to congratulate him on his election. Then he walked up the hill to his own modest house, and standing on the doorstep, the president-elect of the United States addressed a little company of between fifty and a hundred citizens and friends. He was unelated in spirit, calm in bearing and simple in speech, and uttered nearly the same thoughts as on the night when he was nominated. I was very much struck with one expression which was afterward repeated in his inaugural address. It seemed to me eminently characteristic of the man, and appropriate to the occasion, though it was destined to be harshly criticised. "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear."

ADAM BADEAU.

NEW YORK LETTERS.

Much Gossip over the Marriage of Master James G. Blaine.

The Gould-Kingdon Wedding—Roscoe Conkling's Club Life—The Truth about Henry Irving's Summer Yachting Cruise

[Special Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—There is much gossip over the marriage of Master James G. Blaine. The boy seems to be a clean-cut chip from the old block. The story of the marriage, as told by those who ought to know something about it, differs materially from the published accounts. Master Blaine, like young George Gould and young Tony Drexel, was dead in love. Here, however, the comparison ends. Gould and Drexel, conservative and far-seeing, like their respective fathers, manipulated family wires so adroitly that the consent of the parents was obtained, and the wedding bells rang so loudly that all the world heard them. Not so with Master Blaine. He was spurred into action by the intensity of his passion. Impetuous as the "White Plumed Knight" himself, he threw prudence to the winds, and rushed into the bonds of matrimony without a thought of the future. He followed Ben Franklin's advice and married a lady several years older than himself. As she was a Roman Catholic, he went to a priest to have the ceremony performed. Father Ducey refused to join them—not because Master Blaine was a Protestant, but because he was under age. The tenets of the Catholic church forbid the marriage of a minor without the consent of the parents, unless a dispensation from the ecclesiastical authorities has been granted. Master Blaine promptly appeared before the archbishop in this city, detailed the difficulties attending the wedding, and besought the necessary relief. The good prelate gave him sound advice and urged him to pause. The Blaine blood grew hot. The archbishop might as well have tried to put out a fire with oil as to have moderated the boy's love with seasonable counsel. Master Blaine no longer besought a dispensation. He demanded it as an inherent right, claiming that as neither he nor his father were Catholic they were not subject to the canon law of the holy Roman Church. It is understood that the boy argued his case on this technicality with an ability which indicates a bright future as a lawyer. He clenched his argument with a threat to carry the case into an outside theological court if the ruling was against him. Finding the boy impervious to all admonition, the archbishop granted the dispensation, young Blaine meanwhile leading him to believe that the young lady's parents sanctioned the match. The couple reappeared before Father Ducey, and the wedding knot was securely tied. Then the ardent lovers stopped for a moment to take breath. Finally they agreed to journey together to Augusta, break the news gently to Master Blaine's parents, receive their blessing and return to New York to bask in the sunshine of the bride's family. They secured a stateroom on a Fall river boat, as the bridal chamber was unfortunately occupied by a newly wedded pair of happy Israelites. When daylight broke, Master Blaine put on his thinking cap. His thoughts wandered home. He was the apple of his father's eye. The great statesman had taken the stump in the Maine campaign, not dreaming of a domestic explosion. He fancied that Master James was poring over studies down at Bar Harbor, preparatory to entering college. All this recurred to the boy's mind. His anticipations were chilled by the fear of coming realities. He held a council of war, and finally changed front in the face of the enemy. He persuaded his bride to return home and await the result of his effort to secure a reconciliation with his father. He promised to write her every day, and to return soon and claim her. The bride readily obeyed her husband. It is said that she kept the secret of her marriage for some time, but finally divulged it to her parents. Communication with Augusta was opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Walker Blaine took the first train for this city. Walker called upon the bride's parents, and urged the maintenance of the strictest secrecy as to the marriage. He said that his brother was a callow boy just verging upon a collegiate course, with fair prospects for a brilliant career in life. These would be darkened if the story of his marriage was published. Were the secret kept, Master James might graduate with high honors. A second wedding ceremony could then be performed and the young couple enter matrimonial life under the most auspicious circumstances. The parents listened patiently to this special pleading. Walker displayed his diplomatic power in a way worthy of his lineage. He was evidently making a favorable impression, when a friend of the family was called in. He is a government official, and he was a gallant soldier in the Army of the Potomac. A man of the world, although an ardent member of the Roman Catholic church, he took no stock in Walker Blaine's sophistry. He urged the immediate publication of the marriage, saying that secrecy was the worst possible course to take. Things grew hot. Walker pleaded, cajoled and threatened. Those directly interested became passively pliant, but the silver haired soldier was like steel. He was too true a friend to temporize for even a day. He quietly slipped down town and deliberately gave an account of the marriage to a prominent newspaper. Walker Blaine retired in confusion. His second effort at diplomacy had failed. Three days later came the news that Master Blaine's father had settled $1800 a year on the young couple and that James G. Jr. would enter business life in preference to college.

ZISKA.

THE GOULD-KINGDON WEDDING.

The talk of Wall street was the wedding of George Gould to Miss Edith Kingdon, an actress of Daly's company. The intimacy between these two young persons has been known to exist for the last two years, and the marriage itself did not surprise anybody. But the wedding ceremony was a subject of general comment. George Gould managed in the few years that he has been in the street to make himself very unpopular but nobody thought that the number of his friends was so small as not to be represented at least by one or two at his wedding. Even his old partners, Connor and Morosini, were not present. It is said that with the exception of the young men whom he occasionally meets at the Atlantic club on mere terms of club acquaintanceship, Gould has no associates at all. A Wall street wit started the story that the Gould family will have now private theatricals in the famous green house at Irvington, and that Gould, Sr., is already studying the part of Shylock.

RIGOLO.

CURRENT THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

The prevailing clamor is mainly caused by Mr. Dixey's manager, who arrived from Europe a day in advance of his star in order to pave the way for a reception.

Mr. Rice told me himself that the heart of the nation stood still in expectation. This is true, but in expectation of what Mr. Rice and not what Mr. Dixey will do next.

The outburst of "Theodora" took place at Niblo's garden on Monday night. It proved to be an astonishing and intricate spectacle. Public interest was heightened in the event owing to Bernhardt's success in the play abroad, and on account of the enormous amount spent here in the production by Miss Lillian Alcott and her syndicate. The play itself is a ponderous one, with three novel and strong situations, but its chief appeal at Niblo's was through the eye.

On the night of its production Mr. Nat Goodwin appeared at the Bijou in his new piece, "Little Jack Sheppard," which, aside from Mr. Goodwin's share in it, proved to be rather dull, and at the Windsor Mr. Fred Bryton opened with his play of "Forgiven." Of these three works Mr. Bryton had the call, as the managers say.

While the archaeologists and critics were at Niblo's, the populace were at the Windsor.

Still, "Theodora" is an interesting theatrical event. It reproduces for us with appalling accuracy the life, debauchery, extravagance and passions of the sixth century as they have never been reproduced on the stage before.

I sat through this exhibition employing hundreds of people dressed in real armor and genuine silks and satins, and wondered at the opulence of the modern stage. In the matter of historical accuracy of detail it surpasses anything that we have attempted of late years, and you know what mints of money Robson and Crane and Hill and Barrett have poured upon the boards.

The management from the first has been actuated by an ungovernable desire to have everything real. The jewels upon one of the star's tresses would build a theater, and a costumer told me that the brass shields used by the supers cost hundreds of dollars. She has thus managed to combine the interest of a museum, a panorama and a play with the animation of a torchlight procession and the humor of an Irish funeral.

Mr. Nat Goodwin deserves a worthy play. He is one of the best comedians in the country, but he is wasting his talents in burlesque. He never can be a Dixey, for he is an actor, and he has no Ed Rice to manage receptions. It is doubtful if he wants any. What he really needs is a sterling play.

Miss Victoria Schilling, you will perceive, is making more talk by her disappearance than she did by her debut. She has shown a great deal more talent in stopping than she did in commencing.

NYM CRINKLE.

GOSSIP OF THE CLUBS—ROSCOE CONKLING'S CLUB LIFE.

Although his professional duties prevented Senator Roscoe Conkling from accepting the presidency of the Carlton, he passes all his leisure time therein—when not in the court or out driving the speedy bay mare that Ed Stokes presented him in his exuberant delight over his speech on Jay Gould's rapacity in the recent great telegraph suit. There is a table in the dining room that is known as Mr. Conkling's, and it is always reserved for him. Though not practicing Banting, he is very moderate in his selections. His favorite dish, both for breakfast and dinner, is English mutton chops slightly underdone and baked potatoes very well done. He never drinks anything stronger than russet cider. He occasionally smokes a mild cigar. There is a capacious arm-chair in the reading room which he always appropriates, and which not even such an audacious iconoclast as the Hon. Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree would think of invading when there was the slightest possibility of his being around. According to club routine Mr. Conkling is a very domestic man. He is always ready to join in the general conversation, but will never discuss politics except with intimate personal friends. As it is evident he is so partial to the club it is rather surprising he did not accept the presidency.

Of course the window coterie of the Union club find much to talk about in the Neilson divorce case. Frederick Neilson was, until this affair, a conspicuous and familiar object in the windows of the club, attired in the latest English styles, and priding himself on his wonderful resemblance to the Prince of Wales. He is a brother-in-law of Freddy Gebhardt, who, by the way, sulks on the continent like a small boy since the Lily no longer smiles on him or his decimated income. Scandal and other troubles have caused many vacancies in the window coterie the past few years, but there are always ambitious candidates lounging near awaiting the vacancies like vultures over carrion and each year seems to have its victims.

That man is the reflex of the boy is evident from the fact that the adult can become as gleesome over a novelty as the adolescent about the newest toy, and no better illustration can be afforded than the grave and dignified house committee of the Lotos club, of which the grave and dignified Dean of the University Medical college is chairman, in its ecstasy over a new $500 dinner set and a mutual admiration dinner, blending their voices in incidental song until a late hour. In truth the new service is very beautiful, a delicate tracery of seaweed and flora covering some plates and game birds of various tints adorning others. Wilson Barrett will be dined by the club on the 9th prox.

JOHN D'ARME.

THE TRUTH ABOUT HENRY IRVING'S SUMMER CRUISE—YACHTING GOSSIP.

While tossing about on the ocean in the fog at the yacht racing fiasco the other day, aboard of one of the finest of the steam yachts in the fleet and killing the time by gossiping over a decanter of as good Kentucky whisky as can be found (to keep off the chill), some curious statements were made, which I afterwards verified by inquiring, and which have not yet found their way into perpetuating type.

It was laughable enough that Henry Irving should make a cruise of the Sound in a towed yacht instead of at once securing for the purpose a steam yacht. Yachting thus was forsooth as much as sitting astride a bicycle on a platform car across the continent would be a bicycle journey. More laughable is the fact that Irving gave this treat to himself, having hired and paid for the yacht Brooklyn himself. He gave his own dinner, but it was not known that the yachting cruise was his own treat also. This is certainly very funny. Of course it is generally understood the boating and heralded visit, dinner and cruise, with Miss Ellen Terry to meet and greet him at each port, was one of the numerous entertaining schemes adopted by the managers of the actor to keep him before the public on this side of the ocean, from which he will be absent, professionally, until next year. Irving is accomplished and interesting, and if he had went about it in the right way he could have gone in very good society here, and not being by any means a Bohemian, I am surprised he has not lived his course better—pardon the nautical lingo, but I am just ashore. The dinner was remarkable by reason of the absence of some of his nearest friends.

The other revelation is that Lieut. Henn is true blue after all, notwithstanding his decidedly "plebeian" bearing and manners. He is a cousin of gallant Lieut. Charley Beresford, and served with him before his marriage on the man of wars man Galatea. Early in life he was aboard a merchantman. It is generally understood that the venture of bringing over the cutter Galatea (named after his old service ship) to try to wrest the cup from the centerboard sloops built here, is that of the builder, J. Beavor Webb, who seeks advertisement as a ship builder. Webb has more to say about the sailing than Lieut. Henn, who is a much more competent seaman. Henn could say nothing about accepting Gen. Paine's proposal for an ocean race in a gale until until he had submitted the same to Webb, who promptly declined. Again, Webb had the tiller in the races. The knowledge that the voyage of the Galatea over here is an advertising dodge of the builder puts a very comical aspect on the affair. Henn's *bonhomie* and conviviality, however, have won him many friends who wonder that a man in his position should persist in having himself officially addressed as 'Lieutenant,' when his official designation is simply plain "Mr." In consequence of this assumption of title many have doubted that he ever was really in the English navy.

The other yarn that was spun around the festive board—that will bear repetition—was that it is considered rather bad taste, to say the least, that the executors of the late Gov. Tilden should bring down pleasure parties on the Viking to see the races. It is true that the charter of the yacht was to the close of the season, but it rather smacks of an assumption of undue authority for them to thus appropriate her. Suppose she should be run into or damaged some way would the estate be held? One wag declared that the ship's flag was at half mast, but his glass was unreliable—or too strong.

JOHN D'ARME.

Grant's Sly Humor

Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A few days ago I happened to dine with Mr. Blaine, and I heard him tell the table a story about Gen. Grant which well illustrated the general's sly humor and keen appreciation of a joke. "The late Israel Washburne," said Mr. Blaine, "had a very exalted opinion of the state of Maine. He thought Maine was a great state for everything. He thought Maine was a great wheat state and a great corn state—and I don't know but a great cotton state. When Gen. Grant visited Maine ex-Gov. Washburne accompanied the general and myself in a railroad ride through a part of the state. Ex-Gov. Washburne had been descanting on the glories of Maine, when Gen. Grant said, giving me a nudge, 'I believe Maine is a great corn state, Gov. Washburne?' 'Oh, yes, Maine is a grand corn state,' replied Washburne. 'Some of the corn patches we've passed remind me of the corn fields in Illinois in which a man on horseback cannot reach the tassels,' added Grant, with a twinkling eye. The ex-governor," continued Mr. Blaine, "did not see for a moment that in one case the horseman could not reach up to the tassels and in the other case could not reach down to them."

ANCIENT BOWLING GREEN.

Pen Pictures of an Historic Quarter in New York.

Where Washington Irving, Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, Cornwallis and George Washington Once Walked in Days Gone by.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

One hundred and fifty years ago, and perhaps more, the worthy inhabitants of New York used to play bowls and other games on a small green plot of ground, which has always been known as the Bowling Green, and which is associated with the stirring events in American history. It is at the foot of the great artery of New York, Broadway, in a region rich in historical associations, teeming with suggestions of a quaint and half forgotten past. Trade, like a conquering Goth, has struck down as with a spear far mightier than Alaric's, the old life of this ancient locality, the life that had its quaint objective manifestation in powdered wigs and three cornered hats, in ruffled shirts and silver shoe buckles, in the patched cheeks of high rouged dames and the solemn grace of old school gallants, as well as the old dormer-windowed mansions once the abodes of wealth, beauty and luxury, but now either utterly swept away as by a surge of time or else lingering like a worn-out old beau to lament in dimness, desecration and perhaps even squalor, an epoch as different from the present day as our civilization probably is from that on another planet across the aerial highway millions of miles wide which impassably separates us. And yet if some, or most of the good old dwellings of a vanished and perhaps a happier period, because less restless, less feverish and hurried, have disappeared, not a few structures have arisen which may be termed palaces of commerce, and which would probably have filled the old inhabitants of this quarter with amazement.

Strolling down where the gentle Washington Irving once lived, where the astute Louis Philippe, the crafty Talleyrand, war-like Cornwallis and his conqueror, the high-souled Virginian, who was to be honored with a title that kings and emperors have sought in vain, the father of his country, strolling where these have paced in days long gone by, we may in the comparative stillness of dusk step back into the ancient days of New York and thus scan with keener interest the relics of another age.

WHEN NEW YORK WAS FIRST SETTLED

By the Dutch the main thoroughfare was Pearl street. Broadway was not opened till some fifteen years later, though there is a tradition that the first house built in New Amsterdam, now New York, was on the spot now known as 39 Broadway and occupied by a building devoted to steamship and other offices. After the Dutch had settled permanently in New Amsterdam, the stout, big paunched, tobacco-puffing old burghers bethought themselves of their enemies, the fierce English and the treacherous copper colored savages, and accordingly they built a fort close by the Bowling Green, and facing it from the south. The old fort was razed to the ground at the close of the revolutionary war to make room for a building which should be suitable for the residence of the president of the United States. This structure being removed and the ground reduced to the surrounding level, the site was sold in six good-sized lots to six persons, under agreement that they should erect dwellings uniform in height and general appearance—the city government at the same time agreeing never to erect buildings on the battery, lest the view of the bay from the six dwellings should be obscured. The six houses thus erected were the finest in the city; they were brick with brownstone trimmings; they were the wonder of strangers and the pride of New York. And, indeed, they still retain not a little of their former beauty, in spite of nearly half a century of neglect and ill usage. The last of the original owners to live in one of these stately dwellings of old New York, was Stephen Whitney, once the largest capitalist in the city with the exception of John Jacob Astor. He died in 1860, and since then fashion has entirely deserted this locality. Commerce elbowed it away from the breezy water front, with the fine view of the grand bay, and now its abodes are on the noisy Fifth avenue and similar thoroughfares—a dreary stretch of Belgian paved streets and brown stone mansions, having none of the quiet charm, the refined elegance or the homes of the old *elite* down by the Battery and the Bowling Green. In noting the six time-stained dwellings that still stand on the site of the old fort, the eye glances at the quaint old dormer windows, the curiously sculptured lintels and the funereal Ionic pilasters set in the antique doorways.

LOOKING AT THOSE OLD BUILDINGS,

The haunts of busy brokers and steamship agents, it is difficult to realize that in the fort that once stood on this site a dark tragedy was enacted one rainy morning in May, 1691, or nearly 200 years ago. It was when Jacob Leisler, a sort of American Cromwell in embryo, was hanged with his son in law, Melbourne, for constructive treason in refusing to give up his office as governor, which he had acquired by a popular uprising "for the Protestant religion" until his successor should prove his identity and his authority. His execution was a stupid, brutal English blunder, for which special acts of parliament, passed some years later, rehabilitating his name and bestowing an indemnity on his heirs, of course, could not atone. And then a funeral procession wound its way around the Bowling Green, which had witnessed this crime, and the bones of the brave and impulsive Leisler were honorably buried in the old Dutch church.

New York received the news of the declaration of independence July [illegible]. A multitude assembled and marched to the Bowling Green and there demolished the leaden equestrian statue of George III. It was sent to Litchfield, Conn., and there melted down into bullets with which to shoot his majesty's red-coated soldiers. The Bowling Green seemed to be the spot usually selected in those days when any great demonstration of the people was to be made. On November 1, 1765, for instance, when the obnoxious stamp act had stung the fiery colonists almost to the pitch of insurrection, the effigies of the royal Gov. Colden and no less a person than his satanic majesty were burned on the Bowling Green, amid the shouts of a great mob.

THE FIRST MARKET

When the old fort to which I have referred was built the ground in front of it for a distance of 100 yards was cleared to give play to the guns in case of attack from savage and other foes. When the village became large enough to have a market the cleared space in Bowling Green was appropriated for that object. The population of the interior of New York then increased very slowly, as the soil was rocky and stubborn. The produce came mainly from Long Island and the region of Communipaw, the boats conveying this produce to the future metropolis of the New World landed at the quaint old Whitehall stairs at the foot of the present Whitehall street and also at the foot of Broad street.

The Bowling Green was partly inclosed about 1720, and thirty years later a public spirited citizen by permission of the governor put a railing around it. It was then no longer used as a market. At the time of the Revolution the Bowling Green was a fashionable resort. The population of New York had increased to 30,000 and included not a few persons of wealth and social distinction. No. 1 Broadway, opposite the green, was one of the finest houses in the city and in many respects remained so till it was torn down to make room for Cyrus W. Field's commercial palace. During the Revolution it was occupied by Lord Cornwallis, Lord Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, at different times commanders-in-chief of the British forces in America. After the Revolution Talleyrand lived there for a time. At No. 5 Broadway, close to the green, and now a vacant lot, Benedict Arnold had his residence after he had failed in his efforts to betray the Revolutionary cause and while he was striking the blows of a would-be parricide at the country which had nurtured him.

CLOSE BY ARNOLD'S RESIDENCE

Stood the famous coffee house in which were held the meetings in the first stirrings of the people against the Stamp act. No. 11 Broadway was once Gen. Gates's headquarters.

The houses erected after the close of the Revolutionary war were fine substantial structures, and in one of these, at 15 Broadway, just opposite the northern end of the Bowling Green, on a spot now occupied by the splendid Welles building, Washington Irving lived for a number of years. He had previously lived in Bridge street, a little east of the green.

In the daytime the benches in the Bowling Green park are usually filled with tramps and other idlers, some reading newspapers or cheap novels. There is a fountain surrounded by a terrace of the large-leaved, red-blossomed Canna, the variegated Coleus, palms and other plants; good old-fashioned gravel paths leading to the two gates of the park, the loungers are shaded by willows, ailanthuses, maples and elms. English sparrows keep up a constant chirping, and Jacob Sharp's orange colored horse cars, perhaps the finest in the United States, come swinging along the circular green with a never ending roll and jingle. Seated in the park there is a curious sense of isolation even in the noisiest hour of the day; senses are refreshed by the rustling greenery and the plash of the fountain, and for the time the immediate pressure of life and its cares is lightened. The glance takes in the flocks of pigeons, which alight on the lintels and copings far up on the Produce Exchange, and the sight seems as strange as to see sparrows in front of the Stock Exchange, which is not a thing unknown. Passing along up Broadway is a troop of German emigrants in queer little glazed caps and student-like eye glasses. At a certain hour of the early evening this region is comparatively quiet, but later it becomes almost as noisy as at midday. Electric lights beam over the scene, there is the rumbling of elevated railroad cars near at hand and the whistling of steamers on the river. What would old Petrus Stuyvesant think of these modern wonders of steam and electricity could he once more revisit Bowling Green even as a midnight ghost.

OSCAR WILLOUGHBY RIGGS.

ON 'CHANGE.

The Napoleon of the Coffee Trade and the Fortune he Made and Lost—Broker Pugilists

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—Some years ago Mr. B. G. Arnold, then a well-known New York merchant, was called the Napoleon of the coffee trade. He was worth a million, and his social expenses were $70,000 a year. He lived like a prince. He had a fine house in the city and a splendid mansion at Oak Point, near New York, to which he gave the name of Renaque. It was embowered in trees, and stood at a point not far from where the British frigate Hussar was wrecked during the Revolution at about the entrance of Long Island sound. He had a yacht, a good collection of pictures, a large conservatory, and he entertained handsomely. He was a member of the chamber of commerce and also, I believe, of the Union league and the Down Town club. He was a natural leader of men, and for years he ruled the coffee market with an iron rod. This was the case when most of the coffee was brought to this country by sailing vessels, and the voyages were so long that it was not a difficult matter to keep the supply down to manageable limits. Success made him overbold. If he was the Napoleon of the trade he was to meet his Waterloo. He organized a clique to control the bulk of the supply of Brazil coffee in New York and other markets and advance the price. At one time they held more than 100,000 bags, or about 15,000,000 pounds. But steamers now began to be employed in the Rio de Janeiro trade, and they brought the coffee so rapidly to New York that the clique were swamped. A very heavy fall in the market followed, and the coffee king's fortune was swept away. I am reminded of these occurrences by the fact that another large speculation in coffee is now going on. Coffee seems a queer thing to gamble in, but the gambling in it is nevertheless large and increasing, and on the produce exchange they are calling for a coffee quotation "ticker."

THE COFFEE EXCHANGE.

Is a dark cubby hole on Beaver street at the junction with Pearl street, and seems admirably adapted for dog fights. Here there is a crowd of shouting brokers daily, and here dispatches are received several times during change hours from Rio de Janeiro, the great Brazil market, and Havre, another large center of the Rio coffee trade. There is a good deal of scalping between New York and Havre by buying here and selling there, or *vice versa*, according to the fluctuations of the market. The exchange pays $10,000 a year for statistical information and reports of the markets. But what is more to the point just now is that the bull speculation in coffee is being led by Siegfried Gruner, an ex president of the cotton exchange, and Crossman & Co., of Lower Wall street. Together they are supposed to control not far from 200,000 bags of coffee, either in the actual merchandise or in options. In two days of this week the speculative excitement was so great that the transactions at the exchange involved no less than 135,000 bags at a decided rise in prices. Mr. Gruner, the commercial prototype of the hero of the old German epic poem, the "Nibelungen Lied," is a dashing speculative general, who, like the Siegfried of Scandinavian and Teutonic mythology, is after great treasures of gold, and unlike his god like ancestor, no fatal lance has yet been plunged beneath his shoulders. He has already given the bears in coffee something of a roasting, and hopes to hold a barbecue before long. He looks like a German baron, and is prominent in the highest German circles of society. He is a member of the German club, the Jerome Park Jockey club and the famous Liederkranz society. He is a man of generous impulses and very popular. He was formerly a clerk in a foreign exchange house, but is now a recognized power in the down town business life of New York.

SPECULATIVE PUGILISTS

An occurrence of little importance from one standpoint, but of some significance from another was the bout with hard gloves between two young members of the produce exchange some days ago. They actually fought for $50 a side in a room near the exchange, and one was so badly punished about the eyes that he was obliged to wear dark goggles for some days. The fact that a certain class of brokers take the greatest interest in fistic science is notorious. Some of them are very skillful with the gloves. Howell Osborn, the son of the late "Charlie" Osborn, who was for years Jay Gould's broker, and who died worth seven millions of dollars, is one of the best boxers on the stock exchange, and now that he is to retire with an income of $100,000 a year granted to him by his mother on condition that he leave Wall street, he may have more time to perfect himself in his favorite science, which he has studied under able professors. In fact Wall street brokers hire broken down prize fighters to instruct them in what they term the 'manly art,' and some of these worthies actually visit the "Street" and give lessons to their patrons there. It is not safe for a Sixth Ward rough to insult some rather dudish looking brokers; there is a danger of their "letting go their right" with the force of the hind limb of a displeased mule. Seriously these straws on the surface of society, the boxing, the amateur pugilistic matches, the apotheosis of Sullivan, seem to indicate one of those waves of reaction which are incidental to progress. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," said Napoleon. Scratch a modern broker and you will find a little of the primeval savage. Business is carried to excess in this country, books are not read by the average business man, brute money is the sovereign brute power, and when men are not fighting one another in more or less brutal speculations and laughing or sneering at one another's ruin, they in some cases put on the gloves and with instinctive love of the brutal punch one another's heads until the services of the artist and optician are necessary.

OSCAR WILLOUGHBY RIGGS.

The Fate of Two Monuments.

New Orleans States.

New York is a bad place for monuments. The Egyptian obelisk is crumbling very fast and becoming shapeless, and the Grant monument has disappeared entirely.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Eccentricity of Secretary Lamar in Everyday Movements.

The Ambition of Postmaster-General Vilas—Considerable Uncertainty about Secretary Manning's Immediate Political Future.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—Secretary Lamar never leaves Washington unless in a mysterious way, at least the newspapers describe it as mysterious. The explanation is that the secretary is a very shy man, and he has been so much beleaguered by office-seekers that he has become extremely cautious in his movements, so nowadays whenever he wants to be gone from the city, for fear that he will be waylaid by office-seekers wherever he may be going, he arranges with his private secretary to say to newspaper men who come about the department that the secretary has disappeared and no one knows where he has gone, that he came in in the morning and started to do some work, suddenly picked up his hat, went out, and that was the last seen of him. Regularly once a month this paragraph gets into the newspapers, and Mr. Lamar is again and again described, in the imagination of newspaper correspondents, as a very dreamy man, who has only occasional periods of wakefulness in which he works by fits and starts as the mood takes him, and thus accomplishes the enormous amount of work which he is known to turn off. This shows what a smart man Mr. Lamar is. A correspondent has a number of times heard his private secretary giving this usual talk to the reporters when Mr. Lamar has sat in his office conversing. I once saw him read a paragraph in the evening papers describing one of these mysterious disappearances, and then take his carriage and ride the length of F street to the Ebbit house, exciting the astonishment of everybody who had read the evening papers, and supposed that he had gone off like a half-dazed opium-eater—"The world forgetting, by the world forgot." The fact of the matter is that Mr. Lamar is one of the most systematic men in the administration, and no member of the cabinet accomplishes so much hard work day after day as he does. He is a man of remarkable legal acumen, and has again and again torn up the decisions of his staff of law clerks, to sit down and labor over all the facts and principles involved, and himself dictate a decision, which he is willing to have go forth to the world, and these decisions by Mr. Lamar are some of the richest and ripest productions that have ever emanated from any one holding that office. More than any man in the cabinet Mr. Lamar is a statesman, and his scholarship is a constant surprise to all who come in contact with him. As a judge of men his discrimination is far superior to that of the president. If the South is ever to advance a presidential candidate Mr. Lamar will be the man.

HE WAS PROMISED A PLACE.

A funny scene was witnessed on Pennsylvania avenue last night. A seedy-looking individual, tall, fiery-eyed, keen and interesting, was talking in a most demonstrative manner to a friend. "To-day, sir," said the tall man, "I sold all my law books, $100 worth of law books for $16. By ——, sir, sold them to a nigger, sir. Sold $100 worth of law books to a nigger. Isn't that humiliation for a South Carolina democrat? I have spent a year and four months here. I came here soon after Cleveland's inauguration under promise of all the leading men of the South that I should be taken care of. You know my father was one of the highest and best known men in the state. His father was equally highly honored. Our family is one of the oldest in the South, and here I am to-day, sir, with $16 in my pocket and vengeance in my heart. I came here a year and four months ago with the promise of a good place. I was told to wait. Again and again I was told to wait only a few days or a week. I have been waiting all these weeks and months. A month ago Mr. Lamar sent me a note saying that he had a position for me in the interior department. I presented myself and learned that I was temporarily to be put on the labor roll with the prospect of a $2000 place in the course of a few months. Well, that was not particularly inviting to me, a professional man and a man from a family which had never stooped to menial labor, but I took the place. What do you suppose they set me to doing? Washing spittoons, sir, in the basement just like a nigger. By ——, sir, I worked for a month like a nigger cleaning spittoons, and that for $50 a month. Yesterday my soul revolted against the nauseating task for once and for all, and I determined that I would not submit to such an outrage. To-day I resigned and to-morrow I go home. May God strike me dead if I ever set foot in this town again." This incident, dramatic and fanciful as it may appear, is one that actually occurred.

THE AMBITION OF MR. VILAS.

There have been in the city for more than two weeks a number of representative citizens from different parts of the West and Northwest working for increased mail facilities. Some of them have been unable to have a conference with Postmaster-General Vilas, while others have had unsatisfactory conferences with him. It is told that Mr. Vilas established a rule unto himself some time ago which provides that where there is a tri weekly service and a daily service is desired he will threaten to reduce the service to semi-weekly, and make the applicants for increased service satisfied to have it remain as it is, that where a weekly service exists he grants a semi-weekly service; that in all other changes he gives the slightest increase possible, if he does not threaten to reduce the service to prevent an increase of cost. The object of the postmaster general is to force the people to be satisfied with the service they are already receiving and to bring expenses down to the minimum. At no time during the past ten years have the new countries had such meager encouragement in the way of proper mail facilities. It is the intention of the postmaster-general to make a statement just before the next presidential campaign, in which he will show largely increased savings in his department. It is not his purpose to show that the people are satisfied in the service he has given them, or that he has been instrumental in developing any portion of the country. He only desires to prove that he has saved money.

UNCERTAINTY ABOUT MANNING

For some reason unknown to most people here the administration has been industriously engaged during the past two months denying the reports that Secretary Manning is to retire from the cabinet. Special trouble has been experienced by some of the gentlemen connected with Mr. Cleveland, who say that Mr. Manning will serve out his term, and that there will be an unbroken link in the cabinet record at the expiration of the presidential term. Whether it is due to instructions received, or an inclination to bring outside pressure to bear to keep Mr. Manning in his position, the inner officials in the treasury department have gone to the trouble during the past ten days to inform the newspaper correspondents that Mr. Manning has reconsidered his desire to retire from the cabinet, and that he will serve out his term beyond a doubt. In some quarters these reported announcements and the trouble to have these statements go to the public have two effects. One is to arouse suspicion that Mr. Manning really intends to retire, and the other is trying to bring pressure upon Mr. Manning from the business community to hold him in his place. There is just as much uncertainty now about Mr. Manning remaining in the treasury as there has been at any time since he wrote his resignation, to take effect on the 1st prox. The only thing that is known about the matter positively is that the administration is a good deal exercised over it.

A Parallel

New York World.

A delayed official report from Saranac Inn assures the country that Mr. Cleveland is so changed that his most intimate friends would not know him, a parallel for the change which since his election has prevented his knowing some of his friends.

"Here is a little thing I just dashed off," said a buxom maiden, as she entered the sanctum. The editor was just about to state that he didn't use poetry, when the young lady produced a beautiful golden roll of butter. It was accepted with thanks.—Burlington Free Press.

BRITISH MAGAZINES.

The Cream of the Good Things of Current English Literature.

Cicero's Letters Collected—Venice in 976—Life at a German Bath—Wolves in England—England in 1550

LET A MAN READ WHAT HE ENJOYS.

Must a man enjoy his Homer and his Virgil one whit the less because he can read with pleasure for the hundredth time his "Lays of Ancient Rome" or his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers?" Can he not love Keats without loathing Pope? Must he be incapable of appreciating the fun of Socrates discoursing philosophy from his basket, or Bacchus tugging at Charon's oar, because he can laugh consumedly at Lord Scamperdale or Mr Verdant Green? I have read "Don Quixote" and "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" many times, and hope to read them many times again Whether I truly appreciate them I can not say, but I can honestly say that I like to read them But I also read again the other day, after some lapse of time, Mr Wilkie Collins's 'Woman in White" and "Moonstone, and I must honestly say I enjoyed them both immensely There are hours when I would sooner read certain chapters of "Westward, Ho" than any other book that ever came from a printing press The other day I read a list of books drawn up by a lady for the edification of Sir John Lubbock's ideal workingman. This list included Epictetus and Boethius and St. Francois de Sales's 'Traite de l'Amour de Dieu,' and Rousseau's 'Confessions'—the last perhaps a rather queer sort of book for a gentlewoman to recommend to a workingman But surely no one will say that this erudite lady is less able to appreciate her Boethius because she has thumbed her Rousseau. So long as our whims be not dangerous, do not lead us to books which promote 'filthiness and foolish talking,' we may be content to read, I do think, as the whim seizes us browsing at will, snatching a mouthful here and a mouthful there of such food as we have a mind for, and then, when the spirit is on us, sitting down to a real banquet with the immortals There have been men, wise men, full men, who have learned much by this intermittent grazing, these half hours not always with the best authors, and have counseled others to go and do likewise. Come what come may, at least these odd half hours will be better spent dipping into the books themselves than in taking the edge off such little appetites as nature may have granted us by cramming ourselves with a thousand different opinions about them Against that vile practice, indeed, the face of Mr. Harrison is set most sternly "We read a perfect library about the 'Paradise Lost,' but the 'Paradise Lost' itself we do not read * * * A perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world"—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

CICERO'S LETTERS

There are nearly 800 letters of Cicero extant, besides at least ninety letters addressed to him, and we know that this large collection is a mere fragment of the immense correspondence that he left behind him It extends over a period of less than twenty-five years—i e, it gives us on the average a letter for every eleven days of the last twenty five years of his life The letters are written to all sorts of people and are of all varieties of style. Only in a very few instances does the writer seem to have had any thought of their being published. Their charm is their naturalness, their frankness, their outspokenness It is difficult to imagine what our notion of Roman life and manners, of Roman history, would be without this unique correspondence and all this astonishing letter writing went on in midst of every kind of engagement, and of such claims upon the writer's time and thoughts as few men that ever lived are exposed to (he) was deeply immersed in politics, in lawsuits, in foreign affairs, in building houses, in writing books and making collections of art treasures, in traveling, in actual warfare, yet in the midst of it all he was writing letters, long and short, at a rate which only a professional journalist nowadays could think of turning off Sometimes pedantic and sometimes affected in his other writings Cicero is never so in his letters There he is always natural, and there you have the best side of the man shown us The letters were written from his heart—I mean the familiar letters. He writes because he had a longing to communicate his thoughts to his friends—in other words, because he had a craving for the sympathy of those he loved I believe that will be found to be the real secret of all good letter writing If a woman sits down to write as Mme. de Sevigne did, or as Pope did, with a view to an outside public, and only half a thought for the friend or relative addressed, you will never get really natural letters There will always be a false ring about them More than one book has been published during the last few years the author of which has been extremely careful to tell us in his preface that it was never intended for publication, that he was very much surprised indeed when it was urged upon him that he should actually print his letters! Nothing had been further from his intention. The letters were written in the first instance to X or Y, or Z, etc Yet we can hardly read a page without feeling quite certain that X, or Y, or Z was only a peg to hang letters on, which were most surely addressed to a larger outside public, whom the author never lost sight of from the moment he took his pen in hand till the moment he laid it down—*The Nineteenth Century*

VENICE IN 976

Venice, though already great, was in comparison with its after appearance a mere village, or rather a cluster of villages, straggling along the sides of each muddy, marshy island keeping the line of the broad and navigable waterway, in dots of buildings and groups of houses and churches, from the olive-covered isle where San Pietro, the first great church of the city, shone white among its trees, along the curve of the Canaluccio to the Rialto—Rive-Alto, what Mr Ruskin calls the deep stream, where the church of St. Giacomo, another central spot, stood with its group of dwellings round—no bridge then dreamed of, but a ferry connecting the two sides of the Grand canal Already the stir of commerce was in the air and the big sea going galleys, with their high bulwarks, lay at the wharfs, to take in outward bound cargoes of salt fish, wooden furniture, bowls and boxes of home manufacture as well as the goods of northern nations of which they were the carriers, and come back laden with the riches of the East—with wonderful tissues and carpets and marbles and relics of the saints. The [illegible] and its chapel, the shrine of San Marco [illegible] where they still stand [illegible] there were no [illegible] on the Piazzetta and the great prayer [illegible] piece of waste land belonging to the [illegible] San Zaccaria, which was, one might say, the parish church Most probably this vacant space in the days of the first Orseolo was little more than a waste of salt water grasses and sharp and acrid plants like those that now flourish in such rough luxuriance on the Lido, with perhaps a tree or two here and there a patch of cultivated ground Such was the scene—very different from the Venice of the earliest pictures, still more different from that we know But already the lagoon was full of boats and the streets of commotion and Venice grew like a young plant like the quick spreading vegetation of her own warm, wet marshes, day by day —*The Contemporary Review*

ENGLAND IN 1550

An examination of the different entries contained in the Machyn diary sheds a strong light upon matters connected with the reign of Mary which ordinary historians omit. Take, for instance, the criminal statistics with which Machyn furnishes us Here we find as was to be expected in an age of ignorance, brutality and bigotry, numerous examples of those crimes which attend upon a nation when its intellectual vitality is at a low pressure We look in vain for those particular offenses of fraud and cunning which the subtleties of the nineteenth century have made us familiar with but in their stead we read of hostility to the mechanism of religion, of low cheating, of cruelty to men and animals, and of course of those sins against the flesh which ever follow in the wake of ill-disciplined human nature From the well furnished armory of Machyn let us select a few of his arrows to take aim at the manners and corruptions of his age. Here we find a young fellow tied to a post "hard by the Standard in Chep," with a collar of iron round his neck, and soundly whipped by two men "for pretending visions." The church offers its next victim. We read how one "Cheken, a parson of St. Nicholas, Coldharbor, did ride in a cart round about London, for he sold his wife to a butcher,' a piece of traffic which is still on some parts of the continent believed to flourish in England Purveyors of provisions then, as now, were inclined to palm off base goods as sound, and to use their art to take in the customer, only the punishment inflicted when this fraud was discovered was somewhat more personal and severe than at present. This was how a butcher who had exposed diseased meat for sale was punished. He was forced to ride about London, "his face toward the horse's tail, with half a lamb before and another behind, and veal and calf borne before him upon a pole raw;" there are several entries recording this punishment. Men who sold stinking fish were put in the pillory with the stinking fish round their neck. One very nineteenth century summer trick we see was in vogue in those more innocent days. The first day of July there were a man and a woman in the pillory at Cheapside, the man sold pots of strawberries, "the which the pot was not half full but filled with fern" Thus even in minor matters history repeats itself.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*

HOMBURG

Life at a German bath begins early at 6 A M, or 7 A M at latest, the majority of health seekers walk down to the Homburg wells to take their prescribed quantity of water The scene then in this charming valley is interesting and lively The long alley leading from the Kaiser to the Elizabeth spring is thronged with people of every age and nationality, all slowly parading up and down, listening to the music of an excellent band near the principal well, thus shortening the intervals necessary between the single doses of water At 9 o'clock the environs of the springs are nearly empty every one has hurried home for breakfast After a pause of pleasant rest the remainder of the forenoon is generally employed in the use of the baths which are crowded, often over crowded In fact, from 11 to 1, at which time lunch [illegible] empties the streets and calls visitors to the different hotels and restaurants The afternoon is employed in different ways English visitors flock in large numbers to the lawn tennis ground, one of the finest in Germany, splendidly situated in the middle of the park, and carefully kept in order by the administration Others prefer excursions to the mountains where there is much to interest and amuse, and no one will omit a visit to the ruins of the Saalburg, an ancient Roman "castellum" Between 4 and 5 o'clock the neighborhood of the springs agains grows lively many patients now take their afternoon dose of water, and now, just as the Elizabeth well was the most frequented in the early morning, the greater number of visitors are gathered around the Ludwigsbrunnen or the iron waters, the Luisen and Stahlbrunnen After dinner, which takes place generally at 6 or 6 30, the Kursaal forms the center of attraction It is a splendid building, the survival of days when the demon of play held high revels in its gilded chambers, all of which are spacious, the dining room especially, which is remarkable not only for its size but for the artistic and tasteful decoration Music enlivens the scene; there are constant performances by military bands in the Kursaal gardens, or if the weather is propitious, in the concert-rooms Balls and dances are of frequent occurrence, an opera company gives special performances in the theater, and all but the complaining chronic invalid may be as joyous as they please Only the hours are early at 11 or soon afterward, certainly before midnight, all Homburg has retired to rest—*The Fortnightly Review*

WOLVES IN ENGLAND

Ancient chroniclers state that King Edgar attempted to extirpate the wolves in England by commuting the punishments for certain offenses into the acceptance of a certain number of wolves tongues from each criminal, and in Wales by converting the tax of gold and silver into an annual tribute of 300 wolves heads. In subsequent times their destruction was promoted by certain rewards, and some lands were held on condition of destroying the wolves which infested the parts of the kingdom in which they were situated In 1281 these animals troubled several of the English counties, but after that period our records make no mention of them The last wolf known in Scotland was killed in 1680, and in Ireland one was killed in 1701 Very fearful accounts are on record of the ravages committed by wolves when in hard weather they associated in immense flocks So lately as 1760 such terror is said to have been excited in France by ravages of wolves that public prayers were offered for their destruction Since India became so much the country of Europeans the race of tigers has been much thinned and ere long it is probable that they will be driven to the most remote and impenetrable districts The wolf in these islands was hunted by an animal known under various appellations, as the Irish wolf dog, the Irish greyhound the Highland deerhound and the Scotch greyhound There appears to be no doubt that all the dogs thus denominated were essentially of the same breed Its original home is supposed to have been in Ireland, whence, during the proud days of ancient Rome, it was frequently conveyed in iron cages to assist in the sports of the city on the Tiber Buffon observes 'The Irish greyhounds are of a very ancient race and still exist (though their number is small) in their original climate, they were called by the ancients dogs of Epirus and Albanian dogs.' Hollinshed in his "Description of Ireland and the Irish," written in 1586, says "They are not without wolves and greyhounds to hunt them, bigger of bone and limb than a colt." In Anglo-Saxon times a nobleman never went out unaccompanied by some of these dogs and his hawk, and so highly were they esteemed that by the forest laws of Canute it was ordered that no person under the rank of a gentleman should keep one —*Chambers's Journal.*

A SUMMER NIGHT

The crescent moon sinks slowly down
And seeming, to my fancy's eye
A silver galley in the sky
Hangs low above the sleeping town

Hangs low above the little bay
To tinting the dancing waves with light,
Where once on such a summer night
Perchance some Viking warship lay

Far out with measured stroke and slow
A boat is drawing to the shore
I hear the creaking of the oar
And distant voices deep and low

Then closing eyes I seem to hear
The old sea rovers's boats that slip
From out the shadow of the ship
As in some long forgotten year

When towering o'er the moonlit deep
Came the long dragons of the North
And the fierce sons of Thor stole forth
To fall upon the town in sleep.

Here where the quiet moonbeams stray
Across the beach and up the street
Was heard the tread of sudden feet
And clash of steel and war horns bray

The startled watchman catching breath
Risen with the white blade at his throat
Blew loud and clear one warning note
And found his swift reward in death

Then shriek and shout and clash of brand
Wild cries of triumph and despair
Borne on the fragrant summer air
Echoed about the shuddering land

Echoed and sank and died away
[illegible] silence held the night again
Save for the [illegible] oarsmen wild refrain
As the long ship swept down the bay

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

D J [illegible]OBERTSON

—[illegible] *Magazine*

Land Elevation

Dana finds that the average hight of the land above sea level is about 1000 feet and that this would probably cover the bottom of the sea to the depth of 375 feet so that taking the average depth at [illegible] feet, it would take forty times as much land as exists above sea level to fill the oceanic depressions The mean hight of Europe has been stated to be [illegible] feet (Leipoldt makes it [illegible] feet) Asia, 1150 Europe and Asia together, 1010 North America, 748 South America, 1152, all America, 930, Africa, probably about 1600 feet, and Australia, perhaps 500 So far as now known the extremes of level in the land are 29,000 feet above the level of the ocean in Mount Everest of the Himalayas, and 1300 below it at the Dead sea. Asia has also a great depressed Caspian area Africa, in the Algerian "chotts," sinks to 100 feet below sea level, while in America Death's valley, California, reaches from 100 to 200 feet lower than the ocean surface

Finding a Strawberry Mark

Galveston News

Boston was the first city to contribute for the relief of the Charleston sufferers Boston and Charleston were long mortal enemies, but if you look under the surface of both they are more alike than any two cities in the country The same could be said in a general way of Massachusetts and South Carolina

Make a Note of It

Philadelphia Ledger

It may mean a great deal more than a mere coincidence of dates that the Hon S S Cox times his visit home from Turkey at the precise period of a congressional election in New York city The honorable gentleman who now sits in Mr. Cox's seat in the house, and any other gentleman ambitious to sit there, should make full note of this.

Suffering from scrofula is ended by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier Give it a trial

PERLEY'S REMINISCENCES.

Major Poore's Story of Sixty Years in Washington.

The City and Its Society—Life at the National Capital from John Quincy Adams to Buchanan.

There would have been more propriety in the name if Major Ben Perley Poore had called his book of supposed recollections "Perley's Collections of Chestnuts,' instead of "Perley's Reminiscences.' The book Major Poor has written is a book any man could write—the book the public had a right to expect from him was one to justify the name he has given this, which only he could write Major Poore is getting to be an old man He is a journalist of such long standing that the memory of the present generation of journalists stops far short of the beginning of his career He has known nearly all the public men of the United States during the last three quarters of a century personally and many of them intimately The motives and purposes of parties and party leaders have been to him an open book for many years Had he written only of things he had seen and heard and part of which he was—had he confined himself to a memoir of the affairs in which he mingled, his work would have been invaluable As it is it is not without interest. It would be impossible to gather the gossip of Washington from 1825 to 1860 into a volume and make a dull book This is the period covered by the first installment of "Perley's Reminiscences," which is just published, to be sold by subscription only It is in reality not a volume of recollections, but a compilation made up from newspaper cuttings and as a consequence it is nearer to history than to the personal gossip its title leads the reader to expect. Major Poore has made a mistake in avoiding the personal pronoun, but in his second volume it may be that he has stopped writing history and will give us a memoir of his own experiences and observations throughout the most striking and remarkable period of American history

Maj Poore begins his book with the election of John Quincy Adams as president of the United States by the house of representatives in 1825 That event was brought about by Mr Clay giving his support to Adams instead of Jackson, which led to the charge voiced in congress by George Kremer, of this state, that Adams's election was the result of a bargain with Clay Gen Jackson believed the charge for he wrote to Maj Lewis, when Clay became secretary of state "So you see the Judas of the West has closed the contract and will receive the thirty pieces of silver His end will be the same Was there ever witnessed such a barefaced corruption in any country before?" The evening after the result was declared President Monroe gave a public reception at the White house Both the president-elect and Gen Jackson attended and accidentally met in the east room The general was escorting a lady, but he promptly extended his disengaged arm saying pleasantly 'How do you do, Mr Adams? I give you my left hand, for my right, as you see, is devoted to the fair I hope you are very well, sir' Mr Adams took the general's hand, saying with chilling coldness 'Very well, sir I hope Gen Jackson is well' All the Adamses apparently were of iceberg coldness and lacking in tact and a disposition toward conciliation 'Instead of harmonizing the personal feuds between the friends of those who had been candidates with him Perley writes, "he antagonized each one with his administration at the earliest possible moment, and before the expiration of his first year in the White house he had wrecked the republican party left by Monroe as completely as his father had wrecked the federal party established by Washington'

President Adams's private secretary was his son John Young John was an insufferable snob even for an Adams One evening Russell Jarvis, editor of the Washington *Telegraph*, a Jackson organ attended a "drawing room' at the White house, accompanied by his wife and a party of ladies from Boston After paying their respects to Mrs Adams, they found themselves face to face with Mr John in the East room The Rev Mr Stetson, with whom he was conversing, asked, in an undertone who Mrs Jarvis was. 'That,' replied Mr John, loud enough to be heard by the party, "is the wife of one Russell Jarvis, and if he knew how contemptibly he is viewed in this house he would not be here" The next time that John Adams passed through the rotunda at the capitol he was met by Mr. Jarvis, who pulled his nose and slapped his face

Maj Poore devotes his second chapter to traveling in "ye olden time" to the early Washington hotels to the new capitol, just completed, with its wonderful specimens of Italian art in the rotunda to the visit of Gen Lafayette to Washington and the impetus it gave to Freemasonry there to the early Washington theater, where the company from the Chestnut Street theater and such stars as Cooper and the elder Booth occasionally appeared, and to the Washington Quakers of the period, who were mostly Philadelphians of that persuasion, clerks in the government offices, who had gone there when the capital was removed from this city As Perley does not pretend that as long as sixty one years ago he stopped at Timothy Gay's tavern at Dedham for breakfast and an early morning beverage of Holland gin and sugar house molasses on the stage journey from Boston to Providence, nor that he was accustomed to make the alternate steamboat and stage passage by way of Long Island sound to New York and thence to Elizabethport across New Jersey to Bordentown, where a steamer was in waiting to transport him to Philadelphia from Philadelphia down the Delaware to New Castle, where he would have found stages once more to convey him to Frenchtown, on the Elk river, to re-embark for Baltimore, and from Baltimore to Washington by stage, his description of a tedious journey, interesting enough in itself, may be accepted as padding for the delighted reader By the way, his assertion that Cooper played Charles Surface in "The School for Scandal" in Washington as late as 1825 may be taken *cum grano salis* Unless Major Poore will certify that he was present when President Adams enjoyed 'the finished acting of Cooper' in this part most readers will cling to the belief that the venerable tragedian at that time refrained from making himself absurd in a youthful and frivolous comedy role

Perley's journalistic reminiscences begin connectedly in 1[illegible], with James Gordon Bennett's appearance in Washington as the correspondent of the New York *[illegible]*, but his memory extends back as far as an interview he relates of President Jefferson and Matthew L Davis. Davis told Jefferson that his election as president was brought about solely by the management of Tammany hall Catching a large fly the president [illegible] Davis's attention to the great disproportion in size of one part of the insect's body [Mr Davis took the hint and left the president [illegible] the whole [illegible] Perley gives a list of the Washington correspondents of the period, including Bennett, [illegible], William Hayden [illegible] of the [illegible] Washington, violinist and short hand writer, Samuel [illegible] of the Boston [illegible] and James Brooks, of the Portland *Advertiser*. [illegible] also gives sketches of Gales and Seaton and John Agg of the *National Intelligencer*. Agg is described as an English man of great ability One of Agg's peculiarities was to write verses and attribute them to Lord Byron

One of Perley's characteristic reminiscences begins with an allusion to a pamphlet entitled 'Reminiscences' or an Extract from the Catalogue of Gen Jackson's Youthful Indiscretions between the Age of Twenty Three and Sixty This choice volume contained accounts of not fewer than fourteen fights, brawls, affrays and duels in which Jackson was said to have been engaged Among the other pleasant incidents of the campaign of 1828 which Perley recalls is the charge that Jackson married Mrs Robards before she was legally divorced from her former husband 'Aunt Rachel' as Mrs Jackson was universally called by her husband's friends, was a short stout unattractive and uneducated woman, but to the general she was 'greatly endeared' Mrs Jackson died just before his inauguration and the general believed her death had been hastened by the defamatory publications of his political enemies This feeling made him the absurd champion of any woman whose widowhood was defamed by personal and political gossip It was easy to persuade the old soldier to take up the quarrel of the wife of Senator Eaton with Washington society and to induce him to declare that the scandal mongers who had embittered the later years of his beloved Rachel should not also triumph over his "little friend Peg" Margaret or Peggy O'Neill was the beautiful daughter of a rollicking Irishman who kept a tavern in Washington at which Gen Jackson boarded when he was a senator from Tennessee Before she was sixteen she married [illegible] Timberlake, of the navy, who becoming a defaulter, committed suicide [illegible] Eaton, who had been Jackson's colleague and who was on Timberlake's bond, soon afterwards married the blooming Widow Timberlake, but society at the very outset of Jackson's administration closed its doors against her She carried her griefs to "Old Hickory" According to Perley, Mr. Van Buren, who was secretary of state, adroitly seconded her. The truth was that he only seconded the views of the president. As Jackson was determined that Mrs Eaton should be received by "society," the adroit Van Buren induced the British and Russian ministers, who were bachelors, to invite her to their dinners She was the honored guest at supper, rout and ball through a long series of entertainments Washington was in a turmoil. Mrs Calhoun declined to sit next to her at table The wives of some of the cabinet refused to recognize her Jackson was grateful to Van Buren for having espoused her cause and every fresh indignity offered to "Peg" endeared that cause all the more to him In the end the cabinet officers whose wives declined to call on Mrs Eaton resigned and Peg triumphed

In order to shield Timberlake's bondsman, Eaton, his defalcation was attributed to Lieut. Randolph, who was tried by court-martial, but acquitted The president, notwithstanding Randolph's acquittal, dismissed him from the navy and refused to give him a hearing In consequence the lieutenant pulled the president's nose in the cabin of a steamboat at the Alexandria wharf This nose pulling episode of the beginning of President Jackson's first term was supplemented near the close of his presidential career by a veritable attempt upon his life His would be assassin, who attempted to shoot him as he was leaving the capitol, was an English house painter named Lawrence Lawrence, having heard that Jackson's opposition to the United States bank had paralyzed the industries of the country and consequently the cause of his being out of work, conceived the idea of the president's 'removal. He failed in his attempt by being knocked down by Lieut. Gedney, of the navy

Jackson's famous 'kitchen cabinet' comprised Francis P Blair, Amos Kendall and Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire The influence of his cabinet and kitchen cabinet was thus chronicled in a ballad of the time

King Andrew had five trusty squires
Whom he held his bid to do
He also had three pilot-fish
To give the sharks their cue

There was Mat and Lou and Jack and Lev
And Roger of Taney hue
And Blair the cook
And Kendall chief cook
And Isaac surnamed the true

Mat was Martin Van Buren, secretary of state, Lou was Louis McLane, secretary of the treasury, Jack was John Branch, secretary of the navy Lev was Levi Woodbury, Branch's successor, and Roger was Roger B Taney, attorney general

President Van Buren was a widower, but his son Abraham had married an accomplished South Carolina lady, whose superior education beauty of face and figure, grace of manner and vivacity in conversation made his administration a social success The Eaton rupture no longer divided the White house and society, for now Peggy's rule was over A new social era at once set in, and it was an era of good feeling Ex President Adams, Mrs Dolly Madison and Mrs Hamilton, the widow of Alexander Hamilton, were all living in Washington, and each "formed the center of a pleasant coterie." With this social revival came a singularly daring adventuress to claim the recognition of the best people in Washington society She called herself America Vespucci and claimed to be a descendant of the navigator to whom the continent owes its name John Quincy Adams and Daniel Webster became her especial friends and a congressional report, which is a literary and political curiosity, commended her to the country as "a young, dignified and graceful lady, with a mind of the highest intellectual culture * * an interesting exile, from whose ancestor we derive the great and glorious title" It turned out while a fund was being raised for her that she had been on terms of criminal intimacy with the Duc D'Orleans, Louis Philippe's eldest son and being exposed, she was subsequently content to live in "luxurious seclusion with a wealthy citizen of New York in the interior of that state" After his death she went to Paris

In the presidential campaign of 1840 the Whigs were able to sing

Van Van Van is a used up man

With President Harrison the whigs obtained power for the first time His brief administration of one month was followed by that of John Tyler, who at once began to antagonize the leaders of the party by which he had been chosen vice president. The change in parties brought Webster into the office of secretary of state, and he held on after Harrison's death, notwithstanding Tyler's wish that he should resign His great work as secretary was the conclusion of the Ashburton treaty, by which all outstanding differences with Great Britain were adjusted. Perley tells once more the story of Webster's after-dinner speech-making, with the aid of a prompter, which was delivered something after this fashion

Prompter—Tariff

Webster—The tariff gentlemen is a subject requiring the profound attention of the statesman American industry gentlemen must be [looks a little]—

Prompter—National debt

Webster—And gentlemen there's the national debt it should be paid [Loud cheers] Yes gentlemen it should be paid [More cheering] And I'll be hanged if it shan't be [taking out his pocket book] How much is it? I'll—I'll pay it myself

Mr. Webster gave a great party at his Washington residence in January, 1842, and at President Tyler's last reception for that season which occurred in March, Charles Dickens was the lion Among the noteworthy events at the White house was a children's-party in honor of the President's eldest granddaughter The little girl received her guests dressed as a fairy, and Perley mentions among the children who participated Ada Cutts afterward Mrs. Stephen A Douglas, as a flower girl, and the daughter of Gen Almonte, the Mexican minister, as an Aztec princess

Among the features of President Polk's inauguration was the famous pugilistic Empire club of New York, led by the late Captain Rynders, and two inauguration balls were given, to one of which, at Carusi's saloon, the tickets were $10, while to the other, at the National theater, they were only $2 The two most noteworthy events during Polk's administration so far as Washington is concerned was the advent of Abraham Lincoln as a member of congress and the death of John Quincy Adams, who was seized with his fatal illness in his place in the house of representatives

Of President Taylor's administration Perley has little to tell and as 'reminiscences' that little is rather dull The account of President Fillmore's administration, of which Major Poore might be expected to have many interesting recollections, is rather tame also one of the best things he reports being the remark of the venerable father of the president as he was about to leave Washington after a visit to his son It isn't a good place to live, it isn't a good place for Millard One of the events of Mr Fillmore's residence in the White house was a visit from Barnum? with his famous Big Six engine company 'These are Big Six boys, Mr President,' he said, and then introduced them all by name Among Perley's reminiscences of Pierce's administration is an allusion to Rembrandt Peale's visit to Washington, who "greatly interested those who met him with his reminiscences, and to Brady, the daguerreotyper and photographer who took portraits of almost all the prominent persons who visited Washington city, and in time his reminiscences of them became very interesting "If Brady is still living, and if he would write a book he might be able to present Perley with "reminiscences" that are really reminiscences Buchanan's administration and the prelude to the Rebellion are treated by Major Poore in a singularly cursory fashion, and the first volume closes oddly enough with the autograph of George Bancroft

Autumn Leaves

Harper's Young People

Crimson and scarlet and yellow
Emerald turning to gold
Shimmering there in the sunbeams
Shivering here in the cold
Waving farewells as the tempest
Ruthlessly tears them apart
Fluttering dancing and rustling
As hither and thither they dart
Recklessly sailing the rapids
Lazily swimming the pools
Playing "I spy" with each other
Under the puffy toadstools
Wreaths for the walls of her dwelling
[illegible] neat little housekeeper weaves
And there and delicate fern sprays
Nestle the bright autumn leaves.

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann La[illegible] of New Orleans, La. writes: I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians but to no purpose. This morning he had three hemorrhages of coughing and was so greatly prostrated in consequence that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS purchased by me [illegible] advertisement [illegible] We administered it and [illegible] as [illegible]

FRESH FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Famous "Siamese" Twins of Locana Probably Nearing Death.

An African Monarch—Religious Madness—The Salvation Army—Important Discovery in Glass Manufacture—Last of the Commune

A Vienna correspondent writes John and Jacob Tocci, the twins of Locana, who have been shown in almost every city of Europe as the successors of the famous Siamese twins, are dying in the Prater The boys resemble each other exactly, and are now in their tenth year. John and Jacob are separate as far as the sixth rib, and have one abdomen and one pair of legs between them Jacob moves the right leg, John the left. The twins cannot walk, and keep their balance by lacing their arms round each other's neck Jacob eats often and heartily, and is the healthier of the two, and to all appearance it is he who keeps his brother alive. Two days ago the twins quarreled over a toy, and John grew so excited that his heart blood suddenly ceased to flow and he changed to a condition of complete lethargy, from which he had not awoke on the following morning The boy suffered from the same complaint a year ago in Berlin, and Professor Virchow then declared that a recurrence of the lethargy would certainly put an end to the twin's life A number of Vienna physicians are observing the malady, but they entertain little hope of John's life, and if John dies, Jacob must follow him to the grave. The twins as they lie in their bed offer a strange contrast, Jacob with feverish eyes and a red face, seems to harbor all the blood that has retreated from John's lifeless body The conscious boy cries incessantly, because he has heard Prof Virchow's remark repeated, and knows that his brother's death is but the harbinger of his own The poor creatures are meeting with the same fate that some time ago put an end to the life of the Siamese twins, the second of whom died of poisoned blood vessels after having spent six terrible hours with the corpse of his brother The advisability of an operation separating the living from the dead brother was discussed at the time but before a resolution could be taken death had done its work The twins of Locana, who for the last eight years have traveled to all the world's shows, were to have left to-morrow for New York, where Barnum is said to have engaged them for a year at a salary of 50,000 fr In the event of their death the parents have sold their body to a London anatomical museum for the price of £8000

A notable man is France's new ally, the African monarch Samory According to *Le Temps*, he is 45 years old and stands six feet high He is a half breed, his mother belonging to the tribe of Peul and his father to the Saracolais He is a good type of the semi savage, with flat nose, thick lips and protruding jaws His skin is reddish black He began life as a caravan driver, but, displaying great courage in war with a neighboring tribe, he became famous and was elected chief Fired by ambition, he set to making conquests on his own account, and eventually assumed the rank of royalty It is estimated that he has conquered no fewer than 157 small states. The frontiers of his kingdom extend from English Gambia to Ashantee on the one side and from the Segon to the Sierra Leone on the other. His territory, therefore, is as large as that of the whole of France His army consists of 60,000 infantry armed with guns, and 5000 cavalry Samory is a Mussulman, but not a very fervent believer He has prohibited intoxicating drinks throughout his empire he says a drunken man fears neither God nor devil, and is prompt to rebel His arms, hands and breast are tattooed. He takes every day after his bath he rubs his body with perfumed butter according to an ancient custom, and paints his eyes so as to make them appear large and terrible In time of peace his robes are all white, but in war they are yellow Samory has a harem of about 100 girls chosen from different parts of his kingdom When he visits a village it is the custom of the local chief to make him presents including the most beautiful girl in the neighborhood

A painful case of religious madness analogous to one that happened last year near Melbourne, has just taken place in the Hautes Alpes, near Briancon Two sisters named Marie Catherine Olaguer, aged respectively 47 and 45, lived there on the kindest terms on the little property which they had inherited They had also a surplus of 40,000f, which was well invested They were both noted for their piety, and had a profound belief in miracles and the supernatural A week ago Monday morning Catherine told Marie that she had had a vision in the night in which God appeared to her and demanded a proof of her obedience in sacrificing her sister Marie lent herself to this idea, which did not appear to her at all strange. So after devoutly hearing mass on Tuesday morning she came home to prepare herself to be a sacrifice Catherine got a sharp razor and cut with it into each of the arms in front of the elbow and into the instep of each foot. The victim kept repeating, "Jesus, Marie, my hope, my Savior!" Catherine then collected the blood to dry it and keep it as a relic. When Marie was lifeless her sister dressed the corpse in white and went with the will of the defunct to a notary, to whom she related what she had done. She also said that in obedience to God's command she had burned all the debentures and scrip belonging to her sister The number of these had been, however, given to the notary by Marie Catherine has been arrested, and will be subjected to an examination by doctors who make lunacy a special study

There is something slightly grotesque as well as inexpressibly sad in the account of the Birmingham telegraph boy who last week committed suicide because his father objected to his joining a brass band and blowing his youthful energies through some impossible brass instrument that was to cost £2 13s. The lad seems to have brooded over his father's refusal, and a few days ago was discovered one morning lying dead in an outhouse with his jaw shattered. A single barrel pistol and a quantity of powder and shot lay by his side Near the youthful suicide a piece of paper was found containing the following lines

Farewell to my mother and father so dear
And also my brother although he's not here
Farewell to the brass band I have so longed to be in

The last line was covered with the lad's blood so as to be almost indistinguishable A sad end of a career that might have been a bright one had the boy's inclination been gratified

A new cemetery is about to be opened in Paris, which will be, it is said, laid out on the English plan, and the Parisian people are promised a cheerful necropolis, which shall be wanting in the painful associations which cling to Pere la Chaise and Montmartre The statement is complimentary to England, but does not evince a very intimate knowledge of English cemeteries, or the characteristic of cheerfulness would not be mentioned in the same day with them The extreme length of tenancy of a grave in the new cemetery will be six years, and one novel feature will be the substitution of a 'reception building' for the customary chapels In the reception building the mourning relatives of the body to be interred may practice such rites as seem best in their eyes, ranging from fetishism to positivism There is no mention however, of the provision of facilities of cremation, to which, as urban populations grow more and more dense, the public will probably be driven for the disposal of their dead

Mr Jackson is the rector of Wold Newton He requires his parishioners to make their obeisance to him A Sunday or two ago Mr Jackson passed some boys at the rectory gate One of them, he insists, did not bow to him He has therefore, been excluded from the school until he has apologized The school is a public elementary one, receiving a government grant. It would be well, says the London *Truth*, that this divine should be told that it is no sin in a parishioner not to take off his cap to him and that, in any case, this heinous offence cannot be punished by exclusion from a public school receiving a government grant.

The princess of Wales and her daughters are staying at Schwalbach, at the Allee Saal hotel, which is the largest in the place, and close to the baths The suite of rooms occupied by the royal party looks out upon the gardens, and they were all decorated and refurnished in anticipation of the visit. Schwalbach is very full, and there has been quite a rush of British and American visitors during the last fortnight, who have shown a decided disposition to mob the royal ties, especially the young princesses, who are out in the gardens and about the Kursaal in the morning

Certain newspapers have fallen into a curious error respecting a certain comedy which Miss Fortescue has recently been playing in the provinces, and which she intends to produce during her tour in the United States. "Vanity," as the play is called, a comedy, not by Mr Justin McCarthy, M P, but by Mr Justin Huntly McCarthy, M P, the author of "The Candidate." It is not, as has been said, already familiar to New York audiences. The play from which it is taken, the "Maison Neuve" of Sardou, has already been adapted in America by, if we mistake not, the clever and popular erstwhile mayor of New York, Mr Oakey Hall, and it is of course known to London audiences through Mr Pinero's admirable rendering for the St. James's theater under the title of "Mayfair" Mr Huntly McCarthy's rendering is, however, quite a new one, and presents many important differences from any of the versions of M Sardou's brilliant tragi pathetic comedy which have yet been done either here or in America.—*Whitehall Review*

It will be by no means bad news to the majority of sober and orderly citizens to read that the Salvation Army is in a perilous state, or, to use Mr Booth's own language, that "the present pecuniary position of the army is really serious" People are, in fact, beginning to find out the Salvationists and to weary of them and their proceedings—a revulsion of feeling which can cause neither surprise nor regret. The "General's" last plan for raising the wind is more remarkable for impudence than for originality He proposes that from the 4th to the 11th of next month his adherents and subscribers shall practice a rigorous self denial which will enable them materially to increase their ordinary donations to the cause They are to abstain from unnecessary articles of dress and food, to walk instead of ride to abjure smoking, and to send jewelry and other small articles of portable property to headquarters Will the general and his family set the example in these respects?

Berlin papers copy from the *Germania* the account of an important discovery in glass manufacture made by Friedrich Siemens, of Dresden He has succeeded in casting glass in the same way as metal is cast and obtaining an article corresponding to cast metal. This cast glass is hard, not dearer in production than cast iron, and has the advantage of transparency, so that all flaws can be detected before it is applied to practical use It will be much less exposed to injury from atmospheric influences than iron. The process of production is not difficult, the chief feature being rapid cooling The hardness and resisting power of this cast glass are so great that experiments are being just now carried out at the Siemens glass foundry at Dresden with the purpose of ascertaining whether the material could be employed for rails on railways.

The holy synod, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent, has just carried a measure of importance against the wishes of all intelligent officers It has been decided that Russian soldiers in future must observe Lent in the most rigorous way They will have to fast not only during the four "great Lents" yearly, but also every Wednesday and Friday, and the six great days of prayer and repentance' This is the calculation The Great Lent (of Easter) 59 days Petroffki Lent, 20 to 50 Usspenski Lent, 1[illegible] Filippoffski Lent, 39 six days of prayer and repentance, [illegible] Wednesdays and 51 Fridays, 62 total, 170 to 200 days, on which days neither meat, nor fish (during the Easter Lent), nor eggs, nor milk, not even sugar are allowed The officers assert that the physical strength of the soldiers must inevitably suffer from the new regimen

Among the trophies brought home by the French army from the recent eastern expeditions is a specimen of a bird rarely if at all seen in Europe This is the celebrated Chinese, or rather Manchoorian lark He is a larger bird than his European cogener his notes are more brilliant, and his natural repertoire, if the expression may be used, is more extensive But the most noticeable feature is his wonderful promptness and skill in mimicry, deserving indeed in this respect the title of a genuine mocking-bird, imitating most natural sounds which he hears, the notes and songs of other birds, the cawing of crows, the crowing of cocks, the braying of the donkey, and even the barking of dogs The Chinese turn this faculty to account, and train the lark to sing many airs

The last visible signs of the Commune that yet remain—the magnificent ruins of the Cour de Comptes—are about to be demolished The bare walls of this immense building have long been an eyesore to the socialists and those who had most to do with its destruction, and frequent campaigns have been started against it. It was burned down on May 24, 1871 on the order of Ferre on the same day that the Tuileries and other buildings suffered The *grande salle* was filled with powder and petroleum and then blown up It is now proposed to build new barracks on its site in place of those beside it on the Quai D'Orsay, which are going to be pulled down. This depot has always been very unhealthy, and is almost tumbling down of its own accord

It's a rare, if not unprecedented, feat for a lady to shoot a stag dead, after a fair stalk, at her first attempt, but it was achieved last week in the Dowager Lady Seafield's forest at Balmacaan, Inverness-shire, which is leased by Bradley Martin, of New York, the Diana being an American lady from New York—Miss Oelriche—who proved her nerve and her accuracy of aim by shooting the beast right through the heart.

AMERICAN LADIES.

Any one familiar with American novels would be apt to think from the description of American ladies that they were mere butterflies when young and invalids after marriage. Boston ladies have been widely represented as all head and no heart, living in an atmosphere of metaphysical abstractions and utterly unfitted to discharge the domestic duties of life Taking some such view as this, a Canadian writer some time since spoke of them as "marrying at 16, faded at 20, toothless at 25, hideous at 30, alternately passing their time between their rocking-chairs and their beds, lazy, listless, up and down like an old fashioned bean-pole Are these the things to suckle heroes?" The late war of the rebellion is a sufficient answer to this question The ladies of both contending parties sent to the war as gallant an array, both of officers and privates—men who had been nurtured with as much care as the most refined aristocrats of Europe—as ever drew a sabre on any "stricken field" It is a peculiarity of the English speaking races, and equally so of the Teutonic races, that they have never debased their blood by mingling with inferior races, in consequence of which Americans are of as pure blood as their English, Scotch, Irish or German ancestors Because a man has been born in China it does not follow that he must be a Mongolian or because he has been born in America that he must be an Indian Race, not locality, determines quality and character Climate of course has an influence on the body, but the English speaking races in all parts of the world—and they are rambling every where, maintain their native character istics Many ladies of rank in each of the three kingdoms from which this country has been so largely stocked have been distinguished for their ability in the management of large households I have been as familiar with the details of a kitchen as of a drawing room. The same is true of the high born dames of the Fatherland Such cases have been placed by some writers in contrast with the hotel life of some of our American parvenus The hotel parvenus, however are but a very small fraction of the American people If any person will take the pains to find out how wealthy American ladies who keep house manage their establishments, they will soon perceive the same economy and order and the same talent for managing family affairs for which their ancestors across the sea have been distinguished

Recently the *Transcript* gave a brief sketch of the way a Boston lady with a large family managed her own household She has a husband, some seven or eight robust children, keeps a butler and seven female domestics, and superintends the whole without the aid of a housekeeper She never asks a servant what she wants she supplies at stated times to each all that is required in his or her department, and keeps the run of everything in the house from the most valuable articles down to the waste paper necessary to light a fire Her husband is not only a gentleman of great wealth, but is highly esteemed for his intellectual attainments and upright life He furnishes her with all the money she requires, and never asks how it is to be used. It is not, therefore, mere economy that governs his wife, but the love of system We know another lady of this same capable type, who not only manages a large family but superintends a benevolent institution and keeps the run of millions of property As a rule, the ladies of our well-to-do families are healthy, sensible and free from affectation even those who take an interest in the various isms of the day, or are traveling in Europe, retain a strong love for home and its domestic virtues, and after a few years settle down and become exemplary heads of households. In the every-day walks of life our ladies are also models they are first in supporting our churches, and in their labors in behalf of those less fortunate than themselves And we believe that the ladies of our laboring people—'every woman is a lady by right of her sex"—are better educated, better clothed and better mannered than their sisters in Europe Our novelists, therefore, if they wish to give a fair delineation of American ladies, are not merely to describe a few butterflies, who have become rich by accident, as types of the whole, would do well to take a closer view of them, so as to do them justice.

ON WATERLOO [illegible]

A Breezy Letter by the [illegible] nard, F. R. H. [illegible]

Where Blucher Met Wellington [illegible] and its Historic Environs—Fields of [illegible] Waving Over the Battle [illegible]

[Special Correspondence of The [illegible]

EDINBURGH, Scotland, [illegible] me give you a brief sketch [illegible] field of Waterloo from [illegible] The excursion occupies [illegible] drive is most picturesque, and [illegible] gives that grasp of the battle [illegible] that is not likely to be forgotten [illegible] tell your readers that the [illegible] guaranteed the liberties of [illegible] Belgian territory, seventy-one [illegible] greatest captain of any age was [illegible] allies under Arthur Wellesley, [illegible] ton Early in the morning a [illegible] four horses calls at the different [illegible] the passengers who have registered [illegible] day before. Before leaving the [illegible] through the park on the hill at [illegible] was that Wellington was waiting [illegible] mation came that Napoleon was [illegible] wards Waterloo. He attended the [illegible] an English duchess the same [illegible] officers, and, not to alarm the [illegible] quietly during the fete. [illegible] the scene is known to all of us. [illegible] beautiful garden, the coach [illegible] which the troops had traveled, [illegible] and delightfully shaded with [illegible] shelter of miles in warm hours [illegible]

You pass through it on the [illegible] laying to the rear of the battle [illegible] miles from the locality see a [illegible] a colossal lion, this mound is [illegible] taken from the hills on the [illegible] battlefield and is about 200 [illegible] be reached by steps. Wellington [illegible] annoyed, it is said, when he [illegible] gian government had changed [illegible] moval of earth, for it is only [illegible] state of the grounds occupied [illegible] that the traveler can understand [illegible] of the French suffered and were [illegible] down by the English gunners, [illegible] ated by a deep gully into which [illegible] entrapped, and which to make [illegible] entirely altered the scene.

It is to be remembered that the [illegible] raised on the spot where the Prince [illegible] was wounded and marks the [illegible] whole line of the allies.

THE MORTUARY CHAPEL.

One mile and a half from the [illegible] village of Waterloo, and as you [illegible] the chapel, with dome containing [illegible] rial tombs of officers who fell [illegible] inside is covered with mural [illegible] families in the aristocracy of [illegible]

Opposite this mortuary [illegible] stone building, quite ordinary [illegible] but exactly as it was on that [illegible] Here it was that the English [illegible] chief wrote his official dispatch [illegible] government of the great victory [illegible] A short distance from this [illegible] road that runs at right angles [illegible] left, this leads to Paris, and [illegible] way that the entire army of the [illegible] and in the center of this long [illegible] from which you get a complete [illegible] whole scene. I ought not to forget [illegible] the Brussels road, which we [illegible] so choked for two miles with [illegible] ed that the rumor went [illegible] army was retreating, [illegible] was the roar of battle. There is a [illegible] ground here where the [illegible] lost his left leg and where it is buried [illegible]

The view from the top of the [illegible] ment, made of earth, like that [illegible] Marathon, is intensely interesting [illegible] the entire field, with its undulating [illegible] and various peculiarities of [illegible] while all the strategic points [illegible] before you The battle of Waterloo [illegible] for the narrow limits in which [illegible] confined and no doubt never [illegible] terrific encounter take place in [illegible] space. Modern rifles and guns would [illegible] a condition impossible.

We had a perfect day and the [illegible] country looked glorious with fields of [illegible] grain

HOUGOMONT FARM.

To the right of the mound were the [illegible] of the English, resting for half a [illegible] road leading to Paris. Opposite [illegible] Flemish chateau of Hougomont, [illegible] wall round the premises, its [illegible] and rear, covered with [illegible] yard, with stone outhouses and [illegible] that once was packed with the dead [illegible] the slain. These yards were taken [illegible] but were held by the English [illegible] ful slaughter. Wellington, [illegible] that only great talent possessed [illegible] importance of this chateau and [illegible] and made holes for musketry [illegible] troops to resist attack.

Here were placed the Coldstream [illegible] fought with unparalleled valor [illegible] was the vortex of French [illegible] the buildings were consumed [illegible] they defended it against all comers [illegible]

The importance of driving [illegible] was so great, and the hope of [illegible] flank by doing it so desirable, [illegible] under Jerome Bonaparte [illegible] whole strength against this farm [illegible]

To the left of the chateau [illegible] tainly not more than four acres [illegible] Frenchmen and Englishmen [illegible] were exposed to a cross fire, [illegible] The defense of this improvised [illegible] compelled Napoleon to realize [illegible] courage he had to fight against [illegible] consequent, together with the [illegible] the roads and fields that made [illegible] cult to move, all worked together [illegible] the final result.

The French were arranged [illegible] mound in a bow shape extending [illegible] mile. The ravine separating [illegible] long line of the English is hardly [illegible] owing, I suppose, to change, [illegible] center of this rounded line was [illegible] Napoleon sat with table and [illegible] him, while Wellington, immediately [illegible] of his line, went from point to [illegible] ing his troops to be patient and [illegible]

THE FINAL ATTACK.

It is only by lying down in the [illegible] slopes of the field that you realize [illegible] pletely this undulation protects [illegible] Immediately to the right and [illegible] the field the old guard made their [illegible] The field to the left of the mound [illegible] to the left wing was where [illegible] fell, having driven back the French [illegible] threatened seriously to break the [illegible] It is on this part of the field that the [illegible] were resisted by the infantry [illegible] squares, while the horsemen [illegible] and round only a target to the fire [illegible] On the left side of the field was [illegible] trench, or gully, into which the [illegible] crowding each other and rendering [illegible] attack impossible

It was also in the left part of the field [illegible] brave Germans were slaughtered [illegible] French getting up cannon [illegible] threatened the whole battle [illegible] Napoleon hope for victory.

Speaking generally, it would [illegible] ington, by his selection of [illegible] abled to be on the defensive [illegible] waiting for the promised [illegible] proach of Blucher before he [illegible] adversary It was obstinate, [illegible] ance that proved too much for [illegible] osity of the French, who on the [illegible] Prussian army became utterly [illegible] routed from the field.

My short stay in the city of [illegible] had not been for some years, [illegible] esting The quaint old houses, [illegible] cathedral, the Rubens gallery [illegible] ford the greatest enjoyment [illegible] the city will never again be [illegible] time of Charles of Spain, [illegible] grown considerably, while the [illegible] Flemish town equals any city [illegible] lands.

NEWLAND [illegible]

The London *Bat* contains this [illegible] nouncement "I understand that [illegible] ment of the Princess Beatrice, [illegible] pected for November, will [illegible] time has come when the [illegible] pean affairs is enough to [illegible] hardened and headlong prophets [illegible]

Queen Dona Maria [illegible] with her sister-in-law, [illegible] distinction of being [illegible] dressed woman in Europe. [illegible] troness of the Life-Saving [illegible] and received some years ago a [illegible] the Paris branch of that society.

"People needn't sneer at [illegible] old maid," said Miss G [illegible] "I may be an old maid, but [illegible] from choice." "Yes," said [illegible] sympathetically, "so I've [illegible] Choice was quite [illegible] Somerville Journal.

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings Past Week

Society Gives up to the Great Prima Donn King's Keno Party—Minor Gathering Personal Mention

VANITY FAIR

THAT NIGHT

'Twas the hight of the fete when we quit
riot
And quietly stole to the terrace alone
Where pale as the lovers that ever swear
The moon it gazed down as a god from his
We stood there enchanted —And O the deli
The sight of the stars and the moon and
And the infinite skies of that opulent night
Purple and gold and ivory

The far away lilt of the waltz rippled to us
And through us the exquisite thrill of the
Like the scent of bruised bloom was your
and its dew was
Not honier sweet than your warm kisses
We stood there enchanted.—And O the deli
The sight of the stars and the moon and
And the infinite skies of that opulent night
Purple and gold and ivory

—*James Whitcomb R*

Cubes of rosy watermelon frozen solid served for dessert, and tempt one to ema teeth in sheer joy at the gastronomic disc A little powdered sugar improves the "bar of watermelon just as a sprinkle of cin will that of a muskmelon the driest an luscious of all the autumn fruits.

There was a lull in the music, and a lady moving in the charmed circle of the " Ten' was heard to remark "Mr Jen don't see why you go in second-class s Do you know it seems to me as if the gentlemen in our set ought to be in the *cercle*, and that *so* young gentlemen ou be in their places.

"My dear Miss McGillicuddy, I entirel with you and do you know it seems to m the young gentlemen of the 'lower *stock* much discrimination

A prominent New York dancing master the following statement in reply as to wh new dance the Gavot is "As simple a de tion as I can give is this A dance in ever take four steps to the side, then make turn with slide-waltz movement, and th peat with the opposite foot both measure in the technical language of the ballroom one glisse, two glissades, one glisse to side half round with side-waltz movement repeat the same. Which dance is the mos ular you ask. The waltz, forevermore other dances are mere auxiliaries to this m dream of the ballroom For this yea springing waltz will be the favorite. spring differs from the hop in this, in the spring the body rises from the knee while in the hop the body rises clea the floor The former prudishness abou indecency of the waltz has now disappear together There are, however, some wi their unskillfulness bring the waltz into pute. For example a gentleman in tak lady's hand should never steady his against his side, but extend his hand down at a point equi-distant between both da The 'pump-handle' movement is now reg coarse, though at one time very popular lady's left hand should rest on the arm o gentleman, between the shoulder and el or, if the lady is very tall, she may res hand on her partner's shoulder She s never grasp the lower side of her par arm In New York to appear in neglige solutely vulgar The social tone of the now demands full dress at all balls, recep and the opera. Pittsburg is keeping pace the East in that regard, and this winter ladies in decollete than ever will likely be at receptions and at the opera. With rega gloves? Ladies, of course, should always them but since the Prince of Wales forgo gloves at a reception the style for gentleme been to go gloveless. Full dress for gent is every day becoming more imperative manded by the canons of social life an soon become universal"

SOCIETY IN GENERAL

The past week has been a rather quiet o cially, the Hauk concerts have been the rag everything gave way to their superior a tions. Concerts seem to be the thing now way three last week and three more o tapis for this week. Mrs King gave charming keno party Friday eve There have been several bir parties, those celebrating ranging in age the very young to the very old The F afternoon exercises at the High school ar coming very entertaining, both to the y people themselves and to the visitors wh able to attend. Dame Rumour has it that loween party is on for next week just whe by whom it is to be given is not definitel tled as yet, however A full account of has taken place, together with the progra of two concerts for next week and the ments of well known people, will be foun pended.

MRS WATHERFORD'S SURPRISE PARTY

A very enjoyable affair occurred last We day evening, the occasion being a surprise tendered Mrs. Dr Wm. Weatherford, a residence, No 423 Fifth street It wa sixty fourth anniversary of her birth Weatherford had invited the different mem of her family to spend the evening with but she was greatly surprised to find her da ters had played a joke on her by inviting a number of her friends to call and share them the pleasures of the evening Severa pioneers were present, who, like herself crossed the plains with their families wit teams, and who had walked a greater pa the distance from the Missouri river to

Where flows the Oregon

A number of her friends presented her very pretty and useful souvenirs When company had arrived, a tap of the bell sto them suddenly in their glee, and Master Steel, a five-year-old grandchild stepped and after reciting a short speech presente with a very handsome bouquet, which wa ceived with a kiss and a "God bless yo dear boy" When the guests were invite the dining room, and had taken their p around the tables that were tastefully and stantially spread Mrs Weatherford was g the head of the table. Here, too, she f another surprise, it being a large and hand cake bearing the following inscription "W ing you many happy returns of the day —Sept. 22—1886" The early hours had c before the last good night had been spoke the departing friends The following per were among those present Mrs. Wm. S Mrs. Dr George Kellogg Mrs. S J He Mrs. M H Holbrook, Mrs. A. L. Wells, Mrs Douglass, Mrs A Mundy, Mrs Lillie, M. per, Mr and Mrs. Capt. Joseph Kellogg and Mrs Rev E W Caswell Mr and Mrs M. Pierce Mr and Mrs David Dalglish, Mr Mrs. W E Spurrier, Mr, and Mrs R M A strong, Mr and Mrs James Hackney, Mr Mrs. Capt S S Douglass, Mr and Mrs I Steel, Messrs. L F Powers, A G Walling, Thurlow W S White, Dr W F Morand G Steel James W Weatherford, erford Luther F Steel and Ray W Steel

MRS E JOHNSON'S CONCERT

To-morrow evening will be given a com mentary concert to Mrs. Johnson, at which A. L. Peabody, a student of the New York servatory of music, and who has also been a pil of the great pipe organist of Chicago Clarence Eddy, will take part. Also Miss stance Jordan will make her debut before Portland public on this occasion and will p piano solo The following is the programm

PART I

Quartett 100th Psalm	Jewish
Solo Hour of Sweet Repose Home	Mrs I Joh
Duet The Mermaids	
Piano solo	Mrs Wetzel and Mrs
Solo The Message (Blumenthal)	Miss Constance Jo
Solo Phantom Footsteps, with guitar accompaniment	Miss Fay Mear Mr F A In

PART II

Duet The Fishers (Millah)	Miss Mancil and Mrs Joh
Solo The Father's Love, (Wallace)	Mr W Bru
Piano solo La Violette de Caraffa—Herz	Miss A. L. Peab
Piano solo Angeli et Archangeli with cornet (Gilsino)	
Quartette	Mrs We Amphion Glee
Organ solo—Recessional	Mrs S

THE HOLSTEAD BROTHERS.

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ON WATERLOO FIELD.

A Breezy Letter by the Rev. Dr. Maynard, F. R. H. S.

Where Blucher Met Wellington—Hougomont Farm and its Historic Environs—Fields of Grain Waving Over the Battle Ground.

[Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

EDINBURGH, Scotland, September 15.—Let me give you a brief sketch of a visit to the field of Waterloo from the city of Brussels. The excursion occupies the whole day. The drive is most picturesque, and a personal visit gives that grasp of the battle field to the mind that is not likely to be forgotten. I need hardly tell your readers that the success of the allies guaranteed the liberties of Europe. On the Belgian territory, seventy-one years ago, the greatest captain of any age was defeated by the allies under Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. Early in the morning a coach drawn by four horses calls at the different hotels to secure the passengers who have registered seats the day before. Before leaving the city you pass through the park on the hill of Brussels; here it was that Wellington was walking when information came that Napoleon was moving towards Waterloo. He attended the ball given by an English duchess the same evening with his officers, and, not to alarm the citizens, they left quietly during the fete. Byron's description of the scene is known to all of us. Leaving this beautiful garden, the coach takes the road over which the troops had traveled. It is well paved and delightfully shaded with trees that afford shelter of miles in warm hours of the day.

You pass through it on the side of the forest, laying to the rear of the battle-ground and a few miles from the locality see a large mound with a colossal lion; this mound is made of earth taken from the hills on the left portion of the battlefield and is about 200 feet high, and can be reached by steps. Wellington was greatly annoyed, it is said, when he saw how the Belgian government had changed the scene, by the removal of earth, for it is only by realizing the state of the grounds occupied by the left wing that the traveler can understand why the cavalry of the French suffered and were literally mowed down by the English gunners, who were separated by a deep gully into which the cavalry were entrapped, and which to make the mound has entirely altered the scene.

It is to be remembered that this mound was raised on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded and marks the central point of the whole line of the allies.

THE MORTUARY CHAPEL.

One mile and a half from the mound is the village of Waterloo, and as you enter you see the chapel, with dome containing many memorial tombs of officers who fell in the battle. The inside is covered with mural tablets of famous families in the aristocracy of Great Britain.

Opposite this mortuary church is a long white stone building, quite ordinary in appearance, but exactly as it was on that memorable day. Here it was that the English commander-in-chief wrote his official dispatch notifying the government of the great victory of Waterloo. A short distance from this village there is a road that runs at right angles to the one you left; this leads to Paris, and it is on this highway that the entire army of the English rested and in the center of this long line is the mound from which you get a complete view of the whole scene. I ought not to forget to say that the Brussels road, which we have just left, was so choked for two miles with dying and wounded that the rumor went to Brussels that the army was retreating, so confused and disorderly was the roar of battle. There is a little hollow ground here where the Marquis of Anglesea lost his left leg and where it is buried.

The view from the top of this colossal monument, made of earth, like that on the plains of Marathon, is intensely interesting. You take in the entire field, with its undulating hills, ravines and various peculiarities of house and farms, while all the strategic points stand out distinctly before you. The battle of Waterloo is celebrated for the narrow limits in which both armies were confined, and no doubt never again will such a terrific encounter take place in such contracted space. Modern rifles and guns would make such a condition impossible.

We had a perfect day and the surrounding country looked glorious with fields of ripening grain.

HOUGOMONT FARM.

To the right of the mound was the right wing of the English, resting for half a mile on the road leading to Paris. Opposite to this was the Flemish chateau of Hougomont, with its long wall round the premises, its two gates, front and rear, covered with bullet marks, its farm yard, with stone outhouses and the well inside that once was packed with the dead bodies of the slain. These yards were taken and retaken, but were held by the English through the dreadful slaughter. Wellington, with that instinct that only great talent possesses, anticipated the importance of this chateau and walled inclosure and made holes for musketry that enabled the troops to resist attack.

Here were placed the Goldstream guards, who fought with unparalleled valor, and though it was the vortex of French shell and shot and the buildings were consumed in lurid flames, they defended it against all comers.

The importance of driving in the English line was so great, and the hope of turning the right flank by doing it so desirable, that 10,000 men under Jerome Bonaparte concentrated their whole strength against this farm house.

To the left of the chateau is an orchard certainly not more than four acres. Here 1,500 Frenchmen and Englishmen lay dead. They were exposed to a cross fire, hence the fatality. The defense of this impromptu fortification compelled Napoleon to realize the character and courage he had to fight against, and the delay consequent, together with the muddy state of the roads and fields that made artillery so difficult to move, all worked together to bring about the final result.

The French were arranged opposite this mound in a bow shape extending a little over a mile. The ravine separating them from the long line of the English is hardly perceptible, owing, I suppose, to changes. Behind the center of this rounded line was the point where Napoleon sat with table and paper in front of him, while Wellington, immediately in the rear of his line, went from point to point encouraging his troops to be patient and steadfast.

THE FINAL ATTACK.

It is only by lying down in the depressed slopes of the field that you realize how completely this undulation protected the soldiers immediately to the right and diagonally across the field the old guard made their final attack. The field to the left of the mound and opposite to the left wing was where brave Gen. Picton fell, having driven back the French cavalry that threatened seriously to break the English line. It is on this part of the field that the cuirassiers were resisted by the infantry forming in hollow squares, while the horsemen galloped round and round only a target to the fire of the lines. On the left side of the field was the concealed trench, or gully, into which the cavalry rolled, crowding each other and rendering concerted attack impossible.

It was also in the left part of the field that 4,000 brave Germans were slaughtered owing to the French getting up cannon that at one time threatened the whole battle field and made Napoleon hope for victory.

Speaking generally, it would seem that Wellington, by his selection of situation, was enabled to be on the defensive during the day, waiting for the promised co-operation and approach of Blucher before he attacked his great adversary. It was obstinate, dogged perseverance that proved too much for the fiery impetuosity of the French, who on the approach of the Prussian army became utterly hopeless, and were routed from the field.

My short stay in the city of Antwerp, where I had not been for some years, was most interesting. The quaint old houses, the beautiful cathedral, the Rubens gallery and pictures afford the greatest enjoyment to visitors. Though the city will never again be what it was in the time of Charles of Spain, of late years it has grown considerably, while the new part of this Flemish town equals any city in the Netherlands.

NEWLAND MAYNARD.

The London *Bat* contains this important announcement: "I understand that the accouchement of the Princess Beatrice, which was expected for November, will not take place." The time has come when the uncertainty of European affairs is enough to discourage the most hardened and headlong prophet or seer.

Queen Dona Maria Pia of Portugal shares with her sister-in-law, the queen of Italy, the distinction of being regarded as the "best dressed woman in Europe." Queen Pia is a patroness of the Life-Saving society of Portugal, and received some years ago a gold medal from the Paris branch of that society.

"People needn't sneer at me because I am an old maid," said Miss Gildersleeve, snappishly. "I may be an old maid, but if I am I'm one from choice." "Yes," said Mr. Cassignole, sympathetically, "so I've always understood. The choice was quite unanimous, wasn't it?"—Somerville Journal.

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings for the Past Week.

Society Gives up to the Great Prima Donna—Mrs. King's Keno Party—Minor Gatherings—Personal Mention.

VANITY FAIR.

THAT NIGHT.

'Twas the night of the fete when we quitted the riot
And quietly stole to the terrace alone,
Where, pale as the lovers that ever swear by it,
The moon it gazed down as a god from his throne.
We stood there enchanted.—And O the delight of
The sight of the stars, and the moon, and the sea,
And the infinite skies of that opulent night of
Purple and gold and ivory!

The far-away lilt of the waltz rippled to us,
And through us the exquisite thrill of the air;
Like the scent of bruised bloom was your breath,
and its dew was
Not sweeter than your warm kisses were.
We stood there enchanted.—And O the delight of
The sight of the stars, and the moon, and the sea,
And the infinite skies of that opulent night of
Purple and gold and ivory!
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

[illegible] of icy watermelon frozen solid are now served for dessert, and tempt one to smash his [illegible] in sheer joy at the gastronomic discovery. A little powdered sugar improves the "banquet" of watermelon, just as a sprinkle of cinnamon [illegible] that of a muskmelon, the driest and least luscious of all the autumn fruits.

There was lull in the music, and a young lady moving in the charmed circle of the "Upper Ten" was heard to remark: "Mr. Jenkins, I don't see why you go in second-class society. Do you know it seems to me as if the young [illegible] in our set ought to be in the lower [illegible] and that you young gentlemen ought to [illegible] their places."

"My dear Miss McGillicuddy, I entirely agree with you, and do you know, it seems to me as if the young gentlemen of the 'lower circle' show good discrimination."

A prominent New York dancing master makes the following statement in reply as to what his new dance the Gavot is: "As simple a description as I can give is this: A dance in even time; take four steps to the side, then make a half-turn with side-waltz movement, and then return with the opposite foot both measures. Or, put with the technical language of the ballroom, make a glisse, two glissades, one glisse to side, turn one glisse, two glissades, one glisse to side, turn ball round with side-waltz movement, and repeat the same. Which dance is the most popular? you ask. The waltz, forevermore. All other dances are mere auxiliaries to this moving dream of the ballroom. For this year the springing-waltz will be the favorite. The spring differs from the hop in this, that in the spring the body rises from the knee joints, while in the hop the body rises clear off the floor. The former prudishness about the indecency of the waltz has now disappeared altogether. There are, however, some who by their unskillfulness bring the waltz into disrepute. For example, a gentleman in taking a lady's hand should never steady his hand against his side, but extend his hand downward at a point equi-distant between both dancers. The 'pump-handle' movement is now regarded as vulgar, though at one time very popular. The lady's left hand should rest on the arm of the gentleman, between the shoulder and elbow; or, if the lady is very tall, she may rest her hand on her partner's shoulder. She should never grasp the lower side of her partner's arm. In New York to appear in negligee is absolutely vulgar. The social tone of the East now demands full dress at all balls, receptions, and the opera. Pittsburg is keeping pace with the East in that regard, and this winter more ladies in decollete than ever will likely be seen at receptions and at the opera. With regard to gloves: Ladies, of course, should always wear them; but since the Prince of Wales forgot his gloves at a reception the style for gentlemen has been to go gloveless. Full dress for gentlemen is every day becoming more imperatively demanded by the canons of social life and will soon become universal."

SOCIETY IN GENERAL.

The past week has been a rather quiet one socially, the Hauk concerts have been the rage and everything gave way to their superior attractions. Concerts seem to be the thing now any way, three last week and three more on the tapis for this week. Mrs. King gave a very charming keno party Friday evening. There have been several birthday parties, those celebrating ranging in age from the very young to the very old. The Friday afternoon exercises at the High school are becoming very entertaining, both to the young people themselves and to the visitors who are able to attend. Dame Rumour has it that a Halloween party is in for next week; just where or by whom it is to be given is not definitely settled as yet, however. A full account of what has taken place, together with the programmes of two concerts for next week and the movements of well-known people, will be found appended.

MRS. WEATHERFORD'S SURPRISE PARTY.

A very enjoyable affair occurred last Wednesday evening, the occasion being a surprise party tendered Mrs. Dr. Wm. Weatherford, at her residence, No. 423 Fifth street. It was the sixty-fourth anniversary of her birth. Mrs. Weatherford had invited the different members of her family to spend the evening with her, but she was greatly surprised to find her daughters had played a joke on her by inviting quite a number of her friends to call and share with them the pleasures of the evening. Several old pioneers were present, who, like herself, had crossed the plains with their families with ox teams, and who had walked a greater part of the distance from the Missouri river to

"Where flows the Oregon."

A number of her friends presented her with very pretty and useful souvenirs. When the company had arrived, a tap of the bell stopped them suddenly in their glee, and Master Ray Steel, a five-year-old grandchild stepped out, and after reciting a short speech, presented her with a very handsome bouquet, which was received with a kiss and a "God bless you, my dear boy!" When the guests were invited to the dining room, and had taken their places around the tables that were tastefully and substantially spread: Mrs. Weatherford was given the head of the table. Here, too, she found another surprise, it being a large and handsome cake bearing the following inscription: "Wishing you many happy returns of the day. 1822—Sept. 22—1886." The early hours had come before the last good night had been spoken by the departing friends. The following persons were among those present: Mrs. Wm. Steel, Mrs. Dr. George Kellogg, Mrs. S. J. Hensill, Mrs. H. H. Holbrook, Mrs. A. L. Wells, Mrs. C. Douglass, Mrs. A. Mundy, Mrs. Lillie M. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Capt. Joseph Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Rev. E. W. Caswell, Mr. and Mrs. Rev. M. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. David Dalglish, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Spurrier, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. James Hackney, Mr. and Mrs. Capt. J. S. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. David Steel, Messrs. I. F. Powers, A. G. Walling, A. Thurlow, V. S. White, Dr. W. E. Morand, W. G. Steel, James W. Weatherford, C. E. Weatherford, Luther F. Steel and Ray W. Steel.

MRS. L. JOHNSON'S CONCERT.

To-morrow evening will be given a complimentary concert to Mrs. Johnson, at which Miss A. L. Peabody, a student of the New York conservatory of music, and who has also been a pupil of the great pipe organist of Chicago, Prof. Clarence Eddy, will take part. Also Miss Constance Jordan will make her debut before the Portland public on this occasion and will play a piano solo. The following is the programme:

PART I.

Quartett, 13th Psalm.......................Jewish choir
Solo, Hour of Sweet Repose (Home). Mrs. L. Johnson
Duet, The Mermaids.
.............Mrs. Wetzel and Mrs. Goodsell
Piano solo...............Miss Constance Jordan
Solo, The Message, (Blumenthal)
.........................Miss Ray Meanciet
Solo, Phantom Footsteps, with guitar accompaniment...............Mr. F. A. Insley

PART II.

Duet, The Fishers, (Millan)
..............Miss Mancit and Mrs. Johnson
Solo, The Father's Love, (Wallace). Mr. W. Brunker
Piano solo, La Violette de Carafa—Herz
.......................Miss A. L. Peabody
Piano solo, Angeli et Archangeli, with cornet, (Giistan)..........
Quartette.......................Mrs. Wetzel
Organ solo—Recessional.........Amphion Glee club
.................................Mrs. Smith

THE HOLSTEAD BROTHERS.

On Wednesday evening a few friends were invited by Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, 233 First street, to make and witness some experiments in "mind reading" by the Holstead brothers, two young, unpretentious, unsophisticated Norwegians, who are wonderfully "sensitive." After some remarks by Dr. Taylor, explanatory of the object of the meeting, he introduced the two young men, after which he went into another room and hid a silver fruit knife and returned to the parlor, when the younger brother placed the back of the doctor's left hand against his forehead and walked out of the parlor into the next room, paused a moment and then went to the bureau, tilted a mat and picked up the knife. Similar successful experiments were made by Mrs. Dr. Hunt, Prof. Fisk, Mr. Williams, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Harris and Miss May Harris; first one and then the other brother. The only experiments in which they failed were with Mrs. Harris, Senator and Mrs. Waterman. This was a matter of much speculation and inquiry. It was found that the two last named ladies are what the spiritualists call "mediums," which was the only fact that could be found explanatory of the failure named, and this was that "two negatives or positives repel each other." Whatever was the cause of the failure, the successes were very marked and wonderful. The matter, as a mental phenomenon, is considered worth looking into by scientific minds. Dr. Taylor has promised a free lecture on the subject this evening, when further experiments will be made with the same parties.

The young men say that the power to read what is passing in other minds was first conveyed to the younger brother in a dream some eight months ago. He communicated with his three other brothers and each found he had the power. Two of them then came to this country and are seeking employment of some kind. They are full-blooded men and when one of them takes hold of your hand a queer sensation overcomes you, a sort of uncanny feeling, and you feel relieved when you drop the hand.

EXERCISES AT THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The subject "The Lower Animals" was treated in the new manner adopted for High school rhetoricals, by the pupils in the High school assembly hall, last Friday afternoon. Quite a number of visitors were present, who showed their appreciation by frequent applause. The most noticeable and best rendered selections from the programme given below, include Prof. Henderson's recitation, "The Vagabonds;" thirty-nine short quotations, extracts from a celebrated lecture, "Slaughter of the Innocents;" the "Jackdaw of Rheims," by the pupils named; the statistics showing the enormous destruction of birds, for ornamental purposes, by Miss K. N. Tupper, who has charge of the rhetoricals; "The Owl's Critic," and the musical selections. Next Friday afternoon "The Crusades" will be treated, and judging from the success of the two previous exercises, will be well worth hearing. Following is the programme:

Song...By the school
Recitation..................................Miss McBride
Essay, "Education of Animals,".Miss J. Browning
Recitation, "Tom".........................Miss Wilson
Piano solo....................................Miss Ida Staver
Poetical extract, "A Bevy of Birds,"........
Misses Capen, Cora Smith, Fieldner, Philips
and McBride.
Essay, "Dogs"..............................Miss Ella Gile
Extracts from one of Browning's poems......
.....Misses May Watkins and Minnie Parker
Vocal solo...................................Miss Rosa Bloch
Essay, "Animals in History".............James Watt
Recitation..................................Miss Mamie Brady
Extract from Arnold's Light of Asia.Miss H. Perry
Essay, "Anecdotes of Animal"..Miss Lizzie Smith
Essay, "The Horse in Literature".....E. Duniway
Recitation, "Who Stuffed that White Owl".......
....Miss Tessie Myers
Song...By the school
Extract, "Slaughter of the Innocents".........
Misses Myrtle Burnham, Bessie Lee, Kate
Randall and Rachael Harris.
Recitation, "The Jackdaw of Rheims,".........
Misses Lulette Holman, Alice Buckenmeyer,
Thera Yocum, Tina Raphael and Mollie McCann.
Song...By the school
Recitation, "The Vagabonds"....................
..............................Prof. L. F. Henderson
Song, "America"...............................School

MR. BULLOCK'S BIRTHDAY IN EAST PORTLAND.

On Friday evening a very pleasant party was given by the young lady and gentleman friends of Mr. Charles Bullock, in honor of the 21st anniversary of his birthday. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The company began to assemble about 8 o'clock and at 8:30 about twenty-five couples had arrived. Messrs. Parsons and Everest's orchestra being present, the grand march was formed and dancing commenced, which was kept up till 11 o'clock, when the party was invited to partake of refreshments which had been prepared by the ladies in the dining hall. The tables were spread in a most inviting manner, and the refreshments, which were of the best, were heartily enjoyed. After all had partaken, dancing was resumed and continued until 12:30 o'clock. The following were present: Miss Frankie Martin, Miss Carrie Beveridge, Miss Mamie Mayo, Miss Etta Weiser, Miss Beppie Knott, Miss Kate Coburn, Miss Anna Diggles, Miss Eva Fernau, Miss Florence McEwan, Miss Sadie Underhill, Miss Minnie Sperry, Miss Libby, Miss Beckie Knott, Mrs. M. L. King, Miss Nellie Busbie, Miss Hill, Miss Ida Fernau, Miss Bickett, Miss Orie Underhill, Miss Lida Busbie, Miss Laura Bullock, Miss Fannie Bullock, Miss Mattie Bullock, Messrs. Charles Mercer, Charles Fortmiller, W. S. Knott, G. Knott and wife, A. Butterfield, J. W. Beveridge, J. Andrews, A. McEwan, J. A. Logan and wife, Wm. Mall, C. J. Wheeler, J. Sears, Frank Bachtel, J. Knott, Robert McEwan, Wm. Underhill, Fred Smith, E. Martin, Ross Logan, Walter Stranahal, E. S. Bullock, John Everest, George Parsons and Fred Bullock.

TUESDAY NIGHT'S CONCERT.

The organ concert to be given next Tuesday evening under the direction of Mr. Edward Cookingham, organist of the Unitarian church, promises to be a very enjoyable and thoroughly artistic affair. A number, in fact, almost all of the best local talent, will participate, and under the efficient direction of Mr. Cookingham the concert is sure to be an artistic success, if nothing else. The full programme is appended:

PART I.

Overture, "Martha,".............................Flotow
Organ and Orchestra.
Solo, "With Thee,"..................................Abt
Mrs. Goodsell.
Ballad Horn Duet, "Autumn Song,"..Mendelssohn
Mr. Falernius and Mr. Jones
Quartette, (a) The Parting Kiss...........Sydenham
(b) Hail Smiling Morn..............Spofforth
Miss Wallace, Mrs. Goodsell, Mr. Mayo,
Mr. Gilmore.
Violoncello Solo.....................Mr. Van Oterendorp
Duet, "A te devante,"..............................Verdi
Miss Wallace and Mr. Lownsdale.

PART II.

Solo, "In the Cloisters,"..........................Barri
Mr. Fred M. Gilmore.
Solo, "Let Me Love Thee,"........................Arditi
Mis Eva Wallace.
Selections, (a) Love Song..........................Vogt
(b) Night Song..........................Jonas
String Quartette.
Quartette, "Grander than Ocean's Story,"...Costa
Miss Wallace, Mrs. Goodsell, Mr. Mayo,
Mr. Lowndsdale.
Solo, "The Lost Chord,"......................Sullivan
Mr. M. D. Lowndsdale.
Selection, "Lucia,"..............................Danizetti
Organ and Orchestra.

MASTER IRVIN'S TENTH BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Wm. G. Irvin, assisted by Miss Edith Williams, celebrated the tenth birthday of her son Robert, by inviting about twenty of his little friends to spend the afternoon with him at their residence on Twelfth and Columbia streets yesterday. After many little games, and a merry good time in general, a splendid lunch was served. Then, all wishing their little friend many returns of the day, and agreeing that they had had a very enjoyable afternoon, departed for their homes. The following is a list of names of those that were present: Misses Edna Moreland, Mabel Williams, Clara Webb, Mattie Webb, Mary Webb, Minnie Webb, Myrtle Ward, Merlie Frances, Isa Irvin, Estelle Killin, Masters Harry Northup, Willie Northup, Ivan DeLashmutt, Leon Frances, Alfred Bridges, Willie Bridges, Winnie Ward, Tom Killin, Robert Irvin, Charlie Irvin.

ORGAN AND VOCAL CONCERT.

The concert to be given at the Unitarian church, corner of Seventh and Yamhill streets, next Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Cookingham, promises to be an unusually good one. The programme, which is given in full in another column of to-day's OREGONIAN, embraces vocal selections by Miss Wallace, Mrs. Goodsell, Mr. Lownsdale, Mr. Maye and Mr. Gilmore; ballad, horn duet, by Mr. Falernius and Mr. Jones; violincello solo by Mr. Van Oterendorp, and several numbers for organ and orchestra. The new pipe organ which has just been built for the church by Hook & Hastings, of Boston, will be heard to its best advantage on this occasion. The concert is for the benefit of the organ fund of the church and should be largely patronized.

ANDERSON–HILTON.

On Tuesday evening a very pleasant wedding party assembled at the home of Miss Sarah J. Anderson on the Powells valley road about two and a half miles from the ferry. The occasion was the marriage of the daughter of the house, Miss Sarah, to Mr. Olestin Hilton. A large party of friends were present, who did full justice to a most bountiful repast at the close of the ceremony, and passed the remainder of the evening in dancing and kindred pleasures. Mr. Hilton is a young man connected with the Standard Oil company, and is an efficient and trusted employe. Justice Tuttle, who has known the young couple for a long time, was one of the guests.

MRS. KING'S KENO PARTY.

Friday evening Mrs. W. B. King gave a very delightful keno party, in honor of Miss Harrison, of Trenton, N. J. The house was handsomely decorated and canvassed throughout the first floor. The game of keno was played until a late hour, when a most delectable supper was served, after which dancing was indulged in. The devotees of the game, contrary to the usual custom, all won, each receiving elegant prizes and some of the more fortunate two or three. The following is a list of those who were present: Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ayer, Mr. and Mrs. S. Heitshee, Mrs. Henry J. Corbett, Mrs. Wm. M. Ladd, Miss Savier, Miss Myrick, Miss Ladd, Miss Beck, Miss Flanders, Miss Florence Savier, Miss Winnifred Myrick, Miss Catlin, Miss Cunningham, Miss Lizzie Myrick, Miss Katherine Beck, Miss Failing, Miss Mildred Failing, Miss Burnside, Miss Whitehouse, Miss Green, Miss Harrison, Messrs. E. R. Adams, J. Townsend Valentine, James Canby, C. Jerome Reed, L. C. Jones, Fred Strong, E. E. Everett, F. N. Jones, Fred M. Gilmore, W. S. Smith, W. Carter, R. McKee, W. M. Dimmick, D. Burnside, Mr. Henson and Mr. Bishop.

THE FREE KINDERGARTEN ENTERTAINMENT.

On Friday evening at the New Market theatre, an entertainment was given in behalf of the Free Kindergarten, of Portland, Mrs. Nina Larowe kindly took in charge the entire responsibility, and she deserves great credit for the acceptable way in which she managed all the details. The programme was in two parts consisting of well selected readings and recitations, with piano solos and duets filling up the intermissions. The selection of some of which were comic, others pathetic, and some highly dramatic, were all well rendered. The entertainment as a whole was fairly successful and must have netted a snug sum to the worthy object in view.

NOTES.

F. Co, First regiment, O. S. M., will give their annual ball next Friday evening in their armory in East Portland.

The wedding of Miss Green and Mr. C. Jerome Reed has been postponed, and will not be celebrated before the middle of November.

Mr. J. R. Polly, receiving clerk for the Oregon Railway & Navigation company at Ainsworth dock, was married Monday, and he and his bride are spending their honeymoon at the Merchants hotel.

Miss Fannie Page was the recipient of a very complete surprise party a few evenings ago. A number of her friends banded together and dropped in on her in a body. The evening was very enjoyably spent in social pleasures.

Among the recent pleasant social events was a driving party by Mr. Walter F. Burrell. A very jolly time was experienced. A dainty little supper was spread on the summit of one of the hills back of the city, and the return made by moonlight.

Mrs. Martha A. Barlow, of Barlow's Station, and Mrs. Mary E. White, of Oregon City (twins), celebrated their joint birthday at the beautiful home of the former on Thursday, September 23. The occasion was made doubly interesting by a general family reunion.

PERSONAL.

Miss Edith Yarndley has returned from California.

Mrs. Dolph and daughter Agnes are at present in Paris.

Mrs. John Gay is visiting Mrs. E. Y. Ingall at Tacoma.

Mrs. Judge Stott contemplates visiting friends in Astoria.

Mrs. Walter Moffett has returned from Cascade Springs.

Mrs. A. S. Foster returned from Clatskanie on Thursday last.

Mrs. John Muir and family will leave for New York on the 30th.

Mrs. R. B. Knapp will sail on October 26 in the Coloma for China.

Capt. George J. Ainsworth went down to San Francisco Friday night.

Miss Edith Mitchell has returned from a two months' visit on the Sound.

Mrs. C. R. Templeton is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. H. Foster, in Albany.

Miss Clara Bates has returned from a visit to friends in Oakland and Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Durham have returned from a brief visit in San Francisco.

Dr. A. L. Lindsley has just returned from a three weeks' trip to San Francisco.

Miss Ida Roberts of Seattle is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. T. C. Powell, in this city.

Dr. C. C. Strong has just returned from a vacation trip of a week or two duration.

Miss Druck of Portland is visiting the Misses Webb at the Christian parsonage at Salem.

Miss Bessie Biles, who has gone to San Francisco, expects to be away about two months.

Mrs. T. B. Odeneal returned Monday from Yaquina, where she has been for the past month.

Miss Lena Morgan will make a short visit with friends in San Francisco some time this fall.

Judge M. P. Deady left for Clatsop Wednesday, where he goes to to take his usual fall vacation.

Miss Sadie Hopkins returned home on the 20th, after an absence of two months in British Columbia.

Miss Mollie Barlow, of Barlow's Station, has been spending several days with Mrs. Tyler Woodward.

Mr. I. White and her daughter, Miss Ella White, have returned from a very delightful Sound trip.

Miss Clara Bray has returned to her home in Salem. She was accompanied by Miss Sarah Chance of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hughes and Miss Louise Hughes have returned from a pleasant vacation near McKenzie Bridge.

Mrs. Robert F. Hall and Mrs. A. H. Mallory leave Tuesday over the Northern Pacific for an extended Eastern trip.

Mrs. John Gay, of this city, is at present visiting Capt. Barnes and family at their new residence in Tacoma, W. T.

Dr. A. D. Bevan left over the Northern for Chicago on Tuesday. He goes to be present at the marriage of his sister.

Dr. A. B. Wilson and family have arrived in New York on their return from abroad. They will not return for some time.

Miss Beck and Miss Katherine Beck went over to Vancouver Friday, and are the guests of Lieut. Buchanan and his wife.

Mr. Harold Emmons, of Michigan, a brother of Mr. Will Emmons, has arrived in this city and will make Portland his future home.

Miss E. C. Sabin and Miss Bessie Thompson of this city are at present in London, where they will remain until the first of October.

Miss Emma Walters is at present studying with Madame Marchesi in Paris. The professor and his family will return to Portland in about a month.

Miss May L. White, daughter of Mrs. M. F. White, of 274 Second street, left by Friday night's steamer for California. She will spend the winter in Oakland with the Rev. Dr. Lathrop's family and attend school.

Mr. Lewis Russell returned Friday from England via the Canadian Pacific. During his absence from this city he has spent some time in Scotland, traveled through England and visited the continent, making a short stay in Paris.

Lieut. Col. William H. Jordan and family left Astoria on the Columbia Saturday morning for San Francisco en route for Fort Clark, Texas, where he is to be stationed. He has spent the greater part of the summer visiting friends and relatives in Oregon.

Bishop B. W. Morris, accompanied by his family, will start East overland next Wednesday to attend the general convocation of the Episcopal Protestant church. This body of ministers will meet at Chicago on the 6th of October, and will probably be in session several weeks. The period of Bishop Morris's absence is somewhat uncertain. At the close of the convocation the bishop will visit the Atlantic States. As his health has been rather poor for some time past, the bishop may remain East for several months.

MILITARY AND PERSONAL.

Capt. Evan Miles, Twenty-first infantry, is now on recruiting detail in New York city.

Maj. Basil Norris, medical director, made a business trip to Fort Canby last week.

Lieut. J. I. Nance, Second cavalry, Fort Spokane, has had his leave extended to October 1.

Capt. S. M. Swigert, Second cavalry, on recruiting detail, has been given two months' leave.

Maj. Wm. F. Pratt, Fourteenth infantry, on inspection duty, has been granted three months' sick leave.

Capt. C. J. Von Hermann, Fourth infantry, who is at home in Spirit Lake, Iowa, was placed on the retired list last Friday.

Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A., was re-elected president of the Iron brigade at the annual reunion held this month at Oshkosh, Wis.

Dr. Philip G. Wales, first lieutenant and assistant surgeon, United States army, has resigned, his resignation to take effect November 5, 1886.

Mrs. Stanton and daughter, of Omaha, who have been visiting at Capt. C. B. Western's during the summer, left for their home on Wednesday last.

Col. Thomas M. Anderson, the new commander of the Fourteenth infantry, will report at Vancouver barracks on the expiration of his leave of absence.

Capt. W. I. Sanborn, Twenty-fifth infantry, arrived in Vancouver on Saturday last, to remain a short time on business for Mrs. S. J. Hakes, his wife's mother.

Miss Emma Davis of Milwaukee, Wis., who has been the guest of Lieut. Kingsberry and wife at Fort Walla Walla during the summer, has just returned home.

Among the non-commissioned officers who have successfully passed the departmental boards and the Fort Monroe board for appointment to second lieutenants are Sergt. Carl Koops, C, Second, cavalry, and Corp. Walter McMillian, G, Fourth infantry, who will soon be commissioned.

By orders from division headquarters, A. A. Surg. R. P. Finley is relieved from duty in the department of the Columbia, and will report to the commanding general department Arizona for assignment to duty in that department.

SALMON ROE FISHING.

A Trip to the Clackamas by a Disciple of Walton, who Learns how Trout are Caught for Market.

Fly fishing is an art when carried to the nicety and precision that will lure the wary trout in a stream much frequented by anglers. In virgin waters it is more a matter of luck, for even a tyro in the sport beloved by Uncle Isaac, can there catch a reasonable number of trout. But it is in the streams easy of access and which are much fished, where the true lover of the art, the accomplished caster, will bring to his creel a goodly mess, and the novice, or even the average fisherman will come home tired, disgusted and with an empty basket, and tell his friends the waters are "fished out." Many of our streams said to be "fished out" are in reality not so, but are full of trout, which, owing to a pernicious custom called "salmon roe fishing," which is practiced principally by men fishing for the market, will not rise to or take an artificial fly. Oregon is a perfect Mecca for the trout fisherman. Every stream is full of the speckled beauties, and there are thousands of streams, many with deep pools and coursing riffles, across which a "fly" has never yet been cast. At certain times of the year there is a run of what are called salmon trout, great big fellows, some of which weigh as high as three, four and even six pounds. They are very gamey, but not nearly as fine for the table as the genuine brook trout. It is the prevalent idea that they come in from the ocean, and in the fall follow the salmon which come up the Columbia into all its tributaries to spawn. They can be caught in great numbers at this season of the year on the riffles, where the salmon spawn, by using the salmon roe for bait. Salmon roe fishing is considered by a fisherman in the same light as the sportsman does a man who will shoot duck or any game bird "on the sit." Yet to fish with salmon roe requires a knowledge of the custom, or failure follows. It is my object to teach every one who reads this letter how to fish with salmon roe, and if possible present it in such a light that it will be discontinued. After one fishing trip the true fisherman will, I think, never do it again. I will give my own experience on the Clackamas.

Taking the 4 o'clock train on the O. & C. railroad I was shortly whirled up to Clackamas station, whence I struck out for a farm house said to be about two miles and a half up the river. After a long five-mile walk, and late in the evening, I arrived at the aforesaid farm house and went at once to bed. By 3 o'clock in the morning, long before daylight, I was up and out. I struck off at once up the river, and as soon as the morning light began to make things distinct I left the trail and got down to the river. I jointed my rod and proceeded to fasten on my favorite flies, a coachman No. 1, a red hackle No. 2 and a brown hackle on the end; I am a conscientious fisherman, if nothing else, and for three long hours I whipped that stream, a clear, broad, swift stream with turbulent riffles, which, at times, attain to the grandeur of rapids, every three or four hundred yards apart with deep silent pools lying between each riffle. I changed my flies and tried all of a varied assortment of six dozen, but to no purpose. I caught three trout and was thoroughly disheartened, for it was 8 o'clock and the early-morning fishing was over. While standing whipping a royal spot in a faint-hearted sort of a fashion, I saw a man coming down the stream on a raft. He grounded just above me and came down to the spot where I stood. He said nothing but came and took his stand within two feet of me and began business. In ten minutes he caught twenty-seven fine trout. I was nonplussed. I had never seen salmon roe and did not know what he was using. Finally I asked him, and he told me that his bait was salmon eggs and at the same time vouchsafed the information that he was fishing for the Portland market. I parleyed with him for some time and at last struck a bargain by which he was to let me ride down the stream on his raft with him and furnish me with bait. When I met this man we were two miles above the bridge that crosses the river near the old salmon hatchery. My guide was somewhat pressed for time, owing to the fact that he had to ship his fish on the 3:30 P. M. train, and consequently we stopped to fish only in the riffles where he knew from long experience we would catch fish (sport, or rather, from his standpoint, catch fish). When both of us were on the raft it was flush with the water, being constructed of two logs about ten feet long, with cross pieces at either end, and only intended for one person. However, my guide was an old hand at the business, and managed his clumsy craft with great skill. Our mode of procedure was to pole and paddle over the pools where the current was too slow for us to make much progress, and as we approached a riffle, would run the raft on shore, and after mooring it would walk down to the edge of the riffle and there stand, in midstream or on either side of the river, where the "fish channel" was. He had a theory which he said he had demonstrated to his own satisfaction, that the fish had a particular fancy for a certain well-defined portion of each riffle, and whenever crossing they kept strictly to this channel. When we had taken our stand at the edge of the fish channel my guide would take a small handful of salmon roe, and crushing them up in his hand until all the oil was pressed out of each globule or egg, he would hold his hand in the water and let the oil float off down the stream into the eddy caused by our legs as we stood close together. Then we would bait our hooks very deliberately with two globules and gently drop the line a few feet in front of us and let it drift out to the full length of the line; when if a fish was not captured we would take our line and rebait the hook and repeat the operation for the swift water would take the bait off as soon as the line got to its full length and any resistance was felt. The fish would bite savagely for several minutes, only small ones, however, being hooked; then a very perceptible lull was experienced, a few more eggs were thrown in the water, and in about five minutes they would begin again; this time some big fellows would be caught, and when they ceased biting we would return to the raft, push off, shoot the rapids and go through precisely the same operation at the next favorable place. My guide's idea is this: Salmon are known to spawn on the riffles; therefore, by throwing in eggs and crushing the oil out of them, which floats down the water to the deep eddies and swirls found some distance below all riffles, the fish are tolled up into the rough water of the riffles, where our hooks lie baited with the eggs. The fish by this process are forced to believe that salmon are spawning. At first only the smaller fish near the top of the water come up, but by the time the second catch begins the big fellows have come out of the deep water to see what is going on, and after a few minutes they find their mistake and the fishing is over for that place. It is an ingenious idea and shows that much thought has been given to the habits of the fish, but it is not very sportsmanlike. It is like the market hunter who finds a rabbit warren or runaway and sets a sapling with a wire snare at the hole of the poor luckless bunny. The chief drawback, however, or rather the one which will be the most potent in deterring the average man from repeating this process, is the unpleasant fact that no matter how carefully you try to keep clean you can't; your hands and clothes, and even your creel, soon get besmeared with the sticky, oily little eggs, and it is almost an impossibility to wash it off, for they quickly get dry and stick closer than a brother. And above all and everything it smells—and how it does smell only one who has been around a salmon cannery, and seen a fresh batch of the refuse thrown on the old pile of putrid, decayed and decaying heap of offal, can form even the faintest conception. The dryer it gets the worse it smells; no amount of fresh air and pure water seems able to deodorize your clothes. The trip of about six miles down the Clackamas, shooting all the rapids on that old raft, was only less enjoyable than it would have been had we been in two light Rob Roy canoes; then indeed would it have been perfect. As it was, however, the old raft had an additional charm, a good, staunch canoe would not have had, that of danger. It kept us busy wondering whether it would go to pieces as it shot over the rapids and spill us out.

The Clackamas is a beautiful river, an ideal trout stream. It is about seventy feet wide, with a large volume of water that rushes at a high rate of speed. Only at rare places is it shallow enough to ford on foot, and at those places the water will reach a man's waist even at this season of the year, when it is at its lowest stage. The water is clear and cold, and the deep blue color adds much to the beauty of the stream as it rushes now through a broad wooded bottom, with pebbly bars here and there widening its channel, and again running up to, and making a sharp turn at the foot of some high bluff surmounted with tall spruce trees looking to the angler from below as if grim sentinels standing in silhouette against the blue sky.

A.

AMUSEMENTS.

A Rare Musical Treat at the New Market Last Week.

Minnie Hauk in Concert—A Return Engagement at the Casino—Mrs. Partington at the New Market.

The Hauk concerts Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at the New Market were well attended by the music loving people of Portland; and to judge from the many and diverse criticisms passed by a great many who were not music lovers, or at least not musical critics, for some of the criticisms were puerile and others simply inane. Concerts such as Madame Hauk gave, are to the average theater goer anything but satisfactory. He goes with a dim, indistinct idea of what he is to hear; visions of grand opera with beautiful scenic effects and a bewitching ballet flit through his mind. The curtain goes up, he does not understand the language, but thinks it must be all right and is just beginning to enjoy the music, and at the same time has begun to weave a plot which he takes great interest in following, when down comes the curtain. When it rises again he is taken aback, and although at first disgusted, yet soon becomes interested again only to suffer a similar disappointment. When he gets up to leave his wife draws a long breath and says, "How perfectly divine," with that he takes his cue and chimes in with her; and yet is in heart thoroughly dissatisfied and mentally vows never to go to another operatic concert. The concert to be given Thursday night and which is to be more in the nature of ballad concert, will probably be much more satisfactory.

Before Minnie Hauk left for Victoria an effort was made to induce her to give another concert in this city on her way eastward. She expressed a willingness, but the management found difficulties ahead in the way of engagements already made. These were increased by the fact that the New Market was engaged during the coming week, and it seemed as though it could only be arranged by postponing St. Paul, and intermediate engagements and allowing the company to remain over until Monday of next week. Nevertheless on Friday and Saturday a strong request was circulated and after it had received the signatures of numerous prominent citizens, Minnie Hauk's manager was telegraphed to, and strong pressure was brought to bear upon Carl Strakosch, the advance agent who arrived on Friday on his way East. Upon these facts becoming known to Mme. Hauk she directed Mr. Strakosch yesterday to cancel one of the Sound dates and to engage the Casino Opera house for Thursday evening next for a grand farewell concert. Strakosch favoring the plan had everything in readiness within an hour, and the concert will take place on the evening mentioned. A splendid programme has been arranged embracing popular English songs, as well as the famous "Echo Song," and scenes from the new opera "Manon," in which Minnie Hauk is without a rival. The people of Portland have thus been placed under great and lasting obligations to the great singer, and will show their appreciation by crowding the Casino as it never was before.

Mr. Arnold (of Arnold & Boyd), who holds the lease of the Casino, immediately began putting the house in order. It is being thoroughly cleaned and by Thursday will present an inviting appearance. The bar has been permanently closed and neither drinking or smoking will be allowed in or about the house hereafter.

At the New Market to-morrow night "Mrs. Partington and her Son Ike" will hold the boards. The play belongs to the "Widow Bedott" and "Corner Grocery" style of comedy and is equally humorous, and has found great favor with the public wherever it has been presented. Burt Stanley, a very clever female impersonator, who is a favorite here in Portland, gives a characterization of the illiterate widow that is not behind the matronly Bedott of Neil Burgess. The play is an aggregation of comical situations neatly strung together. The company consists of very clever comedians who have never appeared here before. The theater-going public who want to laugh had better go and see "Mrs. Partington and her Son Ike" next week.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Annie Pixley opened her season September 20 at the Park theater, Boston.

It is reported that the Thompson Opera company stranded week before last in Pittsburg.

Effie Ellsler begins her season September 27, again appearing under Marc Klaw's management in "Woman against Woman."

C. H. Hoyt's new farce comedy is to be called "A Texas Steer." It is much to be hoped that it bears no sort of resemblance to "The Maid and the Moonshiner."

The Bartley Campbell creditors are getting paid off at the rate of $500 a month. Three thousand five hundred dollars has been liquidated; $14,000 is still due.

The Duff Opera company has been doing very well in San Francisco at Baldwin's theater. Miss Lillian Russell appears for the first time in "The Trip to Africa." She was first seen in San Francisco with Edwin Sparks's company in 1879 in "Dreams," and sang a little song called "Baby's Stockings."

Miss Lillian Olcott has made a failure of "Theodora" in New York city. Freunds *Music and Drama* says of it: "Theodora" is a role utterly and entirely beyond Miss Olcott's reach. She is suited to it in no solitary particular. Her performance was puerile and pointless, and was saved from downright laughter only by the indulgence of the audience."

Nat Goodwin has scored a most dismal failure at the New York Bijou, in "Little Jack Sheppard," which is said to be a "tri-pid burlesque of the old story of Jack Sheppard, and only in those places where the comedian was able to crop out of the part, by substituting himself for the character he was supposed to be playing, was Mr. Goodwin really amusing."

It is not gratifying to our patriotic feelings to be forced to admit that the only recent American operatic novelties, "The Maid and the Moonshiner" and "Soldiers and Sweethearts," have been utter failures. Of the former the librettist, Mr. Hoyt, writing to a newspaper, says: "Mr. Thomas and myself own the music as well as the text of the piece now. If it is ever again presented it will be more in accordance with our views. In the meantime, I am satisfied to take my share of the blame for the failure, and I am only sorry that I couldn't save poor Solomon, as it has been an unfortunate disaster for him, while I have suffered but little in pocket. My business with 'The Tin Soldier' will turn $12,560 in profits for the two weeks."

Commenting on the performance of "The Man o' Airlie" at the Star theater, Monday night, the New York *Tribune* said: "This performance by Mr. Barrett is one of the finest works of pure dramatic art—definite in purpose, delicate in texture, minute and thorough in execution, and suffused with the highest strain of manhood and of true and tender feeling—that have been shown upon the stage in this generation. At every step of the way last night Mr. Barrett's acting revealed the ripe repose of a noble mind, in complete and loyal command of all its power. The actor held his audience with that firm grasp which is possible only when the heart is thoroughly aroused, and intellect becomes irradiated with true feeling. At times the silence in the house was like the hush of death. Many of Mr. Barrett's auditors gave to him that best of all tributes, the tribute of involuntary tears. He was repeatedly called before the curtain."

The Springfield, Illinois, *State Journal* in its criticism of a performance by the Thompson opera company, has the following to say of an old Portland favorite: "To Mr. J. K. Murray, however, falls the honor of the hit of the evening. As a compliment to the audience he was put into the cast as a messenger to the king, and sang a solo. A finer baritone voice has perhaps never been heard in the city. Of exquisite softness in its lower notes, it possesses remarkable volume and strength. The audience was carried away by storm and compelled him to respond to several encores.

A SEPTEMBER VIOLET.

For days the peaks were hoods of cloud,
The slopes were veiled in chilly rain;
We said: It is the summer's shroud,
And with the brooks we moaned aloud—
Will sunshine never come again?

At last the west wind brought us one
Serene, warm, cloudless, crystal day,
As though September, having blown
A blast of tempest, now had thrown
A gauntlet to the favored May.

Backward to spring our fancies flew,
And, careless of the course of time,
The bloomy days began anew.
Then, as a happy dream comes true,
Or as a poet finds his rhyme—

Half wondered at, half unbelieved—
I found thee, friendliest of the flowers!
Then summer's joy came back, green-leaved,
And its doomed dead, awhile reprieved,
First learned how truly they were ours.

Dear violet! Did the autumn bring
Thee vernal dreams, till thou, like me,
Didst climb to thy imagining?
Or was it that the thoughtful spring
Did come again, in search of thee?
—*The Century.*

[illegible]

—AT—

Pomeroy, Wash. Ter.

The Columbia Valley Land and Investment Co.

Have determined by resolution of their Board of Trustees to dispose of ALL the balance of their property and wind up the Company's business AT ONCE, and will sell without reserve at AUCTION

Five Hundred Town Lots!

In the Railroad Addition to the town of Pomeroy.

This will present a Rare Opportunity for Speculation, as the prospects for the future growth of Pomeroy are better than that of any other town in Washington Territory. This Addition being in a valley one-third of a mile wide, the hills rising on each side to the height of over 200 feet, is geographically so situated that the city cannot extend in any other direction. The lots comprise with but few exceptions all the available ground for RESIDENCES or BUSINESS PURPOSES, and in the future extension of Pomeroy, its growth can only be in the direction of the above Railroad Addition, the passenger, freight depots and warehouses being located in the center of these Lots, which are all in the city limits. Pomeroy is the county seat of Garfield County, and already is a thriving town of over 1000 population, with fine schools, three weekly newspapers, and is the Terminus of the Starbuck & Pomeroy Railroad, a branch line of the O. R. & N., and there is more fertile agricultural land tributary to it than any other town in Oregon or Washington Territory, and there is but little doubt of its doubling its population within the next two years.

Terms of Sale:

Cash for all sales of $25 or under. For all over that amount 10 per cent. discount for cash; or one-third (1-3) cash, balance in 6 and 12 months, with notes, bearing 12 per cent. interest, secured by mortgage.

This Auction Sale will commence at 10 o'clock A. M., on Court day, October 4th, 1886, and will continue until all the Lots are sold.

For Description, Plats or further information, apply to

JOSEPH JORGENSEN,

Walla Walla, W. T.

WANTED—HELP.

NURSE GIRL WANTED—APPLY AT 91 YAMhill st., cor. Fifth. 25s5

WANTED—A SALESMAN; A G. A. R. MEMber preferred. Address T. D., care Oregonian 25s2

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEwork in an American family; must be a good cook; good wages for good help. Apply at 175 Alder st.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS SOLICITORS, WHO can furnish bonds. Apply at room 7, Glisan Block, cor. First and Ash streets, Portland. 21s7

WANTED—ENERGETIC, SUCCESSFUL SOLICItors. Apply in person or by letter, Northwest Fire and Marine Ins. Co. 5 Washington st. (19sd&w1m)

WANTED—LADIES TO WORK FOR ME; LOcal or traveling; something entirely new; for ladies only; $4 daily easily made; no photo. no painting; particulars free. MADAM C. N. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill. 14s14

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

A PLEASANT FURNISHED FRONT ROOM wanted by two gentlemen. Address O. A., care Oregonian. 25s2

LUMBER WANTED—AN IMPROVED FARM near Salem, to exchange for lumber and shingles. A. OLINGER, Salem, Or. 9s-d&w3w

WANTED—A DONKEY ENGINE, SUITABLE for pile-driving. Address San Francisco Bridge Co., Salem; or, Portland, Ainsworth Block. 21s6

WANTED—3 OR 4 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping; centrally located; gentleman and wife; references exchanged. Address S. M., care Oregonian. 25s3

WANTED—BY OCT. 1, OR LATER, IN GOOD neighborhood, four partially furnished rooms for light housekeeping, with privilege of hot and cold water and bath, in house where there are no other roomers. Address, with particulars, H. M. C., care Oregonian. 23s1f

WANTED—AT THE W. C. T. U. INTELLIgence office, all persons wishing to employ help and those seeking to find employment; two rooms will be kept open as heretofore. MRS. S. MORTON, Pres. W. C. T. U. 25s1m

WANTED—AGENTS.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN IN OREgon for a new household article, selling at sight; ladies preferred. Call or address Holmes Kettle Plate Agency, 30 Ash st., Portland. 24s7

TWO AGENTS, WITH SNAP, THAT WILL canvass Washington Territory and Montana, to sell our Celebrated Scientific Electric Magnetic Belts, used and recommended by the leading doctors of America and Europe; will cure all nervous weakness and other troubles when medicines fail; mighty, matchless and magical, four years' success in Portland. DR. SILL, Manager and Proprietor of the Electric Belt Agency and the Electric Magnetic Co. Offices in the [illegible] Stone Block, First and Market sts. Lock box 363, Portland, Or. 13s-tf

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT.

WANTED—A POSITION AS HOUSEKEEPER, by a middle-aged German lady; country or city. Call at 115 Clay. 25s3

WANTED—A SITUATION TO DO GENERAL housework in respectable family or upstairs work in hotel. Apply at 101 North Eleventh st. 25s2

WANTED—A 17-YEAR OLD BOY WANTS something to do where he can earn and learn. Address Friend, care Oregonian. 24s1f

BUSINESS CHANCES.

FOR SALE—MILK ROUTE AND EIGHT COWS. Inquire at 45 F st. 24s1f

THE ASTORIA BAKERY FOR SALE—A GOOD business at a bargain. Apply to E. H. Jackson, Seaside Bakery, Astoria, Or., P. O. box 187. 22s1f

$5000 BONUS WILL BE GIVEN BY THE La Camas Company for the establishment of any manufacturing enterprise which will employ twenty workmen at La Camas, W. T. 10s-tf D. H. STEARNS, Manager La Camas Co.

FOR SALE—BUTCHER BUSINESS IN A GOOD town and well established; plenty of tools and a slaughter house; the best location and trade good; this is a splendid chance for the right man; best of reasons given for selling. Address Butcher, care Oregonian. 14s-tf

FOR SALE—CHEAP, TO A CASH CUSTOMER, an old established first class candy manufactory in an excellent location, doing a good business; the purchaser will be taught the trade if necessary; as the party must leave soon, a bargain will be given. Address A. B., care Oregonian. 20s1f

COUNTRY STORE FOR SALE, DOING A CASH business, 15 miles from Portland on West Side R. R.; telegraph, railroad, express and postoffice in same building. Apply to A. J. Hamilton, Beaverton, Or. 11d1f

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A CHOICE QUARTER BLOCK IN Couch's addition, N. E. cor. Twelfth and H sts. Address DUGAN BROS., Salem, Or. 18s1f

FOR SALE—FRACTIONAL LOT, CONTAINING five 5-room cottage, bath, etc. Apply at or address 258 Ninth, near Jefferson, from 9 A. M. to noon. 8s-1f

FARMS FOR SALE—WE HAVE A CHOICE SElection of farms for sale, located in the most desirable parts of the Willamette valley. FRAME & ALLEN, 133½ First st. 21s7

FOR SALE—ONE HOUSE AND TWO LOTS IN Stephens Addition, East Portland; price: $700. Also a block, Stephens Addition, street improved; price $425. House and two lots, Marquam's Hill; a fine bargain. Inquire of J. W. GOLDBER, 112 First st., Portland.

CHEAP HOMES—EASY PAYMENTS, ON THE installment plan. For Sale—A few fine level lots, half a mile from the Albina ferry, for $100 each; payments $5 per month. This is an excellent opportunity to get a home on easy terms. Apply early to C. A. REED, Sixth and Alder sts. m18tf

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—PHAETON AND SIDE-BAR BUGGY, both nearly new; a bargain. Apply at Clayson's livery stable, Front and Salmon sts. 21s7

FOR SALE—NEW AND SECOND-HAND PORTable engines and boilers; 10 to 20-horse power; also stationary engines. MITCHELL, FISCHER & KETSCHER, 125 Myrtle st., Oakland, Cal. 4s8

FOR SALE—A GOOD SECOND HAND, SEVEN-horse power gas engine in excellent order; terms easy. Inquire of IRA F. POWERS. 4s1f

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ALLEN & LEWIS, WHOLESALE GROCERS, CORner N. Front and D sts., Portland, Or.

CORBITT & MACLEAY, WHOLESALE GROCER and Commission Merchants, 84 and 86 Front st. Portland.

WADHAMS & ELLIOTT, WHOLESALE GROCERS, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, Nos. 44 and 48 Front street, Portland, Or.

MISCELLANEOUS.

T. L. NICKLIN, DENTIST, SOUTHEAST COR. First and Morrison. 7s-tf

J. H. FISK, CHEMIST AND ASSAYER. ANalyses made of all substances. 106 First street Portland.

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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, ESTABLISHED 1861, Portland, Or.

TO RENT—ROOMS AND OFFICES.

FURNISHED ROOMS; USE OF BATH AND parlor free. 20 Columbia st. 24s6

WELL FURNISHED ROOMS; $5, $7 AND $9 per month. 382 First st., cor. Montgomery. 21s1f

TO RENT—A DESIRABLE STORAGE ROOM. Inquire 155 First st., corner Meade. 15s1f

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOMS. ADdress M. A. G., care Oregonian. 4s1f

A SUIT OF ROOMS NICELY FURNISHED, with a piano and fire; $18. 410, cor. Fifth and College sts. 25s8

FOR RENT—THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE building on the corner of Clay and First sts. Apply to ATKINSON & WAKEFIELD. 17s1f

ROOMS—229 NINTH ST., BET. SALMON AND Main; en suite or single, bath; large lawn to side; balconies; pleasant and desirable. 4s1f

VERY PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS AT 182 Seventh st., one block from postoffice.

FOR RENT—NICE SUITE OF BAYWINDOW rooms, at 152 Washington, cor. of Seventh; reference. MRS. HOUGUEZ. 12s1m

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH gas, bath, etc.; convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison st., corner Pacific. 1s1f

FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED ROOMS, en suite or single; also furnished and unfurnished rooms for housekeeping. 372 First st. 22s1f

TO LET—BY WEEK OR MONTH, A LIMITED number of single and family rooms on first and second floors of Occidental Hotel, First and Morrison sts.; thoroughly renovated; low rates. 21s1f

BALDWIN LODGING-HOUSE—REFURNISHED throughout; complete change; moderate prices, by day, week, month. 229½ Second, bet. Salmon & Main.

TO RENT—HOUSES AND STORES.

FOR RENT—A TWO STORY HOUSE, WITH eight rooms, bath, and all modern improvements. 227 West Park st. Inquire at 163 West Park st., cor. Morrison st. 22s7

FOR RENT—A DESIRABLE 8-ROOM HOUSE with bath; location central; $22 per month. P. W. GILLETTE, 27 Stark st. 24s7

TO LET—A LARGE DOUBLE HOUSE. 16 ROOMS and 2 bath rooms, No. 91 Seventh st., near Stark; suitable for a first-class boarding house. Apply to BOYD & ARNOLD, 102 First st. 10s-tf

TO LET—STORES 69 AND 69½ ALDER ST., IN Holton House building. Inquire of JOHN WILSON, 201 Twelfth st., or address P. O. box 764. 4s1f

FOR RENT—NEW STORE BUILDING, CENtrally located, with all modern improvements and six rooms upstairs. Inquire of M. Seller & Co., or Parrish, Watkins & Cornell. 20s1f

TO RENT—ROOMS, WITH BOARD.

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS with board, at 163 W. Park st., cor. Morrison. 23s7

FINELY FURNISHED AND NICELY LOCATED baywindow front rooms, with board, if desired. Inquire at 268 Front st., near Jefferson. 2s1m

TO RENT—MISCELLANEOUS.

TO LEASE—NEAR PORTLAND, 7 ACRES OF land; improved; good buildings and orchard; good place for fowls. Address D. A., East Portland, Or. 18s1m

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LOST—A COCKER SPANIEL: BROWN, WITH white marking; answers to name of "Sailor." Finder will please return to Mrs. H. D. Green and receive suitable reward. 25s2

THE PUBLIC IS HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT W. L. Moore is no longer the authorized agent of this Association, and is warned not to transact any business through him in that capacity. HOME ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION, of San Francisco. 25s7

A NO. 1 STORAGE AT VERY LOW RATES. Apply to F. HICKEL, S. W. cor. C and Front sts.

FOR SALE—THE FIXTURES OF A FAMILY liquor store at a bargain; stock optional; store rent low. Inquire 163 Second st. 14s1f

FREE LABOR BUREAU—FOR HOTELS, RESTaurants, Bars and Bakeries, employees, at 85 Morrison st., cor. Fifth. 4s1m T. BORDE & CO.

CIGARS—SAVE MONEY—FOR $1 75 WE WILL send one box (50) of the best 5c cigars ever smoked. W. H. FRIEND & CO., 76 Front st., San Francisco. 28s1m

JOHN THOMPSON & CO. HAVE BEEN APpointed Agents for the purchase of Rag Stock for the Columbia River Paper Company, and are prepared to purchase, for cash, Rags, Burlaps, Manila Rope and all other kinds of Paper Stock, Old Iron and Metal of all kinds. 45 and 47 E st., Portland, Or. 4m1f

CAUTION—ALL PERSONS ARE HEREBY given timely warning, that neither the steamer Enterprise or C. W. Shively, her owner, will be responsible for any debts contracted by Hez. Caples, captain of steamer Enterprise, or any other person acting as captain of said steamer Enterprise, as I have given written orders to the captain not to get anything for the said steamer Enterprise on credit. Captain Hez. Caples and John Wand have leased the steamer Enterprise, and while under their management any debts contracted must be charged to them. C. W. SHIVELY, Owner Steamer Enterprise. Dated, City of Astoria, County of Clatsop, and State of Oregon, this 20th day of August, A. D. 1886. 22s1f

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

E. J. BOWEN, WHOLESALE SEEDSMAN and Commission Merchant. 65 Front st.

SUTTON & BEEBE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores. 16 N. Front st., Portland, Or.

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or.

E. BATTIN & CO., GENERAL COMMISSION merchants and produce dealers. 120 Front st.

C. CÆSAR & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISsion Merchants, 30 North Front street, Portland.

MASON, EHRMAN & CO., WHOLESALE GROcers and commission merchants. Nos. 2 and 4 North Front street, Portland, Or.

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants; agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co. 24 Front street, cor. Ash st.

MILLER & WEST—J. C. MILLER, W. H. WEST, commission merchants in general and dairy produce, 107 Front st., between Washington and Stark.

J. McCRAKEN & CO., IMPORTERS & WHOLEsale grocers and shipping and commission merchants, Nos. 60, 62 and 64 North Front st., Portland, Or.

SLADDEN & CHURCH, COMMISSION MERchants in country produce, butter, cheese, dried and green fruits. 73 Front st., Portland, Or. 23s1f

GIBSON, QUACKENBUSH & CO., SHIPPING AND Commission Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour, salmon, grain bags, etc., N. W. cor. Front and Ash sts., Portland, Or.

HERMAN METZGER, PURCHASER OF HIDES, Pelts, Furs, Wool and Tallow, and General Commission Merchant, S. W. cor. Front and Alder sts., Portland, Or. Liberal cash advances on consignments.

WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS.

NEUSTADTER BROS., MANUFACTURERS OF Boss of the Road Overalls, Standard Shirts, Men's Furnishing Goods and Cal. Cassimere Clothing. 67, 69, 71 Front st., Portland, Or.

MACHINISTS.

[illegible] & WOLFF, MACHINISTS, CORNER [illegible] and Third sts.—[illegible] railings, iron shutters, and machinery of all descriptions; [illegible] tools to order.

ART DECORATORS.

FREEBORN & CO., THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE dealers in Wall Paper and Art Decorations in the Northwest; frescoing and artistic work; 127 and 129 Third st.

SHOW CASE MANUFACTURERS.

DIXON, BORGESON & CO., 28 FRONT ST., Portland and 31 Market st., San Francisco.

The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, SEPT. 26, 1886.

The Mechanics' fair opens on the 7th of October.

Portland contributes $2420 20 to the Charleston sufferers and will send more.

Street extensions in Portland during the past twelve-month aggregated at least fifteen miles.

It seems that Benedict, the new public printer, was a robust and virulent copperhead during the war.

The social season in Portland during the coming winter promises to be exceptionally active and brilliant.

There is no "gouge" at Portland during the Mechanics' fair—let this fact be remembered by the people of the country.

The railroad bridge across the Willamette will surely be built. Everything is ready and the projectors are only waiting for permission from the legislature to go ahead.

The Boston *Record* suggests that the president had better read the riot act to Mr. Vilas, the postmaster-general, who has been interfering in Wisconsin politics contrary to Mr. Cleveland's general order.

It is interesting to note the improved architecture of houses built and building in Portland during the present season. Portland is improving not only in a substantial sense, but in the matter of taste.

Rev. B. Wistar Morris, Episcopal bishop of Oregon, will go East next week to remain for the winter. He goes on "recruiting service"—for money and men for the churches and schools under his management here.

Judge Blandford, of the Georgia supreme court, is the only maimed Confederate in the state who declines to draw a pension allowed by the authorities. His arm is off above the elbow and he is entitled to $60 every three years.

What would be said throughout the country if the hotels, lodging houses and restaurants of Portland were to enter into a compact to "cinch" every visitor during the Mechanics' fair? What would be the effect on the fair?

The Tacoma *News* returns to its complaint that the whole water front of its town is held by the Tacoma Land company and the Northern Pacific Railroad company and says that such a state of things inevitably will inure to the benefit of Seattle.

A telegraphic dispatch from San Francisco says that the steamer Oregon is going into dry dock for repairs to her stern post, made necessary by an injury which it is supposed she got by crossing the Columbia river bar. The injury was in fact a consequence of her running on a rock quite recently in San Francisco harbor, during the prevalence of a fog. It is "gall" of the first quality to attribute the injury to the Columbia river bar.

It is not probable that any association of farmers, formed for carrying on commercial and mercantile business, was ever successful. Success, in fact, cannot reasonably be expected. For every line of business trained specialists are now required, and it cannot fairly be supposed that an association of men formed to pursue any line of business of which they have not special knowledge could succeed. The suicide of Mr. W. F. Owens at Roseburg emphasizes this fact.

Miss Amelia Jackson, who was recently appointed to a position in the patent office, is a daughter of Captain Jackson, of Virginia, who shot Colonel Ellsworth of the Chicago Zouaves during the civil war. Her father was a base assassin, who shot a soldier in the execution of his duty, just as a Union resident of Richmond, belonging to neither army, might have shot Lee in the city streets, but this is no reason why his daughter should not have a chance to get a living.

W. E. Gould, cashier of the First National bank of Portland, Me., is a defaulter to the extent of $87,000. The paragraphers make much of the fact that the criminal is a son-in-law of Neal Dow, the prohibition leader, and also of the fact that he has long been a man of apparent eminent piety. Possibly when the truth is all out, it may be discovered that neither the incident of his relation to the aged reformer nor his religion had anything to do with making him a thief.

One of the queries which stared at the candidates in a recent Estonian civil service examination was "What is Exosmose?" Here is brande's definition:

> If two fluids of unequal densities are separated by an animal or vegetable membrane, the denser will attract the less dense through the membrane that divides them. This property is called "endosmose" when the attraction is from the outside to the inside and "exosmose" when it operates from the inside to the outside of the body acted upon.

Odd Fellows from all parts of the United States and Canada, thousands in number, have just been holding a big meeting at Boston. Masons from all parts of the country, again thousands in number, have been holding a meeting at St. Louis. The Grand Army of the Republic, ten thousand strong, recently held a big reunion in California. These meetings, involving millions of miles of travel and millions of dollars of expense, are coming to be characteristic of the American people. We are coming to be a nation of junketers.

Mr. Bayard will ask Mexico to repeal article 187 of its penal code which authorizes, in some cases, the arrest of foreigners found in that country for offenses committed against Mexican citizens upon the soil of another country. The Washington *Post* points out that the Mexican code in this respect is identical with that of France and several other European countries which American citizens visit in large numbers. If the administration is acting upon principle it should not confine itself to demanding a revision of its penal code from Mexico alone; and, if it does, it will justly be suspected of seeking a quarrel with a weak neighbor for the purpose or gratifying the filibuster element in the South.

SUBURBAN HOMES.

Hitherto not so much attention as might have been expected has been paid to the making of suburban homes about Portland. But as the city grows in age, population and wealth there begins to be manifest a decided disposition to establish suburban homes.

The surroundings of Portland are most happily adapted to residences of this description. The heights adjacent to the city, on both sides of the river, furnish beautiful outlooks, with the accompaniments of good air and pure water. Until one has tried it he would scarcely believe how great a change of air may be found within twenty minutes' ride of the center of the business portion of the city. Rising to the hight of a few hundred feet, one finds himself in a new atmosphere. It is light and balmy, free from fogs, dust and nuisances, and highly conducive to comfort and health. These mornings when a heavy fall of fog rests upon the city the hills all around are entirely clear, and one may look down from the hills west of the city, or from Mount Tabor on the east side, upon a bank of fog that looks like a lake, with only a spire or tower here and there peering above it.

In many of these places spring water in abundance may be had, or water can be obtained by digging wells; and water so obtained is purer than any water than can possibly be furnished through hydrants. Land may yet be obtained upon many of these elevated sites at no great cost, and it may be adorned with fruit and ornamental trees, giving suburban homes great beauty. It is easy for one in such a situation to keep a horse or two at no great expense, and the suburban resident then is not more than twenty or thirty minutes distant from his business. Health and comfort will be found in these suburban homes; and those who are in want of summer residences and prefer to spend their winters at their houses in the city will find investments of this kind far more pleasant, profitable and healthful than their habit of "taking a run" down to the seaside and coming back, as nearly all do, right in the midst of the dust and dog-days.

H.

WHY PROHIBITION FAILS.

Many can't see why a general prohibition law fails. Yet the fact is that it not only fails of anything like just and impartial enforcement but where enforced with the most thorough prosecution and severest penalties it has failed to destroy the evil of intemperance, as Professor Brewer, a life long prohibitionist, until a recent date, in Iowa confessed in the *New Englander*. The reason of its failure is that it disregards the philosophy of human nature by stimulating the instinctive opposition of the average man to anything that seems tainted with spirit of oppression. Prohibition, enforced in all its heroic purpose means compulsory total abstinence; that is, no person, no matter the degree of his intelligence, the elevation of his character, shall have the legal right, in the exercise of his private judgment, to purchase a drop of beer, wine, cider or ardent spirits. In other words the state shall decide for every one, without reference to his moral, mental and physical sanity, whether he shall or shall not use wine, malt or distilled liquors; that is, the state treats liquor, the use or disuse of which is not, by the consent of the Christian world, a standard of moral conduct, whatever the abuse may be, just as though it was an article, like obscene books, contraband of commerce by the common consent of the civilized world. If awakened temperance thought is to do any lasting good, it is work must be measured, not merely by the number of rum shops it closes, but by the nobler general moral atmosphere it creates. Before this only will the drinking habit die out: the rum shop languish and decay. It is of little consequence suddenly to close rum shops to the outward eye; you might by a feverish effort close them all seemingly, but your victory would be barren so long as the intemperate desire of those whose wants bid those rum shops rise, remains unchanged. Teadrinkers antedated the teashop, and with shut-up shops your public intemperance is generally only exchanged for the secret debanchery of subterranean boozing kens, or the sulky, solitary vice of the private bottle or family jug. The prohibitory law makes it a crime punishable by fines and imprisonment for A to sell B liquor, while B, sound in mind and body, offers A a money consideration to violate the law and therefore is morally just as culpable as if B said to A "here is money; give me for it goods that you and I both know are contraband." If it is a crime to sell liquor it ought in moral logic to be a crime to buy it, and the seller is quite as decent as your contemptible law makers, who cast the demagogue bone of prohibition to temperance reform, and expect the landlord of their hotel or their druggist to break the law for their private convenience. Prohibition as a means to a good end is a failure to the point of what is practically free rum. We try "to deluge law with morals. An able Unitarian clergyman once said, "If we mean to drink, let us drink; if we mean to abstain let us abstain; to do either manfully is better than to formulate the sentimental consciousness of the majority into a statute which shall attempt to make morals for the minority."

EXTRAVAGANCE AND EMBEZZLEMENT.

The present month has had a fruitful crop of defalcations. Plunkett, president of the Hartford (Ct.) Silk company, and Bartholemew of the Charter Oak Insurance company, whose thefts amount to many thousands, are among the recent fugitives from justice to Canada. The son of the Rev. L. H. Donner of Cincinnati was arrested in Chicago on the 18th inst., for embezzlement, and Oregon has its representatives among trusted employes, who, spending more than their salaries to shine in the world, have robbed their trusts and taken to flight. The parent of embezzlement among men and of moral ruin among women is generally extravagance; the desire to hang out more clothes than you can wash, or honestly wear; to shine and spend and spend and shine until you are obliged to stop shining or shine only by stealing somebody else's money and shining at their expense is the fatal passion that sweeps so many persons out into the shoreless sea of crime. There should be no mercy for such persons when caught, which is only saying that private relations must be subordinated to the general good; that right is of more consequence than sentiment, because any betrayal of public trust is of the highest moral importance, as it feathers all the arrows against confidence in the fairest presentation of human nature. One such act in the case of a large public trust, like a bank, wrecks the confidence of thousands of persons; it makes them either spend their money recklessly as they go along or wrap their talent in the napkin of an old stocking that declares no dividend. This militates strongly against the public weal, for it makes misers or spendthrifts of persons that otherwise would be thrifty in a sensible sense rather than morbidly parsimonious or extravagant. This is why the penalty for a broken public financial trust should be mercilessly enforced to the stern extremity of the law, without the slightest consideration for the private misery of the traitor or his friends. The American people are no more intemperate than they used to be, but it does seem as if the modern craze to get rich tempted an increasing number of persons to be false to their financial trusts. They commence with stealing a little to speculate, and end in stealing a great deal to conceal their crime, and their last chapter is either written in the gloomy cell of the penitentiary or in a foreign land where they eat the bitter bread of exile until their ill-gotten money is gone, and then lead the lives of spiritless skulks and suckers until death. Arise and shine is good advice, but do it at your own expense. Pay for your own sunshine. A man who lives within his means may not get rich, but he will hardly stay poor, and he is in small danger of imprisonment or exile because of breach of trust. And a woman that never consents to wear any good clothes that she has not honestly and honorably come by is in small danger of moral disaster. To shine without work; to spend what you have not saved; to reap where you have not sown and gather where you have not strown is the perilous tempter of extravagance and moral unscrupulousness that brings men to the mood of embezzlement and persuades women to plot their own ruin.

NEW RAILWAY PROJECTS.

The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba railroad announces that within fifteen months it will have a new line of railway connecting Helena, Mont., with the East via the Missouri river valley, the Mouse river country and Devil's lake. The proposed line is about 100 miles north of and parallel with the Northern Pacific. It passes through a very fertile region, and for the most part not yet supplied with railway facilities. South of the line of the Northern Pacific railway—that is, in Southern Dakota, the two great lines, the Chicago & Northwestern and the Milwaukee & St. Paul, are building extensions and branches with great rapidity, and still further south the Union Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Chicago & Rock Island, the Missouri Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe are covering every spot of arable or mining territory with new lines of communication. The New York *Evening Post* recites these facts and says:

> All the new lines are now branches and feeders of old ones, built with the expectation, or rather, with the certainty of loss in operation for the first few years, but built by old companies that can bear the loss or convert it into a profit by swelling the business of their main lines. The extensions built by the Chicago & Northwestern in the past ten years, which would have bankrupted a dozen small companies, have enlarged the traffic of the parent company to a degree that was undreamed of when the extensions were undertaken. And the same may be said of those of the Burlington, the Atchison, and half a dozen other great companies which are still constructing new lines to the West and onward toward the Pacific.

CARLYLE.

Among recent publications is a fresh attempt to "whitewash" Thomas Carlyle. The excuse offered for Thomas Carlyle's bitter spirit and brutal philosophy of human rights is that he was a martyr to dyspepsia all his days, and his temper, made irritable to madness by disease, colored his style and thought; or in other words, that his soul was not really sour, but his rebellious stomach made him bark and growl at society and apply the tomahawk and scalping knife of unjust and unfeeling satire to the noblest men and women of his own times, even when in several instances they had been most true and generous friends to him in his early days of hard struggle with poverty for fame and fortune.

The argument is a poor defense of a man whose heart was hard and his soul sour and small by nature. Carlyle was always howling about his health, and yet after a long life of extraordinary and incessant mental toil from a youth of poverty, he lived to be 87, and was a rosy, hearty old fellow when upwards of 80; he survived his wife, he cried so eloquently over, very comfortably for over fifteen years. Carlyle had no worse stomach than Channing and yet Channing was as gentle and kind and sweet in spirit, thought, speech and action as Carlyle was brutal, selfish, sour and despotic. Cowper, Pascal, Heine and Hood were seldom free from pain, and yet were genial to the last. George Eliot, a great and noble spirited woman upon whom Carlyle spent one of his brutal sneers, was from youth to the grave a martyr to headache, dyspepsia, rheumatism and other miseries that go with a frail and infirm bodily constitution. She was as hard a worker as Carlyle, and died at 60, while he lived to sift hot sand over great men and good causes until 87; and yet the invalid woman was always in thought sweet, strong and beautiful; her voice was exquisitely tender to all; her temper affectionate, sympathetic and unselfish. A sour soul and a sour stomach have no necessary connection, for many of the most remarkable examples of sound thought, patient life and humane spirit in literature have been men and women doomed to a painful and harassing life of physical infirmity. Dyspepsia depresses the spirits and colors the speech, but does not taint a naturally tender and kindly spirit with brutal selfishness and bitterness of heart, and if Carlyle had had the digestive capacity of an ostrich he would still have been busy all his days hanging, burning and torturing his contemporaries for the pure love of thinking malignantly and uttering vitriolic speech.

In a literary life of sixty years Carlyle speaks with kindness and unreserved praise of nobody save his wife, because she made him comfortable and therefore he missed her after death, and of Emerson, because he had helped him make money by advertising and publishing at his own expense Carlyle's thoughts in America long before Carlyle was in easy circumstances in England. Carlyle came of a line of austere Scotch ancestors—stern, sour people with a theology as stern as that of the Covenanters who murdered and were murdered under the Stuarts. His inner life was full of yelps and howls and bitter cries; he had the intellect and splendid imagination of a gifted Greek of the age of Pericles, joined to the temper of a snarling, barking Scotch terrier. He ought to have been a happy man, and yet he was always miserable save when he had made somebody very miserable with his biting speech and boorish manners. He married a beautiful, intellectual woman, and made her life so barren of joy that she writes her friend, "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a man of genius." He describes saintly Keble as "a little ape;" he spoke of that noble man and fine literary genius, Cardinal Newman, as "having the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit;" he sneered at Byron as nothing but "a sulky dandy," when Byron was a man capable of giving $2000 to release a friend, Leigh Hunt, from prison, and capable of giving his money and his life to Greek liberty; he has nothing but sneering gossip to record of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey and Shelley; and he dismisses Charles Lamb, a man of beautiful spirit, who sacrificed his own ambition and happiness to take care of his insane sister, as "a poor silly creature, composed principally of gin." To him Garibaldi, and Kossuth, and Mazzini were silly enthusiasts, while he canonized that monster of cruelty, the tyrant Louis the Eleventh, of France, and heroized that other monster, Frederick, of Prussia, and sneered at George Washington as "a very poor creature," who had "neither the brains nor the courage to play the part of a Cromwell." He had nothing but sneers for Ireland when she asked for justice through the eloquent voices of O'Connell and Mitchell, he had nothing but sneers for America when her sons fell in battle for the flag. We were nothing but "the dirtiest chimney in Christendom burning out." He hated the Jews so cordially that he wrote he wished King John was back again to wring money from them with pincers; he justified American slavery, and stamped and spit upon the slave. In the sixty years of his public life he never failed to rank himself with the tories and the tyrants of human nature on both sides of the water; he had no good word, no cheer, no tears for the fallen of freedom's cause; but in every lull of these great conflicts for popular liberty was heard the cackling laughter of Carlyle, who was never so happy as when he was placing a noble cause in pillory, haling a moral hero to the gallows, and planting some "scourge of God" on the throne. He was nothing but a great literary artist, whose wonderful imagination was the chief armory of his art; he was not a nobler thinker or spiritual teacher and inspirer; he was a brilliant scene painter, with a passion for throning tyrants, spitting on martyrs, hooting at patriots and throwing mud at the apostles of humanity. He was sincere in all this; it was the sincerity of a man with a mean soul; he had no love or compassion for individual humanity. With him it was a crime to be poor; a sin to be wretched or weak, and might meanly won and pitilessly exercised was divine right in his philosophy. He was continually yelling about shame, and yet he was a gigantic sham. He wrote a sentimental letter about his old horse that had fallen with him, declaring with fervid eloquence that he never would part with him or turn him over to anybody to abuse, and then went off and sold the animal for fifty dollars. By middle life he was the possessor of a handsome competency, of a noble, gifted and charming wife; of troops of devoted disciples and admirers, and yet he continued for nearly fifty years longer to wither the fresh, green, smiling earth with his curses; with his fulminations against the noblest, purest and sweetest men and women of his time.

An intellectual bear, with a big brain and a small, mean heart, Carlyle lavished forty years of arrogant, rude, selfish, exacting, torturing life on his wife, changing her from a brilliant, joyous woman into a poor, broken, nervous shadow of her natural self. Carlyle's philosophy of the sexes was not to look up to your wife but down upon her. Hawthorne, very poor until, when nearly 50 years old, he got a foreign appointment, made his gifted and beautiful wife's life a summer song, while Carlyle, well-to-do, made his equally beautiful and gifted wife a miserable victim of nervous debility through his puerile daily stormings and selfishness. The sour Scotchman wanted only a housekeeper and a brilliant gossip to break up his hereditary gloom of thought and feeling while Hawthorne sought and found a wife to worship and revere. The lesson enforced by the exposure of Carlyle's inner life is worth more to the world than all the histories and eloquent essays he ever wrote. What shall it avail a man to have written his name high in the roll of intellectual eminence when it is equally clear that his domestic life was so paralyzing, so irritating, so exhausting through its ceaseless selfishness and unsympathizing quality that an affectionate, beautiful, brilliantly intellectual woman, his moral superior, was broken in body and mind by it. Had the man had any heart, no matter how feeble his stomach, such a woman would have expanded and blossomed like a flower for himself and all his friends; his own harsh, arrogant soul would have been sweetened by her touch and turned to finer issues; but he treated her as he treated all the apostles of good feelings and good causes; he walked her under his hobnailed shoes as he did all the rest of the world; he broke the butterfly wings of her airy nature on the wheel of his morose temper. He would leave the society of this fascinating woman to dangle around Lady Ashburton, who had flattered him by notice which he welcomed from a dull aristocrat and would have repelled, coming from a commoner. He praised his wife when dead, but could not praise her without spitting sneers at woman quite as gifted and worthy as his wife. In sickness or in health he loved nobody that was not necessary to his comfort and never treated them lovably until death snatched them from his side. Then finding how necessary they were to his bodily comfort he shed tears eloquently in ink and spoiled a great deal of paper in useless, selfish repentance, but he never had the grace to repent of anything he ever said or did, except in case of his dead wife. To the great and good men and women he had satirized and stabbed with sneers and soiled with cruel gossip he never made any amends for their slandered memory and reputation.

Carlyle had a brain as big as that of Goethe or Bismark, but he had a heart as small, as mean, cold and sluggish as that of Lord Bacon or Napoleon Bonaparte. It has been truthfully said that all the men who have wrought and fought for the permanent advance of mankind have been men of affluent hearts as well as versatile brains; that "not by his relations to the intellectual life and strife of the world but by his relations to his wife, his family and those he loves is a man to be justified or condemned." Carlyle's imaginative genius was splendid to the point of magnificence, but his work is as barren of great good as was Napoleon's magnificent warlike career. It was dazzling, but destructive; it was as destitute of spiritual thought and purpose as a locomotive or a steamship. When men cease to read Carlyle's fervid apotheosis of the great exponents of immoral force they will continue to read the confession of his cruelty to his wife, and her own letters, that, although written in love, contain enough between the lines to confirm it. His glory is one of the baleful sort; his shame is immortal, for it smokes in the sacrifice of a woman worthy of a better fate. A man may have a big brain and a small heart; that was Carlyle.

A HOME OR A FACTORY.

A few years ago Miss Sarah Orne Jewett advised girls to do housework at $3 a week rather than go into shops and factories. Very few girls, who are obliged to work for their living, take her advice. Why? Because, like the boys, they are all eager to make money fast; to shine a little more than they can shine on $3 a week in a decent family. What is the result? The factory girl in New England ranges in age from 12 upward. She works from 7 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock at night. Her wages are from 40 cents to $1 50 per day. These girls sacrifice their chance to go to school; sacrifice comfort and health. In the evening they stroll about the streets and acquire loud, brazen manners, and their moral condition can hardly be as good as it would be under the roof of a decent family. The effect on their health is appalling. The average life of the factory girl is but 30 years. Some who marry live to be 40 or 45; seldom more than that. The physical condition that the mill labor has produced in them unfits them for matrimony. Their faces have no color; are seldom lit up by a smile; their step has no elasticity; their labor in a single year changes a girl of straight, pretty form into a round shouldered creature with a yellow-white, thin, expressionless face. And yet despite all this notorious deadly deterioration of physical vigor that the factory produces, it is preferred among the more intelligent women, whether of American, French or Irish birth, to healthy household service. To pretend that a life of such toil that produces such physical deterioration is not frequently associated with considerable moral deterioration is absurd. Overworked boys and men are prone to dissipation, and it is fair to assume that overworked girls and women will not morally improve in such a life. The curse of the present drift of our civilization is that the boys who ought to be on a farm, all want to be clerks; and burn out the candle of their lives at both ends in the often obscene and dissolute obscurity of a city, and the girls who ought to be healthy wives scorn the superior humanity, refinement, morality and healthfulness of household service and dwindle, peak and pine in the unhealthful body, and soul-destroying atmosphere and associations of factory life. Why? Because they can make a little more money; because they have been educated to look down on household service, because they had rather be factory slaves all day, so as to be totally independent of all control or restraint when their task is done. The utilitarian philosophy of civilization can be taught so severely that the ranks of agriculture are robbed, because the boys scorn manual labor, and the ranks of healthy womanhood and wifehood are decimated because the girls all scorn the healthful, honorable and decent surroundings and associations of household service. Nevertheless, we suspect many a factory woman, dying early or become prematurely broken in health with her bloom forever gone before she is 30, feels in heart that Miss Jewett knew what she was talking about when she urged girls to take house service at $3 per week and keep out of the factory.

A MORE FAVORABLE REPORT.

Nathan Appleton, agent for the United States subscribers to the Panama canal scheme, has recently made a report on the prospects of the undertaking, which puts it before the public in a better light. He says he has entire confidence that the canal will be completed, and that as an investment it will be worth its cost. Further, he declares that the cost will not greatly exceed the original estimates made at Paris in 1879. "The work is completely under way, and the din and hum of men and machines resounds from one end of the isthmus to the other." There are five firms of contractors engaged—three French, one American from New York, and one Anglo-Dutch. Their contracts vary from 11,000,000 to 30,000,000 cubic meters each, and there remains in all not far from 100,000,000 cubic meters of earth to be removed. The canal, Mr. Appleton thinks, may be finished by the end of the year 1889, but he is not confident on this point, and says that "a few years more or less can be of little significance," since "the canal is to be built for all the nations of the earth, and is to last as long as the planet endures!" According to his statement, the forces at work—steam and human labor—represent fully half a million men. The managers believe that 10,000,000 tons of shipping will pass through the canal the first year; and this at $8 a ton will give an income upon even $500,000,000, should the canal cost that sum. A year ago it was predicted that the undertaking would soon collapse for want of funds; but certain it is that money is still forthcoming for the work, which is being prosecuted with increasing vigor.

From the weekly reports of "new books" we are lead to believe that the Portland library is being filled up with the floating and worthless trash of the day, not to the exclusion, but to the subordination of better classes of books. A circulating library operated as a mere money-making institution might properly enough cater to the popular taste for sensational trash, but a library founded by a high public spirit and maintained for its moral and intellectual influence on the community ought to be conducted on a better plan. Books of the kind added to the library each week by scores are positively harmful and had much better never be read. They stimulate a taste for the unnatural and impure and corrupt both the taste and the morals of those who read them. Such books should not be given place in the library, much less given double the space of books that are really worth attention.

Sweet apple cider made every day at Lowell & Dresser's.

MARRIED.

In this city, Sept. 25th, at the residence of G. W. Staver, Esq., by Rev. W. M. Molyneaux, Julius Crouget to Mary L. Pate.

NEW TO-DAY.

CLOAKS—3000 garments to select from, 200 different styles. We will command the Cloak trade of Portland this season.

McALLEN & McDONNELL,
165 3d st., 2d door from Morrison.

NEW TO-DAY.

MILLINER'S APPRENTICE WANTED AT Ackerman's. 21tf

WANTED—FIRST CLASS SKIRT AND WAIST makers at 189 Taylor st. 26-7

GOOD BARBER WANTS SITUATION; COUNTRY preferred. Address Barber, care Oregonian.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL ON CHOWN & CURTIS before buying your heating stoves. 212 First and 9 Salmon sts. 16d2

IF YOU WANT ANY TRUNKS AND VALISES, call on L. SILBERSTEIN & CO., 147 Front st., opposite the Esmond. 13tf

WANTED—$8000 FOR A TERM OF YEARS; valuable real estate security. Inquire N. N. STEVENS, 140 First st. 26tf

HOUSES AND LOTS ON THE INSTALLMENT plan. For particulars, call on The Portland Construction Co., 29 Stark st. 18stf

FOR SALE—ALL THE FURNITURE (MOST OF it new) of 5 room cottage. Inquire at No. 231 Montgomery st., corner Tenth. 26-2

FOR RENT—HOUSE OF SIX ROOMS, BATH room and closets; all on one floor; fine garden. Inquire at 215 Fifteenth st., cor. L. 25s3

GENUINE IMPORTED TURKEY-RED TABLE covers; warranted fast colors; large sizes 90 cents each. L. HARMON, 209 First st. 23stf

WANTED—AN INTELLIGENT AND ENERGETIC young man wants employment; references given. Address J. C., care Oregonian. 26-2

FOR RENT—3 DESIRABLE UNFURNISHED rooms on ground floor, for housekeeping; references exchanged. Apply at 428 Sixth st. 26-7

COLUMBIA KNITTING WORSTED—THIS CELEBRATED brand to be had in every shade manufactured, at 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO'S.

FAIRY ZEPHYR—FOR SHAWLS, NUBIAS AND capes, in all shades and colors at 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO'S.

GERMANTOWN WOOL—FIRST QUALITY, FOR buggy robes, Afghans, bed spreads, etc.; all colors 25 cents. 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO.

WE SEND SAMPLES OF ALL OUR WOOLS Yarns, Zephyr, etc., by mail on application. 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO.

A LADY LATE OF SAN FRANCISCO WISHES engagements by day or week as seamstress or dressmaker; fitting warranted. Address Seamstress, 168 Fifth st. 26-7

UNITARIAN AND OTHER LIBERAL RELIGIOUS literature can be had free upon application to MISS E. F. DAVISON, 163 Eleventh street, Portland, Oregon. w&su3

MRS. L. PILGER, NOW THE LEADING DRESSmaker of San Francisco, 115 Powell st., will forward samples of fall goods to her numerous customers. A perfect fit without interview. 23stf&w1m

RECEIVED A LARGE LOT OF 5-BUTTON scalloped top kid gloves, sold elsewhere for $1 25, will be closed out at 55 cents per pair. L. HARMON, 209 First st., opp. Oregon Furniture Co. 22stf

A FULL STOCK OF POMPADOUR WOOL, HAMburg crewels, ice wool, mohair, and all embroidery materials, always on hand and at the lowest prices, at 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO'S.

FOR SALE—A CHOICE BUSINESS CORNER, with brick store; paying 12 per cent. on the investment. CREITZ & LAMBERT, Real Estate Agents, I st., bet. Fourth and Fifth, East Portland. 17stf

ZEPHYR WORSTED—IMPORTED DIRECT from Berlin, in 2, 4 and 8 fold; split, single, or double; we keep this superior article in 172 shades; price, 4 ounces for 25 cents. L. J. HARTMAN & CO.

250 WALKING COATS IN ALL GRADES; over 500 different styles of wraps and jackets, all of which will be sold wholesale or retail by addressing H. B. LITT, Third and Alder sts., Portland, Or.

SHETLAND FLOSS—ESPECIALLY ADAPTED for shawls, nubias and new style capes, etc.; to be had in fifty different shades; reduced prices. 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO.

NEW YARN—SPANISH KNITTING YARN—imported; an elegant material for knitting stockings, wristlets, mittens and underwear; in every shade made, at 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO'S.

SAXONY—IMPORTED BRAND—2, 3 AND 4-thread; everybody knows what imported Saxony will do; we have this in over forty different shades and in three different sizes; price, 15 cents per hank, at 21stf L. J. HARTMAN & CO'S.

FOR SALE—60 HEAD OF HOGS OF FINEST breed; Berkshire, Poland and Yorkshire; also fine chickens—Wyandottes, Plymouth Rock and Andalusian. Apply to Mrs. Carrie Jones or Dr. E. A. Jones, 43½ First st., Portland.

SHEPHERD'S PRIDE GERMAN KNITTING Worsted; the best material in the market for all knitting purposes; this is without doubt a peer to all knitting yarns; full weight and pure dye; every shade in two qualities; first quality 35 cents and second quality 30 cents per hank. (21tf) L. J. HARTMAN & CO.

To Speculators in Real Estate.

FOR SALE—A FINE TRACT OF 3 ACRES DIrectly east of Stark-street ferry on Eighteenth and K streets, within four blocks of high school building; in fine cultivation; all set in fruit; good well; lots adjacent selling at $400 per lot; this tract will cut up into 18 lots; greatest bargain ever offered in East-side property; price $3100. H. D. McGUIRE, Real Estate Broker, over First National Bank, East Portland. 24s3

BARGAINS EXTRAORDINARY!

FOR ELEGANT RESIDENCE PROPERTY BEtween the river and Mt. Tabor, along the line of the prospective street railway, call upon Creitz & Lambert, in East Portland. We can show better bargains, and more of them, than all other real estate agents in the county combined. Come and see us. No charge for showing our property to customers. Office I street, near Fourth, East Portland, Or. 17stf

Notice of Sale.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER THIS DAY MADE by Hon. L. B. Stearns, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County, written proposals will be received by the undersigned for one week from the date hereof at the office of Mitchell, Dement & Wilcox, attorneys at law, rooms 1, 2, 3 and 4, Kamm's Block, this city, for the purchase at private sale, for cash, of the property, in whole or in part, of The Portland General Hospital Company, insolvent debtor, consisting of a full line of bedroom, office and kitchen furniture, bedding, carpets, matting, drugs, surgical instruments, medical and electrical apparatus, provisions and fixtures, together with the property known as "The Turkish and Russian Baths," situate at No. 43 Second st., Portland, Oregon, with the appurtenances thereto belonging. Further particulars furnished upon application to JOHN D. DEMENT, Assignee of the Estate of The Portland General Hospital Company, insolvent debtor. 23s5

Dated at Portland, Oregon, this 22d day of Sept., 1886.

GRAND ORGAN
—AND—
Vocal Concert!
Unitarian Church, Cor. 7th and Yamhill Sts.
TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 28th,
Under the direction of Edward Cookingham.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The steamship YAQUINA CITY sails from Yaquina TUESDAY, Sept. 28th. Monday's train will connect.

C. P. HOGUE.

IT IS FOLLY

To pay out large sums for wearing apparel while it is possible to do better by making your purchase at an old established house, where long acquaintance in the business enables the dealer to make LOW PRICES and general satisfaction. Such a house is

A. WALDMAN,
(Successor to Beck & Waldman)
147 FIRST STREET.

Millinery.

MRS. A. E. WEST

Just returned from San Francisco with a large new stock of Fall Millinery, will open the same in her

New Store, 47 Washington St.,
TO-MORROW, SEPT. 27.

CASINO OPERA HOUSE.
CARL STRAKOSCH........................Lessee
M. B. GOLDSTEIN........................Acting Manager

Grand Farewell Concert!
MINNIE HAUK CONCERT & OPERA CO.
THURSDAY EVENING, SEPT. 30th,
New and Popular Programme of English Songs and Scenes from the Exquisite Opera,
"MANON!"
The Latest European Success.
"THE ECHO SONG" by special request.
Reserved seats $1 50 and $1. Sale commences Tuesday morning at 9:30 at Prentice's.

NEW MARKET THEATER
J. P. HOWE, Manager.
One Week, commencing Monday, Sept. 27th.
Mr. BURT STANLEY
In his New Comedy,
MRS. PARTINGTON AND HER SON IKE!
Supported by GUS PIXLEY and a splendid company of comedians
The Funniest Production of the Day!
Admission 25c, 50c and $1. Reserved seats at Prentice's music store.

MECHANICS' FAIR.

VISITORS will find the cheapest and best rooms only two blocks from the pavilion, at the Gray Eagle hotel, Front and Clay streets. 22s14

M. W. WILLIS, Proprietor.

NEW TO-DAY.

Fall Season, 1886,
NOW OPEN!
[illegible]
SHIVELY'S
The Cent Store.
Great Bargains in New Fall
DRESS GOODS.

SPECIAL.	SPECIAL.
42-inch Camels Diagonals, only	49c
30-inch Tufted Foule Cloths	75c
49-inch All-Wool Smyrna Suiting	62½c
40-inch All-Wool Sebastopol Cloth	90c
Combination Robes	$8.50 to $15.00

Our New Gossamers Just Opened.

[illegible]

50 cents will buy a Gents' All-Wool Undershirt.
90 cents will buy a Gents' Scotch Wool Undershirt.
50 cents will buy a Lady's Heavy Wool Vest.
25 cents will buy a pair of Lady's Wool Hose.
20 cents will buy a pair of Gents' Wool Socks.
5 cents will buy a Jersey Cap.
37½ cents will buy a Lady's Black Jersey.
9 cents will buy a Two-Bit Hair Brush.
9 cents will buy a Two-Bit Rubber Comb.
9 cents will buy nearly all Two-Bit Articles at

SHIVELY'S
The Cent Store.

Vocal and Instrumental Complimentary Concert.
GIVEN BY THE FRIENDS OF
Mrs. L. Johnson,
—AT THE—
TAYLOR ST. M. E. CHURCH,
Monday Evening, Sept. 27.

MRS. WETZELL, MRS. GOODSELL, MISS MANCIET, MR. INSLEY, MISS CONSTANCE JORDAN and MISS PEABODY. MRS. SMITH accompanist. P. TIMM cornetist.

ADMISSION 50 cents. Tickets on sale at D. W. Prentice, W. B. Ayer, W. B. Allen, and J. A. Beck, opposite the Esmond hotel. 23-5

EVERYBODY

Who wishes to buy right and get full value for their money should attend the sale of FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, WALL PAPER, Etc., at

J. M. BIRNINGHAM'S,
244 and 246 First St.

Mail orders solicited. 26tf

[illegible]
LIFE INSURANCE CO.
Of New York.

Organized in 1850—Accumulated Assets of over $11,000,000, with a Net Surplus over all Liabilities of $2,300,000, by the valuation of the New York Insurance Department.

IMMEDIATE PAYMENT OF CLAIMS.
All Desirable Forms of Legitimate Life Insurance Issued.
POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE & INCONTESTABLE
Annual Dividends to Policy Holders.

GOOD AGENTS desiring to represent this company are invited to call or address

BOYD & ARNOLD,
General Agents for Oregon and Washington.
OFFICE:
No. 102 First St., near Stark,
PORTLAND, OREGON. 25s3

Special and Peremptory
AUCTION SALE
—OF—
Elegant Residence Property

I will sell at No. 13 Washington street, near corner of First street, on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th,
At 11 o'clock A. M.

Lot numbered six (6), 50x100 feet; also fractional part of lot No. 5 (5x100 feet), in block numbered two hundred and thirty (230), situate on Eighth street, between Harrison and Hall streets, together with elegant two-story residence containing nine (9) rooms, bath room, pantry, and large closets, all finely finished; water pipes for hot and cold water; brick foundation and cellar, and stable on premises.

N. B.—This elegant residence is situated in a very desirable neighborhood, and offers every favorable inducement to parties who desire to invest in first-class residence property.

Title perfect. Terms of payment will be made known on day of sale.

25s2 A. H. RICHARDSON, Auctioneer.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE
—OF—
ELEGANT FURNITURE
Very Fine Upright Piano, Oil Paintings, Pier and Mantle Mirrors, Fine Carpets and Housekeeping Utensils,

At the Residence Flat, cor. 1st and Yamhill sts. I will sell on the premises, third floor, cor. First and Yamhill sts., on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th,
At 10 o'clock A. M.

The Entire Furniture of 12 Rooms,
CONSISTING OF

One fine Upright Piano, nearly new,
One fine Marble Top Cherry Bedroom Set,
Beveled Plate Mirror, Ash Bedroom Sets,
Three Marble Top Walnut Bedroom Suits, complete, with wide Beveled Mirrors,
One very fine Solid Walnut Wardrobe,
Ash Wardrobes, Easy Chairs and Rockers,
Large Walnut Marble Top Hall Rack, satin upholstered, one Pier Mirror 8 feet high,
One very fine Satin Upholstered Parlor Suit, complete, one large Mantel Mirror, Three Pier Mirrors,
One pair fine Alabaster Vases,
Solid Walnut Chairs, Upholstered in Russia Leather,
Portaire Curtains, with Pole,
Silk Bed Lounge, Spun Silk, Plush Trimmed Lounges,
Elegant Piano Cover, Gas Chandeliers, with Globes,
Easels, Marble Top Center Tables,
Gilt and Ebony Center Tables,
Easy Chairs and Rockers, in Gilt, Ebony, Walnut,
Fine Oil Paintings and Steel Engravings,
Bric-a-Brac and Brackets,
Lace Curtains and Lambrequins.
ALSO
The Brussels and Ingrain Carpets of 11 rooms,
Spring, Upholstered, Woven Wire and Spiral Spring Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Sheets, Blanket, Top Mattresses and Spreads.
ALSO
Silver Plated Water Pitchers, Castors,
Butter Dishes, Pickle Dishes and Spoons.
ALSO
No. 8 Cook Stove, Extension Table, Dining Chairs,
Crockery, Glassware, Walnut and Ash Sideboards,
Heating Stoves, Etc., Etc.
ALSO
One good Two-Seated Buggy.

T. J. O'CONNOR, Auctioneer.

—OUR—

[illegible]

IS BEING OPENED.

—OUR—

[illegible]

ARE ABOUT COMPLETED.

S. Lipman & Co.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

At Residence.

We will sell by auction at the residence, No. 1?? Salmon st., bet. Sixth and Seventh,

MONDAY, SEPT. 27th,

At 10 o'clock A. M.

Elegant Parlor Suit, Easy Chairs, Brussels Carpet, Mirror, Whatnot, Hanging Lamps, Center Table, Hall Rack, Pictures, Ash Bedroom Suit, Spring and Wool Mattresses, Toilet Sets, Blankets, Comforters, Dining Table, Chairs, Crockery, Glassware, Graniteware, etc., etc., Cook Stove and Kitchen Furniture.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

—OF—

[illegible]

AT RESIDENCE.

We are instructed to sell by auction, at the Residence, No. 180 Grant st., bet. Sixth and Seventh,

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29,

At 10 O'clock A. M.

The Fine Furniture of Residence, Almost New,

COMPRISING

Elegant Roxbury Carpets in double parlors and throughout the house.
One Parlor Suit in Roan Silk, consisting of a Sofa, 2 other Chairs, Boston Rocker and Easy Chair.
Handsome Hanging Lamps, Pole Cornices.
Handsome Solid Walnut Center Tables.
Very Fine Solid Walnut and Marbletop Sideboard.
Walnut Bedroom Suit, marble top, complete.
Curled Hair Mattress, Spring Mattress.
Feather Pillows, Walnut Bookcase, Student Lamp.
Hall Carpet, Shades, Dinner and Tea Set, Glassware.
Walnut Hat Stand, Refrigerator.
Model Acorn Range with water attachments
And Kitchen Furniture.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

N. B.—The Furniture and Carpets are almost new.

Good Advice

Is duly appreciated by all people, and the fact is becoming more apparent to us daily when we are visited by persons desirous of purchasing Clothing, and who have been advised to come and see our goods by our customers, who are satisfied that we give full satisfaction for their money.—Those contemplating purchasing their

FALL AND WINTER

Clothing should go and look at the different stocks of goods and then come and see us, and we will guarantee to save you money.

HATS FOR FALL WEAR.—We keep the Latest Styles from recognized manufacturers.

MERCHANT TAILORING continues a specialty, and we are always happy to show patterns.

A. ROBERTS,

Cor. First and Alder Sts.

The Leading Clothier, Merchant Tailor & Hatter

DIAMONDS

New York Jewelry Co.,

7 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.

DUTCH BULBS.

LARGE AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF Dutch Bulbs for Fall Planting, consisting of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, etc., etc., just received and for sale in lots to suit.

MILLER BROS., Seedsmen.

John Cran & Co.

NEW

Ladies' and Children's

Plaited Jersey Waists

In Black Colors.

WRAPS, JACKETS

—AND—

NEWMARKETS.

CHOICE DRESS GOODS

With Trimmings in FELT BALLS and Bead Trimmings.

Many Novelties in each department.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

THE CHESTNUT BELLS.

[illegible] chestnut bells—
[illegible] bells!
[illegible] a world of misery that their idiocy dispels!
[illegible] on the street,
[illegible] we chance to meet,
[illegible] our souls with terror
[illegible] beating,
[illegible] into the error
[illegible]
And one and all keep mum,
[illegible] dumb,
[illegible] that some cheap "bum"
[illegible]

—Boston Daily Globe.

The [illegible] company are stopping at the [illegible].

The steamer State of California arrived from San Francisco at ? P. M. yesterday.

License to wed was issued yesterday to Alex[illegible] and Emma J. Halsa.

[illegible] in cigars will be opened Monday by [illegible] Bros. & Co. Call and see them.

[illegible] returned yesterday from a [illegible] in connection with the new restaurant.

[illegible], a native of Ireland, was [illegible] to citizenship by Judge [illegible].

Mr. G. H. McDougall, contracting agent for the Canadian Pacific and Mackey telegraph line, is stopping at the Merchant.

The committee appointed by the K. of P. [illegible] celebration will meet at [illegible] hall to-day at 1 P. M.

[illegible] H. Williams left yesterday for Spokane Falls, to prepare plans for a fine building to be erected by Frank Moore, of that place.

The house of Neustadter Bros. was closed yesterday on the account of the death of the [illegible] Mr. S. Fentschwanger, the manager, in [illegible].

A large supply of Chestnut bells has been received here, and it is probable that in a few days every [illegible] will be appropriately decorated with one.

[illegible] McGregor is still confined in the county jail, and will be kept there until the [illegible] of William Kay is passed upon by the supreme court.

Mr. C. B. Stoddard, of Austin, Tex., formerly of the Third Michigan cavalry, is in the city on his way home from the G. A. R. encampment at San Francisco.

[illegible] attended yesterday the rehearsal of the organ and vocal concert, to be given at the [illegible] church, say it promises to be a [illegible] to all lovers of good music.

[illegible] yesterday received a dispatch [illegible], daughter of William Milan, who [illegible] suicide Friday, instructing him to [illegible] remains to [illegible]burg, Illinois.

The latest "cut-off" at the postoffice is that [illegible] head of the money order department. He will go out in a short time and the department will loose a competent man [illegible].

Justice of the peace C. C. Redman, met with a painful accident yesterday. While engaged at [illegible], the scaffolding on which he was standing suddenly gave way and he fell fracturing one of his arms just above the wrist.

[illegible] Holmes, of Syracuse, N. Y., a correspondent of the Courier and author of a spirited campaign song book, issued during the [illegible] campaign, arrived on the steamer from San Francisco last night. He will spend a few days here and perhaps visit Salem, and return home over the Northern.

The horses necessary to stock the extension of the Third street railway, for which about forty will be necessary, are being bought as fast as they can be broken in and taken care of. A very good class of animals is being procured, as the company desire to keep up their reputation for having the best stock used on any railroad in the country.

Hon. J. F. Caples left yesterday for Union county to defend Bennett, the party under indictment for murder there, for shooting a neighbor while driving along the road in a wagon with his wife and children some time since. It is claimed that the party shot had beaten and abused Bennett some time previous to the shooting.

The late arrests for gambling have caused a state of excitement among the gentlemen who follow that profession, and in anticipation of still further trouble many of them are proposing to emigrate to Idaho and other places where they are better appreciated and treated with more consideration (?) than they receive from the authorities here.

Mr. John E. Shepard, commissioner of immigration for Oregon and Washington territory in San Francisco for the past eleven years, arrived here on the State of California last night. He leaves over the Northern to-morrow to visit his old home in Vermont, which he has not seen since he came across the plains in Capt. Medorem Crawford's train in 1862.

SHIPPING NOTES.

ASTORIA, Sept. 25.—The steamer State of California passed in at 9:20 A. M. and left up at 11:20 A. M. The steamer Columbia arrived down at [illegible] A. M. and left out at 11 A. M. The Lurline left up at 6:30 A. M., with the British bark River [illegible]. The British bark Deva is still inside.

MEETING AT THE TABERNACLE.

The Chautauqua literary and scientific circles of this city will hold a mass meeting in the tabernacle to-morrow (Monday) evening, commencing at 8 o'clock. Rev. T. L. Eliot, Rev. [illegible], Prof. Bowman, Prof. Crawford and others will address the meeting. Music will be rendered by the best talent in the city. The public are cordially invited; admission free. The meeting is called preparatory to the organization of the various circles in the city.

MOUNT TABOR STREET RAILWAY.

A movement is on foot among Portland capitalists to build a street railway from the Morrison street bridge on the east side, out to Mount Tabor. The projected route is out N street to a line with W. S. Ladd's tract, then south along the west line of said tract to Tibbett's addition, thence out the Base Line road beyond Mount Tabor, skirting the mount on the south. Ultimately a branch line will be run from Tibbett's addition to City View park.

PERFECTLY SANE, IN HIS MIND.

The sheriff of Umatilla county passed through here yesterday in charge of Ben. Aggert, a man said to be insane. Aggert left Portland a short time ago and went to Umatilla to accept a situation as a cook. He had been drinking too much before he left here, and one night at Umatilla he says some men told him a party was lying in wait to kill him, and he fled to the woods. He was brought back by officers and declared insane. Aggert talks rationally and says it is simply a case of too much whisky.

CHARLESTON CONTRIBUTION FORWARDED.

The following dispatch, which explains itself, was sent yesterday:

F. A. Courtney, Charleston, S. C.: Citizens of Portland, Or., express their sympathy with your city in her afflictions and have placed $2420 20 subject to your order in the Chemical National bank, New York, for the relief fund.

JOHN GATES, Mayor.

This does not end the subscriptions and it is expected that further contributions will be added, which may be handed in to the Portland Savings bank.

SINGULAR CASE OF ASSAULT.

Yesterday afternoon at half past 4 o'clock H. L. Libby, former mailing clerk at the postoffice, was assaulted at Fourth and Market streets by an unknown man, and badly beaten about the face. Libby's statement is that recently he has been in receipt of letters from one Sullivan, a self-styled detective, directing him to meet him at the Holton house, Sullivan promising to assist him to a position, although, as Libby says, he wrote the letters with another purpose in view. Yesterday afternoon Libby received a letter at his residence, No. 69 college street, from Sullivan, and started out to see what was wanted, and while on the way down was assaulted. Whether the Sullivan transaction has anything to do with the assault is yet to be decided. Libby reported the matter at the police station.

A WEATHER ITEM.

The autumnal equinox is past, the showers which form the prelude to the winter rains have fallen, and it may be fairly considered that

"The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
With wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere."

The winds wail and the meadows are brown and sere, but the woods are not naked yet in this section; although leaves are fading and falling, and it only needs a smart frost, which may soon be expected, to send them showering down. The signs of approaching winter are more palpable in the country than in town. The grain fields shorn of their harvest, blackened in spots where piles of straw have been burned, the withered cornstalks, disclosing the golden pumpkins, eloquent with possibilities of pie in the future, the orchards strewn with apples dropped from overladen boughs, the cider mills at work, the flocks of full-grown [illegible] and turkeys around the barnyard, the mournful sigh of the grasshopper who has squandered his summer, the cloddy looking furrows turned by the impatient farmer anxious [illegible] the ground has been moistened sufficient for cultivation; these and many other things indicate that the harvest is past, the summer is ended and winter is at hand.

KNEW HIS OWN NAME.

At First and Harrison streets last night about 8 o'clock a police officer discovered a man lying on the sidewalk dead drunk. He picked him up and toted him along until the Tivoli theater was reached, when nature, supported by a superabundance of spirits, failed to any longer respond, and the man sank to the sidewalk. His condition as to apparel was such that a hack was summoned, into which he was placed. On arriving at the station he was carried into one of the cells and placed on one of the bunks, and recovered consciousness sufficient to exclaim when asked his name "Why don't you know its Patrick Holland?"

A STICKLER FOR ETIQUETTE.

When the case of the crew and mate of the Noddleburn against that ship, to recover wages, was on trial in the U. S. court a day or two since, the steward of the vessel was put on the stand as a witness. When asked if the mate was a good man the venerable provider of duff and other ship's dainties for forty years or more answered "No." When further asked why he was not a good man he answered: "He is not well behaved; he is not fit to come into the cabin and sit at the captain's table." "Why do you think so?" was asked. "Because I don't like the style of his etiquette," was the reply. "What is wrong with his etiquette?" "Well, he's a gorge-ous man; you can't get enough on the table to satify his appetite." An audible smile spread around the courtroom, which was promptly checked by his honor, and the testimony was proceeded with.

CANINE SAGACITY.

A venerable-looking, liver-colored setter has for a long time drawn his daily rations from the butcher stalls in the New Market. He sits patiently in front of a stall till some of the "carvers" get tired of seeing him and throw him a collop to get rid of him. Some time since he took a notion to help himself on the sly when he was not attended to with the promptness he thought desirable. So the boys in one of the stalls put a spoonful of cayenne pepper in a piece of meat and let the dog get it. Since that time no coaxing, entreaty or persuasion will induce him to accept a piece of meat from any one in that stall nor from any one whom he sees take it from that stall. He will not even walk past the stall and cannot be coaxed past it by the offer of a tenderloin steak. It would seem as if this dog has more sense in some things than the average human.

A MARVEL OF BEAUTY.

When an enterprising merchant expends large sums to make his establishment attractive to his patrons there should be no hesitancy on the part of newspaper people and the public generally in heralding the fact to the public. In the new and enlarged quarters, about completed by Mr. H. B. Litt at the corner of Third and Alder, it can be said that he has actually surprised himself. The host of people who called during the past few days, which included leading merchants, bankers and the fashionable element, among the fair sex, expressed themselves in the highest terms congratulatory to the proprietor. The first floors are devoted exclusively to the stock in patterns and the made up goods in cloaks and suits. While on the second floor, easy of access, are the fitting and waiting rooms, furnished in the most elaborate style in all particulars. The south side is reserved for dressmaking rooms, where some fifty employes are busy daily with the work in hand. Like all *pushing* men, confidence in the future of Portland is shown by Mr. Litt in the new and complete establishment over which he presides.

PETITION FOR A DEED.

In the state circuit court yesterday in the matter of the assignment of M. B. Rankin, an insolvent debtor, R. M. Dement, assignee, the following petition was filed by John Muir: Your petitioner represents that June 29th, 1883, a verbal agreement was entered into between your petitioner and M. B. Rankin by which it was understood and agreed that they should purchase the hereinafter described lands and real estate for $28,000, two-thirds of which purchase price should be paid by your petitioner and one-third by Rankin, also a like proportion of the taxes and other lawful charges that might accrue, your petitioner to hold the legal title to the whole of the same in his own name until M. B. Rankin should pay fully for his one-third interest in said property, which one-third should then be conveyed to him. The property is described as blocks 142, 155, 176, 177, 186 and 166, and that parcel of land beginning at a point in the south line of the Elizabeth Carruthers donation land claim where the same is intersected by the center line of Water street, thence west tracing the south line of said claim 953 2-10 feet to a point thence north and parallel with the center line of Water street 457 feet to a point in the center line of Abernethy street if extended westerly, thence east tracing the center line of Abernethy street if extended 953 2-10 feet to the intersection of the center line of Abernethy street with the center line of Water street, thence south tracing Water street 457 feet to the place of beginning, containing ten acres and including within said boundaries, blocks 180, 181, 182 and 183, all in Carruthers addition. That in pursuance of said agreement your petitioner procured said real estate to be conveyed to him in his own sole name and right, and paid in cash $3900 and executed to the South Portland Real Estate association, vendors and grantor of a portion of said property a promissory note for $8000, securing the payment of the same by a mortgage upon the property, and also made and executed to the O. R. & N. Co. the vendor and grantor to your petitioner of the remainder of said property, a promissory note for $14,000 secured by a mortgage on the same to the company. That your petitioner secured by collaterals the whole of said purchase money with the exception of $1000 paid by Rankin and also paid taxes and street assessments thereon, of which payments the one-third part amounts to $7486 95. That the property was purchased at a time when the price of real property near the city of Portland was much inflated and its real and intrinsic value subject to future rise, but developments since have failed to justify such supposition and the property is not now worth nearly as much as when purchased, and a one-third interest is not worth now nor will not for a long time be worth the purchase price, $7486 95, now due and owing petitioner by Rankin. That your petitioner is informed by Ralph Dement, assignee, that said estate is unable to fulfill and perform the agreement of Rankin to making a payment for the one-third interest, so in justice and right said assignee should be authorized and directed by the court, for a nominal consideration to relinquish all right and interest and claim of said estate to your petitioner. Wherefore petitioner prays for a quit claim deed for a nominal consideration, say $5 of the whole property above described.

HENRY GEORGE'S DOCTRINES.

PORTLAND, Sept. 23.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Everybody is liable to make a mistake once in a while, but *I* am not convinced yet that it is on my part this time. I have been looking over George's "Progress and Poverty," "Social Problems" and "Land Question," without being able to find that he said "that real estate property should be confiscated and held in common." You would therefore confer a great favor on your readers, if you would be kind enough to inform us where and in what sentence he expressed himself in favor of confiscation and division.

E. ALISKY.

[Mr. George holds that all land should be acquired by the government upon terms of its own making and whether or not the private owners wish to part with it. And thus acquired he would have it held and administered as a national estate for what he calls the common good. What is that but confiscation?]

A FALSE STATEMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

Many of your readers have probably read or heard of the infamous article in that slanderous sheet, the *Sunday Mercury* reflecting upon the character of myself and husband. Will you allow me to say through your paper that the information coming from San Jose is a tissue of falsehoods (the authorship has been denied me by the *Mercury*), proofs of which will be furnished as soon as the mails can go to and from that city.

MRS. DR. TAYLOR,
No. 283 First street, Portland.

FALL MILLINERY OPENING.

The fashions in fall millinery are bright colors and hats for young people seem to be the proper thing at this time. Never since the house of Adcocks was established was there a greater rush of ladies to an opening season. The general expression among them was "how lovely," which applied to the general display made under the supervision of Mrs. Hildebrand, who, with a corps of assistants, have been very busy the past week.

DRUILEATS.

An OREGONIAN man in making his rounds yesterday found the new Star of Portland restaurant almost complete. The opening will take place probably on Tuesday, and a surprise is in store for epicureans. It will be the most complete institution in the city.

Mrs. Florence Denny, voice culture and elocution. 89 Salmon street.

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT NO. 1.

Catharine McLaughlin against C. C. Redman; motion to affirm judgment denied.

Lewis Love against Leander Lewis and others; motion to strike out parts of complaint allowed in part; five days allowed to file amended complaint.

C. W. Leeck against George Flavel; demurrer to amended answer overruled; four days in which to file reply.

John Little against James McNaught and others; motion to file amended answer.

J. R. E. Selby against the city of Portland; time for presenting bill of exceptions herein be extended to and include September 30.

D. P. Thompson against the city of Portland; demurrer to complaint under advisement.

J. B. Dawson vs. W. F. Atwood et al.; demurrer to complaint under advisement.

S. H. Sweet et al. vs. W. J. Quinn et al.; motion for judgment against garnishee under advisement.

G. G. Baker vs. J. J. and Susan Bigger; motion to strike out parts of complaint under advisement.

Robinson & Stanley vs. J. J. Brown; motion to dismiss appeal denied.

Ray & Doty vs. Elizabeth Hodge, administratrix of Charles Hodge, deceased; motion to strike out parts of complaint overruled, five days to amend.

Elizabeth Hackney vs. Robert Bell et al.; default against Bell and Robertson.

E. C. Hammond vs. G. S. Morgan; demurrer to reply submitted.

John Willer vs. O. R. & N. company; motion for a new trial submitted. On the 10th of the present month Willer got judgment against the plaintiff for $600.

Joseph Moore vs. W. W. Proebstel; motion to dismiss appeal under advisement.

J. F. and J. B. O'Shea vs. S. E. and J. Haas; demurrer to complaint overruled, five days in which to plead further.

APPEALED.

Notice of appeal to the supreme court has been filed by Amos N. King, plaintiff in a suit against Queen Voos and Frederick Voos. The suit was to recover from Frederick Voos and an effort was made to make Mrs. Voos a party to it, but without success. The case was in the circuit court decided in favor of defendants and the costs taxed to plaintiff.

POLICE COURT.

In the police court yesterday A. Bergman forfeited $20 bail by not appearing to answer to a charge of cruelty to animals. Several nights ago Bergman left his horse standing on Fifth street from about 6 o'clock in the evening until early morning, when policeman Emig took charge of the horse and put it up in a livery stable. He then made a complaint against Bergman and had him arrested. It appears Bergman forgot where he left his horse and that it is not the first time this sort of thing has occurred with him. After the court had adjourned he put in an appearance and wanted his case tried, but was informed that he was rather late. G. Mitchell, an express wagon driver, was fined $10 for using abusive language to Capt. Thomas Mountain, on Ash street dock. Mitchell settled up.

$65—EXCURSION EAST—$65

—FOR THE—

Round Trip (First-Class) to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Return, and All Points East,

—VIA—

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Excursion trains leave Portland via the Northern Pacific Railroad, Thursday, Sept. 30, and Friday, Oct. 15. Choice of route returning. For further information, apply to any ticket agent of the Northern Pacific, or to

A. D. CHARLTON, Gen'l West'n Pas. Ag't,
No. 2 Washington street, Portland, Or.

Feeling Good.

The happiest man on First street we met yesterday was Billy Sirey of the Louisville, and Coulter, his partner, is another. Their restaurant was as usual, crowded all week.

We Dine To-day

At Alisky's, where they most assuredly give the choicest menu to be found on the coast. Their dinners are known to travelers from one end of the country to the other.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES repainted, retrimmed and thoroughly renovated in the best manner and at lowest prices for first-class work, at the North Pacific Mfg Co., Twenty-second and T sts.

Mrs. J. H. Barchus has resumed her class in Landscape Painting. Lessons on Saturdays will be given to young ladies under sixten at a reduction. Studio, 145½ Third street.

Plenty of Olympia and Eastern oysters to-day at Keith's, corner First and Oak streets.

[illegible]

OPENING OF THE

FALL SEASON!

New Goods.

New Goods.

LATEST NOVELTIES

Special Bargains!

Our Fall Stock having arrived, we call the attention of the Ladies to our New and Desirable lines of Dress Goods, which we are offering at prices that are sure to prove attractive bargains.

TRICOTS
FRENCH CHEVIOTS
SCOTCH SUITINGS
HOMESPUNS
COMBINATION SUITINGS
ALL-WOOL LADIES' CLOTH
FRENCH BOURRETTES
SNOWFLAKE PLAIDS
KELSO SUITINGS
BOUCLE SUITINGS.

We beg to call particular notice also to our

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

We have, on account of the popularity of this branch of our business, paid special attention this season to securing the BEST goods for the LOWEST prices obtainable, and are now in a position to invite the public to inspect our stock of

WHITE SHIRTS
UNDERSHITS and DRAWERS
SOCKS
HATS AND CAPS
TIES AND BOWS and
BOYS' CLOTHING,

Which we are selling at figures that cannot be approached. An early inspection will prove convincing and profitable.

NOVELTIES IN ALL LINES.

H. ACKERMAN & CO.

87 and 89 FIRST ST.

E. MEYER & CO.

[illegible]

On Wednesday Sept. 29, 1886.

New Goods! New Goods!

FOR FALL AND WINTER!

For the last two weeks we have been busy remodeling and painting the OLD STAND, corner First and Yamhill streets, and have spared no expense to make the same one of the finest and most attractive stores in the city. On the above date we will be ready to show the public our IMMENSE ASSORTMENT of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, FANCY GOODS, etc.

Which we have lately received from Eastern and California markets. Our stock is complete throughout. In regard to prices, would say that WE CAN AND WILL SELL CHEAPER than any other house in Portland.

SOLID FACTS.—We do not advertise articles which we do not keep; neither do we make promises which we cannot fulfill. We do not offer any humbug to lure people into our store, but sell goods at *bedrock prices*, and guarantee all goods strictly as represented.

During the GRAND FALL OPENING and for the following ten days we offer:

French Suitings, all wool, 40 inches wide, checks and stripes, per yard	$1 00
Corkscrew Suitings in all shades, per yard	75
French Serge, 40 inches wide, all shades	87½c
Embroidered Flannels, white, scarlet, blue and gray	$1 25, 1.50, $1 75
Hair Lines in all shades, 42 inches wide	1 10
Ladies' Balmoral Skirts, full size, each	40
Ladies' Felt Skirts, all colors and patterns	60

Ladies' Napped Skirts with Quilted Farmer Satin, neat patterns	1 00
Ladies' Knit Seamless Skirts, embroidered in all colors, something new and very desirable	1 25
Ladies' Hand-made Worsted Vests, made of fine wool and all colors	1 25
Colored French Serge, 43 inches wide, per yard	65
French Bans in all patterns, 42 inches wide, per yd	1 00
Wool Fancies, 40 inches wide, per yard	1 00

Canton Flannel, good quality, per yard : : : : 5c

1-4 Silver-Gray Blankets worth $4 for : : : $2.50

One line imported Beige All-Wool, 36-inch wide	$0 50
Homespun, assorted shades in gray and brown, 36 inch	25
Fancy All-Wool Plaid Suitings, 41 inch	75
A few lines of Combination Suitings, 42-inch	1 25
Velvets in all shades, per yard	1 00
Feather Trimming, all shades	5
Striped Velvets in all shades (good value at $1 75) for	1 25

Tailor-made Jerseys (only in black)	$1.75, $2.00, $2 50
Tailor-made Jerseys, pleated in front, with Belt	2 25
Tailor-made Jerseys, coat collar, vest front, double pleated (good value at $4.50) for	3 00
Ladies' Pebble Goat and Button Shoes, 2½ to 7	$1 25
Ladies' Kid-Foxed Lace Shoes, good quality	1 00
Ladies' Full Stock Kip Riveted Shoes, 2½ to 8	1 50

Send for our New Illustrated Catalogue. Country orders a specialty.

OLD STAND:

Cor. First & Yamhill Sts.

PORTLAND, OR.

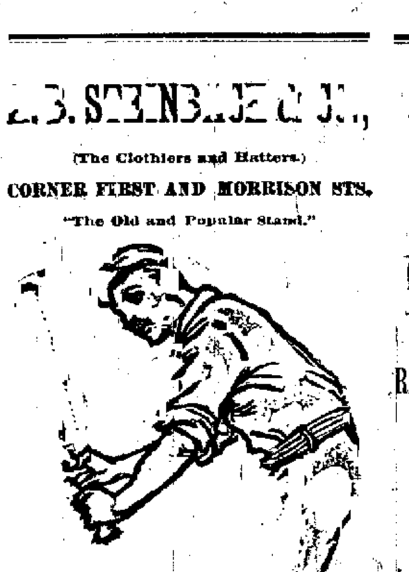
E. Meyer & Co.

L. B. STEINBACH & CO.,

(The Clothiers and Hatters.)

CORNER FIRST AND MORRISON STS.

"The Old and Popular Stand."



Have Just Received

[illegible] GLADSTONE SUITS [illegible]
[illegible] PARNELL SUITS [illegible]

—MADE IN—

Single-Breasted Sacks,
Double-Breasted Sacks,
Four-Button Cutaway Frocks.
Short and Fat and Extra Sizes.

These suits are made of a Heavy Blue Serge, Indigo Dye, and warranted Fast Colors. They are cut in the latest style and are well trimmed, and for a Neat, Nobby Suit for Fall and Winter cannot be equaled at the price we offer them for

$15 Fifteen Doll's $15

a suit; and guarantee a perfect fit to everybody, no matter what shape or size.

We send samples of the Gladstone and Parnell suits; also of our immense stock of Suits, Overcoats, Pants, etc., free to any address.

You will find it to be for your advantage to call and procure one of these Serge Suits, as they are the greatest bargain ever offered.

[illegible] CLOTHIERS & HATTERS COR. FIRST & MORRISON STS. [illegible]

[illegible]

Ringing Down the Curtain on Stale Jokes, Worn-Out Stories and Threadbare Yarns.

The "Chestnut protector" is having its run, just the same as any other popular craze, and the small and large boy rings his little bell upon the slightest appearance of age to a joke or story. To enable him to do so we will give the coming week to every boy, youth or man a "Chestnut Bell," enabling him to ring when forced to listen to an old joke.

We still offer Boys' Suits at..........$1 98
" " " Boys' School Suits...... 4 25
" " " Boys' Corduroy Suits. 5 00
" " " Boys' Corduroy Hats. 1 00
" " " Men's Suits 6 25
" " " Men's Suits...$8 50 to 30 00

We guarantee our Suits to be the nicest, nobbiest cut and sold cheaper than any clothing house in town.

Call and be convinced. Be sure to come to

[illegible]

Cor. 1st and Taylor Sts.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,

CORVALLIS, OR.

The next session will begin with a full Faculty.

September 8, 1886.

Sixty young men, 16 years old and upward, can get

FREE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Each Senator can appoint two. For particulars apply to

292m1awt B. L. ARNOLD, President.

SAVE YOUR BUTTER

BY PACKING IT IN

PEORIA (Ill.) STONEWARE.

This Stoneware is entirely different from the ordinary Stoneware, and is made by only ONE POTTERY in the United States.

It is DOUBLE GLAZED, perfect in shape, and absolutely BRINE and ACID PROOF.

Every piece stamped PEORIA POTTERY

TAKE NO OTHER.

For sale by all first class dealers.

CHAS. HEGELE & CO.

KAMM'S BLOCK, PORTLAND,

Sole Agents for Oregon, Washington and Idaho.

"Whither wilt thou lead me?
Speak; I'll go no further."
Hamlet

[illegible]

If some of you who are pulled into stores without your consent would take a lesson from this picture, you might be able to better yourself in a good many ways.

WE ARE READY

With our Fall and Winter stock. Our lines of Men's Suits at $10, $12, $14 $16 to $35 cannot be excelled.

WE ARE LEADERS

In the Clothing line, and we defy competition. We can fit any sized man, no matter what size he takes. We have the Largest Stock in Oregon. We take no notice of competitors.

It Makes Us Laugh

When we see some of the one-horse concerns, of which there are so many here, put in column advertisements about their clothing wonders.

We Make No Empty Boasts!

But come and see our store, size 50x100 feet, with more clothing in it than ANY TWO STORES IN PORTLAND, all marked in plain figures. No two prices, but

STRICTLY ONE PRICE TO ALL!

They are for sale. No fancy high prices. All marked down to bedrock prices.

Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

Parents, you make a mistake in not coming to see us, as we have over 200 styles of Boys' Suits from $2 upwards.

RUBBER CLOTHING.

Genuine English Mackintosh Rubber Coats at $15 to $22 50.

Fine Rubber Coats at $2, $3, $4, $5.

Transparent Rubber Coats (something entirely new), Boys' Gossamer and Rubber Coats, at way down prices.

UMBRELLAS.

200 Silk Umbrellas, Lyons' New York make, regular price $9, $10 and $12; bought at a great bargain and will be sold at $6, $7 and $8.

Silk Umbrellas in cheaper grades, $4 to $5.

Fine Scotch Gingham Umbrellas at 75c, $1 and $1 50.

UNDERWEAR.

Great Bargains! We have some specialties at prices that will make you look. Come and see them.

NECKWEAR.

Hundreds of dozens of choice novelties at 25c, 50c, 75c and $1. We can not be beat. Come and see things you don't find elsewhere.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

We have a large stock of Hats, latest New York styles at New York prices, all popular shades.

MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

Now complete. The handsomest fitted up room on the Pacific coast. The finest stock of imported and domestic goods.

Fit Guaranteed at Popular Prices.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.

Don't be pulled about. Come to the right store.

CATALOGUE FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Southwest Cor. Third & Morrison.

JUST RECEIVED

—FOR—

Fall Season, 1886,

NOVELTIES

—IN—

Dress Goods,

Comprising the Latest Styles and the Most Desirable Fabrics in the New Colors.

NEW TRIMMINGS,

Introducing Latest Styles & New Combinations.

CLOAKS AND JACKETS

In the Latest Styles and Material.

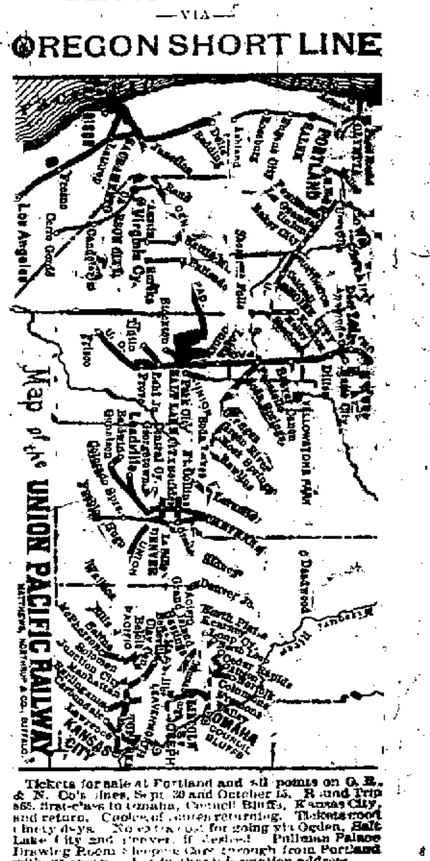
New Goods Arriving Daily.

[illegible]

EXCURSION EAST

—VIA—

OREGON SHORT LINE



Tickets for sale at Portland and all points on O. R. & N. Co's lines, Sept. 30 and October 14. Round trip $65, first-class to Omaha, Council Bluffs, Kansas City, and return. Choice of routes returning. Tickets good ninety days. No change of cars for going via Ogden, Salt Lake City and Denver. If desired, Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleepers through from Portland without change. For further information address [illegible], General Agent, No. 1 Washington st., Portland, Or.

CONTINENTAL SNAP SHOT
WARREN SPORTING POWDER.
SOLE AGENTS
DAYTON & HALL, PORTLAND, OR.
BORDER RIFLE. BOSTON SPORTING.

[illegible]

Prescription Druggist.

A FULL LINE OF

Trusses, Supporters, Bandages, Shoulder-Braces & Sundries.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

FINE PERFUMES, SOAPS

And Toilet Articles.

Orders from the Country will receive Prompt Attention.

Corner First and Stark sts., Portland, Or

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

OREGON OIL CLOTHING MAN'F'G CO.
DUCK BRAND
WARRANTED BEST QUALITY
TERRAMORSE
RESING & HEGELE,
PORTLAND OREG.

No. 92 North First Street,
MANUFACTURERS OF
YELLOW & BLACK OIL CLOTHING.

T. J. COLBERT,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

CARPETS

[illegible]

MATS, etc., etc.

First and Yamhill sts.........Portland, Or.

DR. A. I. NICKLIN,
175 Washington st. Telephone 7?.

LOVELY GRAPES.

I.

"I know where there's lovely grapes," she said;
A little girl lifting her curly head
And glad blue eyes to mine—
"I know where there's lovely grapes," she said,
Not grapes that are pressed for wine,
But Malaga grapes that are fresh and fine.

II.

"I know where there's lovely grapes," she said,
Placing her hand in mine,
Across the street the little girl led
Me straight to the vendor's sign.
"Malaga grapes; fresh display,"
The little girl lisped in her childish way.

III.

With the lovely grapes I filled her hand;
The hand of that sweet little girl,
And she smiled her thanks so bright and bland,
Showing her teeth of pearl,
That before she could place,
With her finger tips, the lovely grapes within her lips;
I kissed her fine little face.

IV.

Ah! lovely grapes were they indeed,
That mean no wine to make hearts bleed,
Nor strong men wicked nor wild.
Oh! would the earth no worse vine grew;
Oh! Would the earth no worse wine knew
Than moistened with sweet and innocent dew
The eager lips of this child.
As she filled with the grapes of Spain's sunny south,
The pretty wine press of her little red mouth.

THE HOUSE IN GREAT JONES STREET.

A STORY OF OLD NEW YORK.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT, AUTHOR OF "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," ETC.

[Written for The Sunday Oregonian.]

Between the years 1830 and 1845 Mrs. Susan Everard was held to be one of the richest of New York residents. She owned property in Broadway, a little north of Astor place, which had recently gone up in value with surprising speed; and besides that she had almost an acre "out in the country," as it was then called, not far from what we now know as the beautiful and world-renowned Central park. The late husband of Mrs. Everard had been a most shrewd money-getter. He had indeed made money the one end and aim of his life, and the last days of that life would have been considerably brightened for the hard, grasping old merchant if he could have felt that his wife would carefully watch and endeavor to augment all that he bequeathed her. But Mrs. Everard was a gentle, meek-mannered woman, with no energy in her temperament except what she gave to her religious readings and benignant charities, and with about as limited a knowledge of all financial or mercantile matters as a child in pinafores. She dwelt in Great Jones street, which has a name so suggestive of London and so signally different from those of the numerically termed streets further up town, blending convenience with monotony. It was held to be a daringly northward step when Simeon Everard had taken it, but now Great Jones street had become fashionable (if any such word could ever properly be applied to old New York) and quite densely peopled with the Knickerbocker element. Mrs. Everard had been a Miss Van Shaick and had come of a family that had prided itself upon its Dutch blood. But all her near relations were dead, and people wondered, after her husband's decease had left her lonely and childless, to whom her large wealth would ultimately be willed. The general impression was soon formed that she would devise everything to institutions of charity, although it was more or less conjectured that a certain young gentleman named Frankland Clayton would receive no mean share of it.

Frankland Clayton was the son of a dear school friend of Mrs. Everard, a lady who had married disastrously and been deserted by a scapegoat husband. When Mrs. Clayton had died, ten or twelve years previously, the wife of a rich New York merchant had undertaken the education of her friend's only child. Frankland was a handsome, precocious boy, and had developed from an early age the strongest aptitude for painting. During his lifetime Simeon Everard had frowned upon his wife's attachment to the lad; all that Mrs. Everard could do for Frankland then she gladly did. But on her husband's death, when her protege had reached the age of 16 or thereabouts, she sent him abroad to study in Rome and Paris at the art for which she felt confident that nature had so amply equipped him.

Frankland had made good use of his opportunities. He had inherited none of his father's vicious tendencies. He worked hard in Europe, graduating high at a French academy of note, and afterward distinguishing himself by one or two brilliant pictures in the Parisian salon. Years had passed before he returned to the guardian who had so richly befriended him. He was now no longer in need of her help. His admired talents had already given him a position of independence abroad. He had corresponded all this time with Mrs. Everard, and his manly young heart was brimming with gratitude toward her for her past services. His almost phenomenal success, considering that he was still only about six and twenty, had justified all the confidence which this gentle lady had reposed in him. She had grown to think that he would never return to America. Letter writing was her abhorrence, and she rarely sent him, in answer to his own copious letters, more than a few rather graceless and ill-worded lines. Frankland knew that she was living in Great Jones street and that a sister to her late husband had moved to New York from some Eastern town and was living with her. He had also learned that this sister, whose name was Mrs. Ridgeley, had been accompanied by a daughter named Rosalind. But there anything like accurate detailed tidings had decisively stopped.

Frankland, in the midst of his welcome foreign successes, had determined to plan a pleasant little surprise for his dead mother's faithful friend and his own unforgotten benefactress. He was not by any means wholly expatiated. Though he felt that his native country would be far from supplying him with the professional advantages which Europe now so abundantly offered, he still found satisfaction in the thought of a visit to American shores. Besides there was a sense of duty urging him to meet Mrs. Everard once more, now that her declining years made the last long separation from her probable if not imminent. One day he disembarked from an ocean steamer after a voyage to which the present rapid trips across the Atlantic would have seemed irksome enough, and rang the bell at the quiet, broad-fronted brick mansion of Mrs. Everard in Great Jones street.

His coming was the sharpest of surprises to his mother's old friend. She did not at first recognize him with his tawny mustache, his tall, robust figure and his general air of matured manliness; he had, indeed, grown out of the mild, sweet-mannered lady's recollection. But when she heard his name and looked into his sparkling blue eyes that were so like what his mother's had been before trouble dimmed them, Mrs. Everard threw her arms about Frankland's neck in a very rapture of agreeable consternation.

Soon afterward the newcomer was presented to Mrs. Ridgely and her daughter, Rosalind, a girl of perhaps 19 years. The instant Frankland had closely scanned the face of Rosalind Ridgely he was strongly attracted by her, as it may indeed be added, that the instant he looked into her mother's face it repelled him.

Rosalind was the very opposite of her mother's physical type. She had brown eyes that seemed to swim in tender light, and features chiseled with a classic purity. Her chestnut hair broke in dense and glossy waves over a low brow and there was a sensitive mobility about the lines of her small mouth which gave it the strongest feminine charm. Frankland, as an artist, rapidly grew fascinated by the melancholy little curve of those lips, whose transient smiles would seem to struggle timidly against some furtive source of mental sadness.

Mrs. Ridgely, Rosalind's mother, had a wiry figure and a cold, almost colorless face, lit by black eyes as restless as they were keen. It soon became evident to Frankland that she possessed great influence over Mrs. Everard. He had not been a day in the house before that lady said to him:

"I have become deeply attached to Mrs. Ridgeley, Frankland. She is a woman of great character and force."

"Just the sort of woman to acquire a very strong influence," thought the young man, "over a nature as yielding and complaisant as your own." But aloud he said:

"She is the sister of your late husband, I believe you told me."

Mrs. Everard nodded her head affirmatively. She had a face tinted with that peachy bloom which we sometimes see on the cheeks of the old; and this coloring, blent with the almost snowy whiteness of her hair, gave her an actual beauty, which she had never till of late revealed. But even in her attitudes and her motions you saw signs of the weakness, the vacillation, the entire lack of self-reliance and even proper dignity which made her at once the feeblest and most amiable of women.

"Yes," Mrs. Everard now answered. "I always knew, of course, that my husband had a sister living in L——, not far from Boston, but I never met her until some little time after his death."

"That is strange," said Frankland. "I mean it is strange that the news of his illness or even of his death should not have brought her here."

"Oh, they had been separated so many years, Cordelia and Simeon," said Mrs. Everard. "And then Cordelia—Mrs. Ridgeley, I mean—was in delicate health at the time my husband died. There had been a quarrel between the brother and sister," Mrs. Everard continued, in her half childish, meandering manner. "Simeon never forgave her for marrying as she did. For she did marry badly."

"And he left her nothing, I suppose," said Frankland, somewhat musingly.

Mrs. Everard's rather plump body was agitated by a slight start just here. "No," she said, a little confusedly. "It was too bad. Cordelia should certainly have been provided for. I believe my husband would have remembered her in his will if he had known there was a child, whether son or daughter."

"And he did not know this fact?" replied Frankland.

"No; he was quite ignorant of it. But your mother must have known it, although I never heard her mention it at all."

"My mother!" exclaimed Frankland, astonished.

"Yes; she and Cordelia knew each other very well. Your mother's people, as you're aware, came from L——. Oh, I'd often heard your mother speak of my husband's sister, both before and after her marriage."

Frankland could never, for the life of him, afterward tell what there had been about these very simple announcements on the part of Mrs. Everard that sowed in him the seeds of a certain vague suspicion. He subsequently reached the conclusion that such latent and almost intuitive doubt as that which he now began to entertain had taken its origin from one bit of intelligence alone; namely, that his own late mother, although knowing Mrs. Ridgeley very well indeed in the past at L——, had never mentioned to Mrs. Everard that this lady had a daughter.

Frankland, after a little effort of memory, recalled being taken to L—— as a very young boy. He had a dim recollection visit him before long, too; it tantalized him beyond expression on account of its mingled lucidity and obscurity. He was almost confident of having been brought while at L——, to see a certain lady with whom he understood his mother to be on terms of great intimacy. But when he tried to remember the lady's face he could discern nothing except the blur of complete forgetfulness. As for there being a child in the house of this lady, he found no faintest mental record of one. But then, as he soon assured himself, his own age at that time could not have been more than 7, and there were certainly seven good years between himself and this captivating young Rosalind Ridgeley, with the chestnut hair and the luminous eyes and the wistful mouth. So, Rosalind might not, at that time, even have been born. You could see that she *was* her mother's child, so to speak, in spite of the striking personal difference between them. Rosalind probably "favored" her father, as the phrase goes, immensely; but a resemblance could be detected if you looked closely into Mrs. Ridgeley's hard, serene, loveless countenance and then into the younger woman's winsome and sympathetic one. No, Frankland decided. No fraud existed *there.*

Did fraud exist anywhere? The intense suggestion given by Mrs. Everard of credulity, dependence and irresolution may have stimulated Frankland into asking himself this question repeatedly. A place like L——, only a few miles from Boston, was then a great deal further away from New York than it was to-day. There seemed an absolute infamy in connecting that sweet young Rosalind with anything like false personation but when, after a few days' further residence in the house, the young artist had discovered that Mrs. Ridgeley had become entire custodian and mistress of it, he began to feel his mood of distrust returning.

And circumstance appeared to strengthen this mood. An extremely intimate visitor at the house in Great Jones street was Dr. Tredgett, a gentleman of perhaps eight and thirty, with a sallow, doughy face and a pair of large, viscous, greenish-gray eyes, which he had a habit of rolling at people and making flash in a sickly way as he did so. It soon struck Frankland that he rolled them a good deal at Miss Rosalind, and that this young lady gave him very little encouragement for the attention.

If it had not been for Mrs. Ridgeley's daughter, Frankland swiftly began to assure himself, he would at once assume a posture of almost open hostility toward both Dr. Tredgett and the mother of Rosalind. But the latter had soon awakened in him that compassion which is perilously akin to love. He and she were constantly thrown into each other's company, and yet Frankland found that the young girl treated him with mingled dread and avoidance. Before her mother and Dr. Tredgett she was nearly always silent, but the newcomer did not take long to form the conviction that she was both bright and educated. Some curious despondency—some influence which at times wore the semblance of a lurking yet distinctive affright—seemed perpetually bathing her in its unpleasant spell. One day he asked her, with a sort of a bold plunge, if she would not accompany him in a little walk. "I find New York a much more populous and grand place than I expected to find it," he said. "In Paris they speak of it as if it were a village. I am sure that you, who must by this time know it far better than I do, could point out to me many interesting nooks and corners which would otherwise escape me."

She flushed as if from painful confusion, but she agreed to go with him. And they afterward took more than one walk together. He felt almost sure that her mother was displeased by their growing intimacy, and that Dr. Tredgett secretly objected to it. The more that he saw of Rosalind the more she charmed him.

One morning, just as they had entered the house on their return from a walk which had proved especially pleasant to him, and while she was about to pass up stairs, he said to her, with sudden frankness:

"I can't help telling you how you perplex me. You must pardon my saying so, but you do."

"I?" she murmured, with an uneasy glance from her beautiful eyes straight into his face. But she let her eyes fall, immediately, and went on in a still more moderated tone: "In what way, Mr. Clayton?"

"You appear to be so unhappy," said Frankland, with more candor, that he somehow could not repress.

"Unhappy?" she repeated, bewilderedly.

"Yes. Can I help you in any way?" Seized by a swift impulse, he took her hand and held it, almost against her will, in his own. "If I can help you, pray command me!"

Her sweet mouth trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, yes," she broke forth impetuously. "I—I am very miserable. You could help me! I—I thought you could when you first came here! But I dare not ask you to do it! I—I dare not tell you why it is necessary!"

"Whom do you fear?" now questioned Frankland, eagerly. But a look of real terror had by this time overspread Rosalind's face. She almost tore her hand from his clasp and abruptly fled from the room.

Frankland threw himself into an easy-chair, which chanced to be near by in the prim, antiquely furnished parlor, and began to muse.

"Who knows," he thought, "but my coming to New York may be one of those events which piously disposed people would term, for want of a better name, a special providence? I want no future benefits from my dead mother's friend. Not a dime of her fortune do I desire her to leave me. I have made my own place in art abroad, and have only to return there and work. But who should help and shield Mrs. Everard from injury if not I? My debt of gratitude to her is a great one. There is something about this Mrs. Ridgeley that strikes me as worldly, deceitful and wholly untrustworthy. There is something about this Dr. Tredgett that strikes me as strategic, double-minded and entirely detestable. And last, there is something about Rosalind Ridgeley that while it wakes my pity for her as a possible victim of the other two, also rouses in me a fondness of regard such as no other woman whom I have ever before met has been at all capable of inspiring."

It was then comparatively early in the day, and Frankland soon afterward left the house, determined to reflect carefully on the position in which he found himself. He strolled here and there about the then primitive city, enjoying the salubrious autumn weather that was just now making New York a place of delightful sojourn. There was no doubt, he presently decided, that Mrs. Ridgeley's behavior to him thus far had been marked by a restraint and a dislike as evident as they were ill-concealed. His coming to New York at all had been a source of both astonishment and annoyance to her. He had broken in, so to speak, upon her undisputed reign over poor, compliant Mrs. Everard. As for Dr. Tredgett, this uncanny personage clearly shared in the same adverse feelings. "I am a bugbear to each of them," ruminated Frankland. "Is it fear that makes them coldly civil and nothing more—or less? Well, if so, Rosalind has given me my cue. The next time we meet I shall open hostilities."

The next time they did meet was at supper the same evening. Late dinners were almost unheard of in New York at this period, and though Frankland missed his own foreign habit of dining at 6 o'clock, he most courteously conformed to the customs of his new surroundings. Soon after he had seated himself at the table, opposite Dr. Tredgett and Mrs. Ridgeley, he took occasion to say, very smoothly and carelessly, to the latter:

"By the way, Mrs. Everard tells me that you knew my mother very well in the old days."

Mrs. Ridgeley inclined her head in token of assent. A smile passed over her face, which softened it, though for Frankland not very improvingly.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Ridgeley, "she was a dear, lovely woman."

Dr. Tredgett gave a little, dry cough, and rolled his fishy eyes toward the speaker. "I've heard you say that more than once before, Mrs. Ridgeley," he affirmed blandly.

"I recollect being taken by my mother to see you in L——," now declared Frankland with quiet *aplomb*. "It is a long time ago, but the remembrance has returned to me of late, somehow. Your husband, Mrs. Ridgeley, was then alive, I believe?"

On the lady's face had come a whiteness that made Frankland for a moment fancy that she was about to swoon. "Yes—no," she stammered, giving him a look that seemed to have in it the sweeping challenge of mixed defiance and fear. "I—I forget," she went on, in plain disarray and embarrassment. "It—it is a long time ago, as you say, Mr. Clayton."

Here Mrs. Everard gave a genial, rippling little laugh. Her sight was poor, and she had not on her glasses just then. "Dear me!" she said, affably, "you appear to be quite taken aback, Cordelia, I declare? Well, we're all getting old, I suppose, and the past will escape a person's memory now and then. I know my memory grows more and more shocking every year."

"You wrong yourself, madam—indeed you do!" struck in Dr. Tredgett at this point.

"Oh, no, I don't," continued Mrs. Everard, as she poured the tea from a big silver heirloom of a teapot, laughing another blithe little laugh. "But upon my word, Cordelia, I don't see why you've never spoken to Frankland about his mother before. He's been here two weeks, and I've never heard you mention the subject yet. He'd be glad to hear any little reminiscences you may have kept; wouldn't you, Frankland?"

"Decidedly I should," returned Frankland, in his calmest and yet most significant tones.

By this time Mrs. Ridgeley had regained her composure—or at least partially. "We must have a talk then, at some future time," she said to Frankland, smiling in a less forced way than she had done before. "But not now, if you please—I should prefer our talk to be—a—more private one."

"Ah, naturally," exclaimed Dr. Tredgett, with a sententious air. He seemed to rise a little in his chair as he now regarded Frankland. "Mr. Clayton will of course understand your feelings and sympathize with them, Mrs. Ridgeley, I am sure."

Frankland made a kind of neutral motion of the head. He was glad when Mrs. Everard presently broke in with one of her suave platitudes. More than once, during the rest of the meal, his eyes dwelt upon Rosalind. But she did not return his look. It occurred to him that her color had visibly lessened and that she was choking down what food passed her lips.

It chanced that Mrs. Everard went up stairs to her room as soon as the company had risen from the table. She had to write a brief note to one of her lawyers—a note which must be written at once and in her own name and hand, and which she had delayed until now, with her usual procrastination regarding all such affairs.

Frankland soon after left the room also. He endeavored to speak a few words with Rosalind, but found that she was for some reason almost powerless to answer him. She watched her mother, who occasionally glanced at her somewhat severely while engaged in a very low talk with Dr. Tredgett. It was on the verge of Frankland's lips to tell Rosalind that her manners more than amazed him. But a throe of compassion prevented him from doing this; the young girl looked so utterly woe begone and wretched. Mrs Ridgeley, during her low-toned converse with Dr. Tredgett, showed signs of a desire to interrupt Frankland's chat with her daughter; and at last Frankland arose, quitting the room.

He had remembered something. He went straight up stairs to his own apartment, and spent there a few minutes in certain investigations. Then, very abruptly, something occurred which made him desirous of seeing Mrs. Everard. He went at once to that lady's room and found her still at work upon her letter, short though it was.

She received him with tokens of relief. "You know, Frankland," she said, "how hard it is for me to write the least little note. Oh, I dare say you think I neglected you shamefully all that time you were away. But I truly couldn't help it, for I never was and never will be a scribe. And now I've got to write just a short note to my lawyer, Mr. Prescott, and though some people would consider it the merest trifle, I'm actually treating it as if it were an immense matter."

"To your lawyer, Mrs. Everard?" Frankland could not help questioning.

"Yes. The truth is, Frankland, I've determined to alter my will. Your share of the property shall remain just what it is."

"I neither want nor expect any share whatever, Mrs. Everard!" the young man here exclaimed.

"But you shall have it, my boy; I have always said that you should have it, and you shall. That portion of the will is not the one that I wish to alter. The change concerns a charitable bequest. I wish to cancel that. Yes, I think it only fair to my husband's sister that I should. It's about three-quarters of my property, Frankland; but then, who is nearer to me than she is? And she has shown herself so sincerely my friend, so valuable a counselor."

Frankland now laid one hand on the lady's arm.

"My dear Mrs. Everard," he said "I have, since I last saw you, made what strikes me as at least a most peculiar discovery."

"A discovery, Frankland? What is it?"

"You told me that my mother was a friend of Mrs. Ridgeley, at L——, in the past."

"Certainly I did."

"If I am not mistaken, you said, also, that you had never seen your late husband's sister until she presented herself here after that husband's death."

"True; I did say so."

Frankland now searched the lady's face very intently, and with a gaze of the most serious kind. "That packet of old letters from my mother, Mrs. Everard, which you gave me about two weeks ago, contains a likeness. I came upon it this very evening. There were some few of the letters which I had not yet examined. This one, like most of the others, was addressed to you. Inside it was the pen and ink sketch which I now offer you. You see—it is my mother's work. She sent it you, long since, from L——."

"Yes," faltered Mrs. Everard, "I—I think I remember." She was regarding the sketch (which treated merely the head and shoulders of an extremely handsome woman) with a dazed and very dubious air.

"It would not be at all singular if you fail to remember," said Frankland. "But please observe the words written by my mother underneath the sketch; a likeness of my dear friend, Cordelia Everett Ridgeley, done at L——, October, 1820. That is about twenty years ago, Mrs. Everard. I admit twenty years to be a long time. But surely this drawing bears no possible resemblance to the woman who is now living in this house under the name of Mrs. Cordelia Ridgeley."

"Under the name of Mrs. Cordelia Ridgeley! Good heavens! What do you mean, Frankland? Explain!"

Mrs. Everard had risen from her chair. She had grown very pale and had begun to tremble piteously.

Frankland took her hand, held it between both his own for a moment, and then raised it to his lips.

"I mean," he said, with fervor, "that if I have crossed the ocean at a time when I can be of any service to you I shall feel all the more inclined to thank God for it."

"Frankland!"

The poor lady seemed unable to do more than just pronounce that single name, as she now sunk into a chair. Immediately afterward there sounded a knock at the door. Frankland went himself and opened it. He expected to find Mrs. Ridgeley, or perhaps even Dr. Tredgett, on the threshold, for he felt that his recent challenging attitude at the supper table might cause in these two some sort of defensive move. And he was now certain—or very nearly so—that they were both charlatans of the deepest dye.

But as he opened the door it was to confront neither Mrs. Ridgeley nor Dr. Tredgett. Rosalind stood there instead, with her lovely face full of untold sadness and distress. And yet it seemed to Frankland, as he watched her more intently, that she wore a look of the most unwonted firmness and determination.

A great pang of pain shot through Frankland's heart, then. He realized thrillingly, potently, for the first time, that he had not merely a fond fancy for Rosalind Ridgeley, but that he loved her with a distinct, irrefutable passion. And here she stood, at least the passive accomplice of her mother, if not that hypocrite's positive abettor!

"I—I—wish to see Mrs. Everard," stammered Rosalind. Her firm look appeared to vanish now, before the sad yet arraigning one of Frankland.

"She is yonder," he said, with coldness, "Shall I retire, Miss Ridgeley?"

"No, no!" she cried, wildly. "You may remain—why not? I have seen for days that you suspect it all!" Here Rosalind hurried toward Mrs. Everard. "I only heard this afternoon," the girl now feverishly went on, addressing that lady, "of your intention to alter your will. It—it has horrified me, though I have somehow been waiting for it. Oh, you can't think how I have loathed and despised myself all these months past! My mother is an imposter—there, the truth is out! I suppose I would not have had the courage to utter it if I had not learned about the frightful fraud of the will being changed in—in mamma's favor."

"Then you are an imposter as well," came from Mrs. Everard's white lips. She looked unable to rise from her chair and her voice was husky, almost inaudible.

"Yes—I am!" exclaimed Rosalind, covering her face and literally sinking at Mrs. Everard's feet.

A sudden impulse now seized Frankland. He hastened toward where Rosalind had sunk, and stooping downward raised her by sheer force. "You are not an imposter!" he cried. "You have been tyrannized over by a pitiless mother, who saw the chance of making thousands by this horrid deed! She has forced you into silence—perhaps by threats which you were foolish enough to fear, or perhaps—"

He paused, as Rosalind turned to him, with a look of infinite gratitude in her tearful eyes. "Ah!" she murmured, "I have no excuse but one—a lingering, undying love for my mother!"

"Love!" echoed Mrs. Everard, in a tone that had no trace of gentleness, now.

"Yes!" cried Rosalind. "I could not hate her for the act, fiercely as I hated the act itself. It has been I who have perpetually threatened her with exposure. Ah, no one knows what I have endured in this house! Mamma was the companion of Mrs. Ridgeley in L——; that and no more. When Mrs. Ridgeley died suddenly that wretch of a Dr. Tredgett, who had been her physician, put the horrible scheme into mamma's head. He calculated upon all the chances of safety and of disaster. For my own part, I came here secretly intending to divulge the whole truth. I think they both feared me at first; but, finally, they saw that I dreaded to have my own mother's criminality revealed. And then, counting on this, they began their persuasions—their arts."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Everard, with untold agitation and disgust, "do not say another word! I cannot dream of forgiving you, Rosalind. But, your mother; oh, her vileness has been beyond conception!" Here the speaker rose; indignation had given her new strength, and she moved, with something like actual majesty of bearing, toward the door. She was going to seek the woman by whom she had been so basely betrayed; perhaps she thought comparatively little regarding the man who had acted as this woman's contemptible ally. But, neither of them was to be found. There is little doubt that Mrs. Ridgeley had either intentionally or accidentally played eavesdropper a short time before, when her unhappy daughter was making the whole miserable deception plain. And now the result had been a precipitate flight on the part of the guilty pair. At first Mrs. Everard was eager to put detectives upon their track. It was Frankland, however, who prevented her from doing so.

"They have failed in their wretched purpose," he said. "And besides—there is Rosalind. In heaven's name show her some mercy!"

"Mercy!" bitterly responded Mrs. Everard; "she deserves none!"

"It was she who told you the truth," said Frankland.

"Yes—after months of concealment."

"Say months of torture. Reflect that she was alone, and that the evil spirit of her mother was no less strong than subtle."

"And she loved such a mother!" cried Mrs. Everard. "Bah! it is horrible."

Frankland shook his head, smiling. "I don't think it is ever horrible to love one's mother, even if that mother be a fiend incarnate. Come, now, dear friend," he added, "admit that you do not, either."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Everard, after a slight pause, during which she had regarded Frankland rather keenly. "You take that girl's part as if you were in love with her."

Frankland dropped his eyes. "I have been," he said. "But all that is settled, now."

"Do you mean that you've given up the idea of marrying the daughter of such a mother? I'm glad to hear it, indeed!"

"Pray don't be prematurely glad," said Frankland, "for I mean nothing of the sort."

Mrs. Everard's eyes widened. "Then what do you mean?" she demanded.

"That Rosalind promised, hardly twenty minutes ago, that she would be my wife, and that she is probably crying her eyes out up stairs, just now, poor girl, over what she is pleased to call her happiness."

"I will never give my approval!" wailed Mrs. Everard, almost bursting into tears. But the next minute a look of his dear dead mother smote her, as it were, out of Frankland's eyes. She threw her arms round his neck, then exclaiming: "Oh, you foolish, headstrong boy! Was it for this that you came to America? Was it to—to marry beneath you?"

"No man can ever marry beneath him," Frankland answered, "if he both respects and loves the woman whom he marries. And I both respect and love Rosalind Ridgeley. As for my having come to America," he added, looking at his dead mother's friend with a sweet significance which she could not fail to understand—"well, when I think of the perilous position in which I found you here I credit myself with still another reason not to regret that I did come."

Mrs. Everard's eye moistened. "True, Frankland!" she said; "it seems almost as if your mother's spirit had prompted you to take the journey, does it not?"

"No," replied Frankland, thoughtfully, after a little pause.

"And why?" Mrs. Everard said, almost in a shocked voice, drawing back from him.

"Because," he pursued, "you owe your real rescue, after all, not to myself, but to Rosalind."

The good lady shook her head, sighing. "Ah, you're incorrigible," she said. "The next thing you will be asking me to take your name from my will and put Rosalind's there instead!"

"*Take* my name from your will," replied Frankland, with earnestness, "and leave all that you have to your charities!"

But Mrs. Everard would never consent to this. When Frankland and Rosalind were married she left the house in Great Jones street and went abroad with them to live. Her anger against the guilty woman who had duped her had meanwhile so softened that she made efforts before leaving America to find Rosalind's mother (for Rosalind's sake alone) and show her some sign of pardon. But all such effort was ineffectual. Though Rosalind never saw her mother again, she never forgot her, And yet her life for many years afterward had little to shadow it in the brightness conferred upon it by a most happy and congenial marriage.

The whole story of Mrs. Everard's credulity and her narrow escape from two shameless impostors became known throughout the comparatively small community which aristocratic New York then represented, and there are even people living to-day who can remember how their grandmothers and grandfathers used to repeat the whole scandalous little chronicle with gossipy gusto, while able to tell you the very number of "the house in Great Jones street" where a certain queer and romantic episode once occurred.—[Copyrighted. All rights reserved.

MISSIONARIES BOYCOTTED.

Difficulties Which the Methodists in Bulgaria Have to Encounter from Russian Opposition.

NEW YORK, September 15.—The political disturbances in Bulgaria have so endangered the missionaries sent there by the Methodist Episcopal church of America that Bishop Ninde has hastily sailed for that country to save the ministers of that denomination. The peril that immediately besets them, and is likely to drive them out of the country, is a boycott of just about the same sort that has become familiar in this country. The whole story is that about twenty years ago the American board of foreign missions attempted to develop a field in Bulgaria. It is an odd fact that the Wesleyan missions in Europe are almost exclusively of American origin and under American control, while the Pacific islands, and heathendom generally, are cultivated by the English Wesleyans. In all the world probably no severer trials have been endured by missionaries than in Bulgaria. From the very start government influence has been bitterly turned against them. It is nominally true that preachers from abroad have the privilege of speech there; so much the government has had to grant by reason of the relations with foreign and Christian lands; but the privilege has been made to mean as little as possible by surrounding the preacher with all sorts of discomforts and difficulties.

Through clerical and official channels the minds of the people are instilled with prejudice and suspicion against the Methodists. For ten years a vain struggle to get a foothold has been maintained, and the results were so discouraging that the missionaries were withdrawn, leaving the work to be kept up as far as possible by such natives as dared identify themselves with the faith. After two or three years more the missionary Society took up the field again and sent out new workers. The same old difficulties have been encountered ever since. Russian influence has been steadily directed against the missionaries. The missionaries decided to buy land for a church; they had the money, more than enough to meet the price asked, but the owner declined to trade. For over a year the missionaries went from one real estate owner to another trying to buy a little land before they succeeded in securing a title.

The gentlemen at the head of the missionary work here are loth to say outright that Russian supremacy in Bulgarian affairs will be a hard blow to their plans and desires, but that is evidently what they fear. They managed to struggle along while Alexander maintained a shadow of independent authority, but his abdication renders them very insecure. It was, therefore, from the conviction that the missions in Bulgaria needed every possible strengthening element that Bishop Ninde was dispatched thither. He will lift the boycott if he can.

A Remedy Proposed.

Boston Herald.

Neal Dow says, over his own signature in the New York *Tribune*, that liquor will be sold in Maine in violation of law just so long as it is profitable to do so. It is probable that there's a great deal of frozen truth in this statement. Prohibition, to be effectual, then, must reduce the profits on the sale of liquor. How would it do for Dow and his followers to raise sufficient funds to supply slates to liquor saloons whereon the drinks could be "hung up?" That's the surest way to cut down the surplus revenue of the grog shops we know of. Pass around the slates and hang up the drinks!

She has the complexion of a peach. Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder did it. Sold by all druggists.

OLD JOE.

A STORY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

BY RUSSEL HERSH.

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

"It's kinder lonesome like, an' queer, isn't it?" said grizzled old Jake West, the pilot, as he waved his pipe towards the shore. "I never come through here on a dark night like this, an' hear them whip-perwills a screechin' an' frogs a croakin', an' wolves a howlin', without feelin' a kinder cold creepin' down my back. It *is* a queer place, too, as you'd see for yourself if it was daylight. I s'pose the ole Mississip here is six or seven miles from bank to bank, an' nobody knows how many islands, an' swamps, an' lakes, an' sloughs there is. A man might get inter some of them sloughs an' row an' row for days, an' never git out, an' never see a thing but green willers, an' lily pads, an' snakes. It 'ud be a mighty unpleasant place for a man to get lost in, too, cause nobody lives around here, and there is so few steamboats now-a-days, like as not he never could tell when he struck the steamboat channel, an' he mightn't find a way out for days. I've been on the river now for thirty years, an' I wouldn't undertake to find a way out every time. There isn't a stretch on the river I wouldn't rather go through than this."

We were sitting out on the forward end of a log raft that was being pushed, or in river phrase, "towed" down the stream by a stern-wheel steamer. The night was very dark, and I had been trying to express to the skeptical and experienced Jack my amazement at the skill of a pilot who could pick out a way for a steamboat and a dozen acres of loosely joined logs through such impenetrable darkness. It was Jack's time of rest, and he was good-naturedly tolerating my astonishment as the natural ignorance of a landsman.

"Is it very dangerous?" I asked, as the old man paused.

"Yes, its ticklish enough," he said, "but I don't mind that. It's because it's so lonesome an' gloomy. An' then, you know, Ole Joe uset to hang out right here onc't, an' I guess any ole timer like me has got a kinder tender spot 'bout Ole Joe. That's his island right over there now; that's Ole Joe's island. What? Can't see it, eh? Can't see anything but a big black shadow, can't you? Well, if I couldn't see more'n that, many's the good boat I'd a banged to pieces on the towhead up yonder. An' many's the time I've seen it when I wished I didn't, an' when I wished that either that island or me was in Halifax or some other place.

"Who was Ole Joe? Say, you don't mean to tell me that you never heard tell of Ole Joe? Great Scott! is that so? Why, Ole Joe was a little bit the slickest pil't that ever held a wheel on the Mississip. Ole Joe, the boys called him, though he wasn't old at all, but because everybody thought so much of him, and he seemed so fatherly-like to all the boys. Joe Burroughes he was called on the books, but I don't think that was his name, because he was French; an' that don't sound Frenchy, does it? He was a queer fellow, Ole Joe, the queerest I ever see, an' the best hearted, too—so quiet, an' still, an' mindin' his own business, an' still so good to everybody. Why, he had a heart in him bigger'n an ox. I cubbed with Joe, an' he taught me the river, an' then I ran with him for near ten years. I thought as much of Ole Joe as I did of my own father, an' my own father couldn't a-been a bit kinder to me'n than old Joe was, neither. He wasn't like most pil'ts. There wasn't nobody in any kinder trouble that Ole Joe wouldn't help. Many's the time I've see him when a roustabout had mashed his hand off with a barrel-chime or been slugged a'most to death by one of them beautiful ole mates we uster have in them days, go down an' dress the niggers' wounds like a doctor, an' slip a gold piece inter his hand, an' any other pil't in the world ud a-thought no more 'bout it 'n if a pig had been stuck. An' Joe was so cool he never lost his nerve, no matter how tight a place he might be in, an' he could nurse a boat outer more tight places than any man on the river. For he was a lightnin' pil't. Suffering Jerusalem! but he was a lightnin' pil't. He could take a boat from St. Louis to St. Paul with his eyes shut an' both hands tied behind his back an' never turn a hair. An' yet, nobody ever thought of bein' jealous of Joe. Why, there was scarcely one of the boys he hadn't helped outer some scrape 'r other, an' the meanest raftsman outer the Black or the Wisconse knew Joe an' respected him, an' wouldn't lift hand agenst him for money.

"Nobody knew where Joe came from. He showed up one day in St. Louis, took a trip or two to St. Paul, took out day papers, went to runnin' regular, an' in two years was the best pil't on the river. He'd been on the water in Canady all his life, an' it come natural to him.

"Every winter Joe'd disappear an' nobody knew where he'd gone an' nobody'd see him agen until the next season opened. He never said anything 'bout where he come from, or what he'd been, or where he'd go winters, an' he had a way of lookin' at persons that asked him unpleasant questions that kinder discouraged conversation, so to speak.

"But one spring Joe didn't show up as usual, an' so ole Capt. Marks, of the Tom Jasper—the boat Joe an' I'd been on four years then—had to ship another pil't. You see, somehow or other, Joe had slipped up the river here that season, an' built a mighty nice, cozy little house right here on this yere island, an' fixed up a garden round it, an' made everything slicker'n a ladies' cabin. Then he disappeared agen. The boys thought we'd never see him agen this time, an' some said he was dead, an' I was afraid of it myself.

"Well, the next spring, the boat was lyin' one day at the St. Louis levee, loadin' up for her first trip. I was a-sittin' in the pil't house, a-smokin' an' a-waitin', when all of a sudden I just happened to look down on the levee—an' the next minute I jumped as if I'd been shot. There was Ole Joe a-walkin' down the levee, proud as a lord, with a slim, dark-haired little woman a-hangin' on to his arm, an' a big, black dog a-comin' after. He come straight up to de pil't house and interduced the little woman as his wife, an' me so dumbfoundered I couldn't say a word, for it never crossed my mind that Joe might marry. She was a pretty little woman, too, with hair an' eyes as black's a boiler, an' as chipper an' free's Joe was quiet. You see they'd been children together way back in Canady an' that's where Joe'd been them winters.

"So Joe an' his wife was passengers with us that trip an' the little black-eyed woman got to be a great favorite, an' everybody took an interest in the young couple an' give 'em presents an' things. Only I never took much fancy to his wife. There was something 'bout her. I couldn't go. The boys said it was because I was jealous of her an', made lots of fun 'bout it, but I guess that didn't hurt nobody.

"Well, they landed at the island, an' Joe opened up the house he'd built, an' the passengers loaded 'em up with more presents, an' we left 'em there. Most every time I'd go by I'd stop an' chat a bit with Joe in his cozy little house, an' twice he come up to St. Paul with his wife on the Tom. Near the end of the season, he'd got things fixed up at the island, an' he went back to runnin' regular. Sometimes he'd take his wife a trip or two an' sometimes he'd drop a trip to rest at the little house. It seemed to me, though, after a while, that Joe wasn't as happy as he was that fust day, an' his wife's face had a sour look that told a pretty plain story, I thought.

"So things went on for a year, Joe spendin' his winter on his island, of course.

"One evenin', along in August of the next year, we was a [illegible] just as the sun [illegible] turned the boat [illegible] swung inter sight [illegible] white skiff creep [illegible] opposite Joe's an' [illegible] sight. It was a queer [illegible] parts, an' didn't look [illegible] too. I could tell by the [illegible] jump, though he didn't [illegible] stopped at the landin' [illegible] the house. He was gone [illegible] I noticed when he come [illegible] pale an' she didn't come [illegible] him, as she always [illegible] an' kinder rattled [illegible] sleep. As we come [illegible] kept gettin' worse an' [illegible] 's though he couldn't wait [illegible] soon as we got to shore he [illegible] gang plank an' run up to [illegible] door was locked. He [illegible] rushed in. 'In a minute [illegible] an' fell up agen the [illegible] though he was drunk. [illegible] went in agen, an' when [illegible] the body of his big black [illegible] pettin' an' nursin' it like [illegible] goin' about as though he [illegible] then he crep' back to [illegible] didn't see him agen until [illegible] round. 'Cept that he [illegible] an' his lips was drawn [illegible] have known that anything [illegible]

"Well, Joe never said [illegible] what had happened, an' [illegible] usual, though the story [illegible] wife had run away an' left [illegible] to me closer than ever, an' [illegible] closed he didn't go away, [illegible] in St. Louis.

"When the season opened [illegible] Joe went back to the wheel [illegible] I noticed that Joe'd never [illegible] on watch if he could help [illegible] did he'd always call a cub [illegible] an' run down to get a bite [illegible] such times no one ever [illegible] could ever hear of.

"That season passed an' the [illegible] staid with me winters. No [illegible] to the little house on the island [illegible] growed up around it, an' the [illegible] chimneys down; but Joe [illegible] the time he was gettin' [illegible] moody so's for days he [illegible] anyone but me, an' often [illegible] the hand an' look inter my [illegible] that would make me cry, [illegible] I was.

"One night, three years after [illegible] the house that day, an' a [illegible] ugly as this, I was a-holdin' [illegible] as we swung into the [illegible] island, an' Joe was a-[illegible] lookin' out on the water. [illegible] him go down below as he [illegible] he didn't. 'Stead of the [illegible] side of the pil't house an' [illegible] All of a sudden, when we [illegible] point where the house stood [illegible] the door, down the texas [illegible] deck, right on to the stern [illegible] at him, speechless, an' [illegible] water. I yelled as loud [illegible] stopped the boat in a jiffy [illegible] the yawls an' hunted till [illegible] only got his hat; seemed [illegible] gone to the bottom like a [illegible]

"That nearly laid me [illegible] look on Joe as part of my [illegible] though part of my life was [illegible] few papers ther was in [illegible] what kind of a man Joe [illegible] the notices, an' offered a [illegible] body, meanin' to bury it [illegible] ther was, no matter what [illegible] body never was found.

"I think it was fully a [illegible] that the next thing happened [illegible] in' down one night right [illegible] thinkin' of poor Old Joe, when [illegible] den I heard a hail from the [illegible] it's nothin' strange for [illegible] steamboats, an' I wouldn't [illegible] but there was something [illegible] voice that I stopped to [illegible] hair rose right up all over [illegible] sweat run down my back. [illegible] Joe's voice, an' he was callin' [illegible]

"I don't believe none in [illegible] be fooled by that kinder [illegible] was badly rattled as I [illegible] dow an' listened to that voice.

"There was only one thing [illegible] see what that voice meant [illegible] deck-load of ghosts on that [illegible] hand shook a good deal, I [illegible] fer the first time in my life [illegible] soundin's, but I got the old [illegible] somehow or other. They let [illegible] down an' waited. Pretty [illegible] crep' out of the shadders of the [illegible] tered slowly up the plank. [illegible] bent an' worn, but the minute [illegible] fell on it I knowed it was Ole [illegible]

"I took him to my room [illegible] light up. He was worn to [illegible] cheeks was hollow an' white [illegible] eyes was bloodshot an' burnin' [illegible] was gray as a badger. But [illegible]

"I got him to bed, an' [illegible] my bunk in a kinder stupor [illegible] every minute I could get [illegible] Finally he got so's he could [illegible] then he'd come up and sit [illegible] watch the river an' talk about [illegible] never a word about where he'd [illegible] he'd gone like that or about [illegible] tery. Toward the end of the [illegible] so's he could stand watch [illegible] lor. He was still thin an' [illegible] strength was comin' back [illegible] look like himself. On the last [illegible] Joe an' me was the only pil't [illegible] We got through to St. Paul [illegible] started back. It was the [illegible] My watch ended at 6 o'clock [illegible] the island at 'bout half-past [illegible] on agen. I was tired, an' [illegible] an' went to sleep as soon as I [illegible]

"The next thing I knew [illegible] was a-poundin' on my door [illegible] yellin', 'Mr. West! Mr. West [illegible] sake wake up; there's some[illegible] in the pil't house.' I made [illegible] landed at the wheel. The [illegible] there. The boat was a-runnin' [illegible] middle of the river headed [illegible] towhead that in three minutes [illegible] 'a' knocked her inter toothpicks [illegible] that wheel around like a [illegible] was safe in the channel agen [illegible] mile below the island. [illegible] I called up the watch an' [illegible] boat. I ordered out the yawls [illegible] sried the river. We laid up [illegible] scoured the island. There [illegible] him.

"Mindin' the way he'd [illegible] afore, I still hoped for the [illegible] on. Three days after that [illegible] found at Lansing.

"I buried it on the point [illegible] just below the house, an' put [illegible] stone over it. It's there yet [illegible]

There was a long pause [illegible] the slow tap, tap, tap of the [illegible] away at the stern and the [illegible] chorus in the woods. The old [illegible] still, with his head between [illegible] his elbows on his knees, puffing [illegible] pipe. But the pipe had gone out [illegible]

"No one ever knowed [illegible] he went on at last, 'till [illegible] I was a sittin' in the old [illegible] St. Louis, one day, when I [illegible] ole copy of a New York [illegible] read. I read there an article [illegible] thing that happened last [illegible] in Canady called Vandreuil [illegible] It told how a man named [illegible] who had been reported dead [illegible] appeared at the house of his [illegible] married agen. High [illegible] comin' from that house [illegible] band an' this yere man [illegible] together. The next day [illegible] band was found in a [illegible] with the ground all [illegible] the woman took poison an' [illegible] an' the man Pierre [illegible] description the article [illegible] Pierre, I knowed it [illegible] Joe."—[Copyrighted. [illegible]

In most cases the [illegible] beer ends disastrously [illegible] out, the [illegible] place to [illegible]

A BRAKE TO STOP SHI

How Collisions May be Averted—Invent of a Brooklyn Shipbuilder.

Undoubted Success of a Wonderful Device fo stantly Stopping Vessels when Under Full Headway.

For several months past, says the *Scien* *American*, there has been in daily practical eration in New York harbor a remarkable vention, in fact, we may say, one of the great inventions of modern times, whether regar from its humanitarian or its commercial asp An invention destined to have an immediate versal adoption, giving a new impulse to c merce, adding new elements of safety to navi tion, putting an end, to a very large extent those appalling sacrifices of life and prop upon the water which from the earliest ti have distressed mankind, to remedy which most strenuous efforts of the ablest invent and engineers have, until now, been exerte rain.

The invention to which we allude is the M adamsfins, invented by John McAdams, Brooklyn, N. Y., a device whereby vessels un full headway may be stopped almost instan independent of their motive power. It acts more quickly and effectively to stop the ve than does the most powerful air brake act u the railway train. Within the past hund years sailing ships have been vastly improve size and rigging. Since the art of steam n gation, has been discovered magnificent powerful vessels, such as the world n dreamed of, have been produced; life b have been devised, lights and signals impro compartments arranged, human ingenuity been applied in all possible directions with object of preventing disaster and of saving But the hard fact remains that until this pre day all these efforts, all these expenditures been fruitless in respect to the discovery of cient means for averting the greatest of ma disasters, namely, collisions.

WHEN COLLISION IS IMMINENT

Whether between vessels on the smooth wa of rivers or lakes, or on the open sea, in c weather or in fogs, against icebergs, sands, rocks, in nine cases out of ten the dange foreseen by those on board for a short ti generally for several minutes, for a few sec at the least. What a blessed thing it woul if every vessel were furnished with a de whereby it could be instantly stopped when ing at full speed, or say within a space dozen seconds of time! Such a device woul of unspeakable value in preventing disaster, would wrest from the sea some of its grea terrors.

The invention consists of a pair of fin broad rudders, attached one on each side of vessel, near the stern. By the pull of a trig or lever, or by the touch of a button, from pilot in the pilot house or the lookout ma the bow or other convenient place, the fins instantly thrown open, the water piles aga them with tremendous force, and the progr of the vessel is almost instantly arrested w the engines are still working.

The *American* then prints in full an offi report lately made at the instance of Commod Chandler of the Brooklyn navy-yard, giving p ticulars of tests made by a board of engine on board the steamer Florence, which is fi up with the fins. The following extracts fr this report will be sufficient for THE OREG IAN's readers:

THE BRAKE IN QUESTION

Is attached to the steamer Florence, a si wheel steamer, 127 feet in length, 21 fee inches beam, 6 feet 6 inches draught at st and 171 tons measurement; she has a speed from ten to twelve miles per hour. The br consists of two plates of iron, 8 feet 6 inches 8 feet 6 inches by 5-16 of an inch. At the ward end of each of these plates are attac chains which pass inboard through dead-eyes serted in the planking of the vessel, upwar a water-tight channelway. These four cha are united in one, which is connected with a running through a cylinder connecting twe three spiral car springs, 8 inches long b inches diameter, placed end on end, each re forced by a smaller spiral spring in its cen These springs act as a cushion, and receive portion of the pressure which is transmitted the chains. Attached to the main chain, bef its connection with the spring rod, is anot chain leading to a windlass, by means of wh the brake is drawn in and secured closely to sides of the vessel. A spring is fitted betw the side of the vessel and the plates to start latter when required. A hinged pawl holds plates in place when closed, and can be trip by means of a wire passing from it to the pi house.

The operation is as follows: The pawl be tripped by means of the bell wire, the windl relieves the chain, and the spring, acting u the inside of the brake, forces it slightly o board, permitting water to enter between sides of the vessel and the brake. The press of this water, produced by the velocity of vessel, forces the break open, when it is che ed by the four chains attached to its outbo edges, and the force of the blow is cushioned the spiral springs at the end of the chain. strong pressure of the water forward of acting upon the 110 square feet of immer brake immediately checks the speed of the sel and quickly stops her.

EXPERIMENTING WITH THE BRAKE.

The board found that it was tripped and op ated with the greatest facility and safety, jar being very slight, as the force was cu ioned and gradually communicated to the sel through the springs.

When the engine was stopped at the mom of tripping the vessel stopped in twenty-t seconds, and inside of her length. When engine was backed and the brake sprung at same moment the vessel was stopped and mo in the opposite direction in twelve seconds in a space of about thirty-five feet. When brake was sprung, with the engine still go ahead as rapidly as possible, the speed of vessel through the water was immediately rested, and her motion was so slow that serious damage could have been effected the boat collided with another.

Operating one wing of the brake was an to the rudder, the vessel was turned to a cir of about 150 yards diameter, and changed course ninety degrees in fifty seconds, makin complete circle in three minutes and forty-se seconds; whereas, without the brake and w the rudder alone, the circle was about 250 ya diameter—ninety degrees change of course tained in forty-two seconds, and the comp circle in three minutes and twenty-seven onds. The velocity of the vessel in the form case was greatly retarded by the brake.

AS A MEANS OF PREVENTING ACCIDENTS

When a vessel having this brake is in dange colliding with another, it is unquestionab success, and if properly fitted, cared for kept in order, can be thoroughly relied on work satisfactorily.

The board of naval examiners having ad to their report the opinion that the fins co not be advantageously used upon naval vess the *Scientific American* thus comments:

Neither of these examiners, we fancy, wo hesitate, in an action, to pull the lever and his ship to prevent going ashore or to av being rammed; nor would he refrain from st ing with them by opening them slightly al nately as needed, if his rudder became disab or by striking a torpedo, as in Mobile bay, w the Union ironclad Tecumseh and over a h dred lives were lost by running on visible tor does. In the varying emergencies of an acti there are moments when the judicious us the invention would be of supreme importa perhaps decisive of the battle. We think a vessel should have at least as many advanta as other vessels.

We have had the opportunity of witness several trials of the invention on board the F ence. Our observations fully confirm, and, deed, have given us results even more favora than those set forth in the above report. crushing power or principal momentum of boat seems to be overcome in about ten seco after the trigger is pulled, and within a dista of about twenty feet; or in other words, stops in less distance than she travels in one s ond. We also understand that a 1400-ton ste er has been just as successfully stopped.

AN IDEA OF THE VAST IMPORTANCE

Of this invention may be formed by consider some of the published statistics. According the London *Times*, the record of collisions wrecks for the five years ending 1881 numbe 8865, and the number of lives lost was 19, Doubtless the majority of these disasters wo have been prevented had the vessel been prov ed with the Macadamfins. It seems almost tain that such disasters as the sinking of the agon, or that of the colliding of the Gijon Laxham last year, by which 200 lives were l or the collision of the Cimbria and the Sul 300 lives lost, could not occur where this invention is employed. The success of the M adamsfins is an immense gain for humanity. our opinion there is no honor too high, no ward too great, for bestowal upon its wor inventor. It has only been by the exercis the greatest perseverance, and the expendit of large sums of money, by himself and his so ear, we was a-bowlin' down through … ust as the sun was goin' down. Just … urned the bend above Joe's house … wung inter sight, I saw the stern of a … hite skiff creep round the end of … pposite Joe's and slip inter a slough … ght. It was a queer thing to see in … arts, an' didn't look right. Joe saw … o. I could tell by the way he gave a … ump, though he didn't say anything. We … opped at the landin', an' Joe went up to … e house. He was gone longer'n usual, … noticed when he come out he was very … ale an' she didn't come to the door … im, as she always uster. He was nervous … n' kinder rattled after that, an' couldn't … eep. As we come back up the river … ept gettin' worse an' worse, an' it seemed … though he couldn't wait to get home. … on as we got to shore he jumped off the … ng plank an' run up to the house. The … oor was locked. He kicked it open an' … shed in. In a minute he staggered out … ' fell up agen the side of the house as … ough he was drunk. After awhile he … ent in agen, an' when he come out he had … e body of his big black dog in his arms, … ttin' an' nursin' it like it was a baby, … in' about as though he was dazed. An' … en he crep' back to his room an' we … dn't see him agen until his watch come … und. 'Cept that he was so very white … ' his lips was drawn so tight you'd never … ve known that anything was the matter.

"Well, Joe never said anythin' about … hat had happened, an' kep' to his post … ual, though the story got 'round that his … ife had run away an' left him. He stuck … me closer than ever, an' when the season … osed he didn't go away, but stayed with me … St. Louis.

"When the season opened agen me an' … e went back to the wheel as before. But … noticed that Joe'd never pass his island … watch if he could help it, an' when he … d he'd always call a cub to take the wheel … ' run down to get a bite to eat, though … ch times no one ever seen him that I … uld ever hear of.

"That season passed an' the next, an' Joe … id with me winters. Nobody ever came … the little house on the island. The weeds … owed up around it, an' the wind blew the … imneys down, but Joe never saw it. All … e time he was gettin' more an' more … body so's for days he wouldn't speak to … yone but me, an' often he'd take me by … e hand an' look inter my eyes in a way … at would make me cry, tough as I thought I … vas.

"One night, three years after he went to … e house that day, an' a night as dark as … ly as this, I was a-holdin' the wheel as … we swung into the stretch above the … nd, an' Joe was a-standin' by my side … kin' out on the water. I looked to see … n go down below as he always uster, but … didn't. 'Stead of that he walked to the … e of the pil't house an' stood lookin' out. … of a sudden, when we could see the … nt where the house stood, he walked out … e door, down the texas to the hurricane … k, right on to the stern, with me lookin' … him, speechless, an' jumped into the … ter. I yelled as loud as I could, an' … pped the boat in a giffy. We got out … e yawls an' hunted till daylight, but we … y got his hat; seemed as though he'd … ne to the bottom like a stone."

"That nearly laid me out. I'd got to … k on Joe as part of myself. Seemed as … ugh part of my life was gone. I got the … papers ther was in them days to print … at kind of a man Joe was, an' several … notices, an' offered a reward for his … y, meanin' to burry it in the best style … r was, no matter what it cost. But his … y never was found.

"I think it was fully a year after that … t the next thing happened. I was a-comin' … down one night right past the island, an' … kin' of poor Old Joe, when all of a sudden … I heard a hail from that point. Now … nothin' strange for people to yell at … mboats, an' I wouldn't 'a' noticed it … there was something so horrible in the … e that I stopped to listen. Then my … rose right up all over me an' the cold … at run down my back, for it was Joe … 's voice, an' he was callin' me.

"I don't believe none in ghosts. I can't … fooled by that kinder talk, but I 'low … badly rattled as I leaned out the window … an' listened to that voice.

"There was only one thing to do. I must … what that voice meant if there was a … k-load of ghosts on that island. My … d shook a good deal, I own up to it, an' … the first time in my life I forgot my … ndin's, but I got the old boat to shore … ehow or other. They let the gang plank … n an' waited. Perty soon somethin' … ' out of the shadders of the trees an' … d slowly up the plank. It was thin an' … an' worn, but the minute the torchlight … on it I knowed it was Ole Joe.

"I took him to my room an' turned him … t up. He was worn to the bone, his … eks was hollow an' white like wax, his … was bloodshot an' burnin', an' his hair … gray as a badger. But it was Joe. … I got him to bed, an' for days he lay in … bunk in a kinder stupor, I attendin' him … y minute I could get from the wheel. … ally he got so's he could walk a little an' … he'd come up and sit with me an' … ch the river an' talk about ole times, but … r a word about where he'd been or what … gone like that or about the whole mystery. … Toward the end of that season he got … he could stand watch and went on regular. … He was still thin an' haggard, but his … ngth was comin' back an' he begun to … like himself. On the last trip that year … an' me was the only pil'ts on board. … got through to St. Paul all right an' … ed back. It was the first night on. … watch ended at 6 o'clock. We'd passed … island at 'bout half-past 12, when I'd … ven. I was tired, an' cold, an' drowsy, … went to sleep as soon as I turned in. … The next thing I knew the texas tender … a-poundin' on my door like mad an' … n', 'Mr. West! Mr. West! For God's … wake up; there's something the matter … e pil't house.' I made two jumps an' … ed at the wheel. There was no one … . The boat was a rushing down the … lle of the river headed straight for the … ead that in three minutes more would … nocked her inter tooth-picks. I spun … wheel around like a buzz-saw until she … afe in the channel agen. She was … below the island. Where was Joe? … led up the watch an' we hunted the … I ordered out the yawls an' we scoured … the river. We laid up all night an' … ed the island. There wasn't a sign of …

… indin' the way he'd given us the slip … I still hoped for the best, an' we waited. … Three days after that his body was … at Lansing. … buried it on the point of the island … elow the house, an' put a big white … over it. It's there yet."

… re was a long pause, broken only by … w tap, tap, tap of the vessel's wheel … at the stern and the melancholy … s in the woods. The old man sat very … with his head between his hands and … ows on his knees, puffing hard at his …

But the pipe had gone out.

… o one ever knowed where Joe went," … nt on at last, "till late that winter … n sittin' in the ole planter's house in … uis, one day, where I picked up an … py of a New York paper, an' began to … I read there an article 'bout a strange … that happened in a little French town … ady called Vaudrenie, near Montreal. … how a man named Pierre Bourreau … ad been reported dead, had suddenly … red at the house of his wife, who had … ed agen. High words was heard … ' from that house, and then the house … an' this yere man Pierre had gone … er. The next day, it is said, the … was found in a field, choked to death … the ground all tore up round him … oman took poison an' killed herself … e man Pierre was gone. From the … ption the article give of this man … I knowed in a minute it was Ole …

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… ost cases the effort to boycott a … ds disastrously to the boycotters, … "fidelity to our order" gradually … fidelity to bear.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A BRAKE TO STOP SHIPS.

How Collisions May be Averted—Invention of a Brooklyn Shipbuilder.

Detailed Account of a Wonderful Device for Instantly Stopping Vessels when Under Full Headway.

For several months past, says the *Scientific American*, there has been in daily practical operation, in New York harbor a remarkable invention, in fact, we may say, one of the greatest inventions of modern times, whether regarded from the humanitarian or its commercial aspect. An invention destined to have an immediate universal adoption, giving a new impulse to commerce, adding new elements of safety to navigation, and putting an end, to a very large extent, to the appalling sacrifices of life and property upon the water which from the earliest times have harassed mankind, to remedy which the best and strenuous efforts of the ablest inventors of all ages have, until now, been exerted in vain.

The invention to which we allude is the Macadamfins, invented by John McAdams, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a device whereby vessels under full headway may be stopped almost instantly, independent of their motive power. It acts far more quickly and effectively to stop the vessel than does the most powerful air brake act upon the railway train. Within the past hundred years sailing ships have been vastly improved in size and rigging. Since the art of steam navigation began, magnificent and powerful vessels, such as the world never dreamed of, have been produced; life boats have been devised, lights and signals improved, water-tight compartments arranged, human ingenuity has been applied in all possible directions with the one object of preventing disaster and of saving life. But the hard fact remains that until this present time all these efforts, all these expenditures have been fruitless in respect to the discovery of efficient means for averting the greatest of marine disasters, namely, collisions.

WHEN COLLISION IS IMMINENT

whether between vessels on the smooth waters of rivers or lakes, or on the open sea, in clear weather or in fogs, against icebergs, sands, or rocks, in nine cases out of ten the danger is visible to those on board for a short time, sometimes for several minutes, for a few seconds certainly. What a blessed thing it would be if every vessel were furnished with a device whereby it could be instantly stopped when going at full speed, or say within a space of a few seconds of time! Such a device would be of incomputable value in preventing disaster, and would wrest from the sea some of its greatest horrors.

The invention consists of a pair of fins or broad rudders, attached one on each side of the vessel near the stern. By the pull of a trigger or lever, or by the touch of a button, from the deck, the pilot house or the lookout man at his post or other convenient place, the fins are instantly thrown open, the water piles against them with tremendous force, and the progress of the vessel is almost instantly arrested while the engines are still working.

The *American* then prints in full an official report made at the instance of Commodore … of the Brooklyn navy-yard, giving particulars of tests made by a board of engineers on board the steamer Florence, which is fitted up with the fins. The following extracts from the report will be sufficient for THE OREGONIAN's readers:

THE BRAKE IN QUESTION

is attached to the steamer Florence, a side-wheel steamer, 137 feet in length, 21 feet 6 inches beam, 6 feet 6 inches draught at stern, and 277 tons measurement; she has a speed of from ten to twelve miles per hour. The brake consists of two plates of iron, 8 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 9 inches by 5-16 of an inch. At the forward end of each of these plates are attached chains which pass inboard through dead-eyes inserted in the planking of the vessel, upward in a water-tight chamberway. These four chains are united in one, which is connected with a rod running through a cylinder connecting twenty-three spiral car springs, 8 inches long by 6 inches diameter, placed end on end, each reinforced by a smaller spiral spring in its center. These springs act as a cushion, and receive that portion of the pressure which is transmitted to the chains. Attached to the main chain, before its connection with the spring rod, is another chain leading to a windlass, by means of which the brake is drawn in and secured closely to the sides of the vessel. A spring is fitted between the side of the vessel and the plates to start the latter when required. A hinged pawl holds the brake in place when closed, and can be tripped by means of a wire passing from it to the pilot-house.

The operation is as follows: The pawl being tripped by means of the bell wire, the windlass releases the chain, and the spring, acting upon the inside of the brake, forces it slightly outboard, permitting water to enter between the side of the vessel and the brake. The pressure of the water, produced by the velocity of the vessel, forces the brake open, when it is checked by the four chains, attached to its outboard ends, and the force of the blow is cushioned by the spiral springs at the end of the chain. The strong pressure of the water forward of and acting upon the 110 square feet of immersed brake immediately checks the speed of the vessel and quickly stops her.

EXPERIMENTING WITH THE BRAKE.

The board found that it was tripped and operated with the greatest facility and safety, the jar being very slight, as the force was cushioned and gradually communicated to the vessel through the springs.

When the engines were stopped at the moment of tripping the vessel stopped in twenty-two seconds, and in … of her length. When the engine was backed and the brake sprung at the same moment the vessel was stopped and moved in the opposite direction in twelve seconds and in a space of about thirty-five feet. When the brake was sprung, with the engine still going ahead as rapidly as possible, the speed of the vessel through the water was immediately arrested, and her motion was so slow that no serious damage could have been effected had the vessel collided with another.

Operating one wing of the brake was an aid to the rudder, the vessel was turned to a circle of about 150 yards' diameter, and changed her course ninety degrees in fifty seconds, making a complete circle in three minutes and forty-seven seconds; whereas, without the brake and with the rudder alone, the circle was about 250 yards diameter—ninety degrees change of course obtained in forty-two seconds, and the complete circle in three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The velocity of the vessel in the former case was greatly retarded by the brake.

AS A MEANS OF PREVENTING ACCIDENTS

When a vessel having this brake is in danger of colliding with another, it is unquestionably a success, and if properly fitted, cared for and kept in order, can be thoroughly relied on to work satisfactorily.

The board of naval examiners having added in their report the opinion that the fins could not be advantageously used upon naval vessels, the *Scientific American* thus comments:

Neither of these examiners, we fancy, would hesitate, in an action, to pull the lever and stop his ship to prevent going ashore or to avoid being rammed; nor would he refrain from steering with them by opening them slightly alternately as needed, if his rudder became disabled, or by striking a torpedo, as in Mobile bay, when the Union ironclad Tecumseh and over a hundred lives were lost by running on visible torpedoes. In the varying emergencies of an action, there are moments when the judicious use of this invention would be of supreme importance, perhaps decisive of the battle. We think a war vessel should have at least as many advantages as other vessels.

We have had the opportunity of witnessing several trials of the invention on board the Florence. Our observations fully confirm, and, indeed, have given us results even more favorable than those set forth in the above report. The crushing power or principal momentum of the boat seems to be overcome in about ten seconds after the trigger is pulled, and within a distance of about twenty feet; or in other words, she stops in less distance than she travels in one second. We also understand that a 1400-ton steamer has been just as successfully stopped.

AN IDEA OF THE VAST IMPORTANCE

of this invention may be formed by considering some of the published statistics. According to the London *Times*, the record of collisions and wrecks for the five years ending 1881 numbered 765, and the number of lives lost was 19,034. Doubtless the majority of these disasters would have been prevented had the vessel been provided with the Macadamfins. It seems almost certain that such disasters as the sinking of the Oregon, or that of the colliding of the Gijon and Laxham last year, by which 200 lives were lost, or the collision of the Cimbria and the Sultan, 300 lives lost, could not occur where this little invention is employed. The success of the Macadamfins is an immense gain for humanity. In our opinion there is no honor too high, no reward too great, for bestowal upon its worthy inventor. It has only been by the exercise of the greatest perseverance, and the expenditure of large sums of money, by himself and his sons, that he has at last succeeded in perfecting it. The value of the service he has rendered to his fellow men in developing this improvement is incalculable.

This invention should have the immediate attention of our government and every maritime nation. It is one of those great humane inventions that should, if possible, be made free by government purchase if required. At a comparatively small expenditure, every steamer, every craft that floats, can be fitted with the Macadamefins; and laws will doubtless be duly passed requiring its adoption. Applied to large vessels its operation will be even more certain and effective than on small boats, for the deeper the ship the more powerful will be the action of the fins.

EVERYDAY BILLS OF FARE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

BREAKFAST.

Arrowroot Porridge.
Broiled Chickens (deviled).
Egg Biscuits.
Potatoes a la Parisenne.
Fruit. Tea. Coffee.

ARROWROOT PORRIDGE.—One quart of milk, the richer the better; a large cupful of cold water, six full teaspoonsful of arrowroot, half teaspoonful of salt. Scald the milk, wet the arrowroot to a smooth paste with the water, gradually; take the hot milk from the fire and pour it, a few teaspoonsful at a time, at first, slowly afterward, on the arrowroot paste; salt, and returning it to the fire (of course in a farina kettle), stir it five minutes after the water in the outer vessel boils. You can eat it hot with sugar and cream, or pour into cups to form, and when cold set on the ice until next morning. Turn out and eat with cream and sugar.

BROILED CHICKENS (DEVILED).—Clean, split down the back and broil over a clear fire in the usual way until they are done and begin to brown. Lay in a dripping pan and rub all over with a sauce made by whipping light a teaspoonful of butter with half a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of vinegar and a pinch of cayenne. Sift fine crumbs over all and set on the upper grating of a hot oven to brown. Transfer to a hot chafing dish; lay a little of the sauce on each leg and breast and serve.

EGG BISCUITS.—One quart of prepared flour, a tablespoonful of lard and twice as much butter, a teaspoonful of salt, two cups of milk, the yolks of two eggs, beaten light. Salt the flour and sift it twice in a bowl, rub in the shortening thoroughly and lightly; mix yolks and milk together, pour into a hole in the flour, work into paste with as little handling as possible; roll into a sheet half an inch thick; cut into round cakes and bake in a floured pan. Eat hot.

POTATOES A LA PARISIENNE.—Cut into small, round marbles with a potato gouge and throw into ice cold water; leave them there for half an hour; dry them well between two clean towels and drop into a kettle of boiling lard, slightly salted and peppered. Cook—not too fast—to a yellow brown; drain and serve in a dish lined with a hot napkin.

LUNCHEON.

Ham Rarebit.
Corn Fritters.
Bread, Butter and Olives.
Radishes.
Pink and White Cake.
Lemonade.

HAM RAREBIT.—One cupful of minced corned ham, one cupful of dry, grated cheese, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, cayenne to taste, slices of toasted bread, buttered. Beat the eggs light, mix meat and cheese, stir the eggs into the milk and put all together in a bowl; work to a batter, spread thickly on crustless slices of buttered toast, brown quickly on the upper grating of the oven and send at once to table.

CORN FRITTERS.—Cut the corn from the cob and mince with a keen chopper, bruising as little as may be; allow two eggs to a heaping cupful of the minced grains, a half cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of prepared flour, a saltspoonful of salt and a teacupful of melted butter. Beat the eggs light, add the milk, butter, salt, finally the flour. Bake on a griddle and send in very hot.

PINK AND WHITE CAKE.—Three cups of prepared flour, two cups of sugar, whites of five eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of powdered cochineal, one teaspoonful of rose water and the same of essence of bitter almond; cream, butter and sugar. Add the milk and stir in alternately the frothed whites and the flour, beating up lightly. Halve the batter and mix with one portion the powdered cochineal dissolved in a tablespoonful of cold water and a tablespoonful of rose water, then strain through double muslin; to the other add the bitter almond flavoring. Put alternate spoonfuls of pink and white batter into a buttered cake mold and bake in a steady oven. If judiciously mixed the cake will be prettily mottled.

DINNER.

Baked Soup.
Oysters au Gratin.
Stewed Pigeons.
String Beans au Maitre d'Hotel.
Scallop of Corn and Tomatoes.
Apple Meringue.
Peaches. Pears.
Coffee.

BAKED SOUP.—Two pounds of lean beef chopped small, half a pound of corned ham also minced, one onion, one carrot, a quarter cabbage, a pint of string beans, and the same of corn cut from the cob; six large tomatoes sliced, one turnip, four potatoes (par boiled), a tablespoonful of minced parsley, one tart apple pared and quartered, four quarts of cold water, heaping teaspoonful of salt and half as much pepper, one teaspoonful of sugar. Peel and cut the vegetables small; pack them alternately with the meat in a stone jar; season, cover with the water; fit a top on the jar and cover the cracks around the edges with a paste of flour and water; set in a deep pan of cold water, put into the oven and cook steadily for six hours; as the water in the pan boils down, replenish from the boiling tea kettle. A good family soup; serve without straining.

OYSTERS AU GRATIN.—One quart of oysters, one cupful of thick drawn butter, in which, after it is taken from the fire, have been mixed two beaten eggs and a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, bread-crumbs, pepper and salt. Drain the oysters, lay them on a soft cloth, and spreading another over them, pat it gently to absorb all the moisture; on a layer of these, arranged in a bake dish, salted and peppered, put one of drawn butter, more oysters, more drawn butter, etc., until the materials are used up; cover with fine crumbs, drop bits of butter on top and bake, covered, half an hour, then brown.

STEWED PIGEONS.—Draw and wash the pigeons and lay them whole in a broad pot; scatter a little minced onion, pepper, salt and chopped parsley on them and cover barely with a weak broth or soup stock; cover closely and simmer, never boiling hard, until tender; take out the birds and keep hot, while you strain the gravy; skim off the fat, return to the fire and boil up sharply; thicken with browned flour, put in a dozen chopped mushrooms, cook five minutes, add a glass of sherry and pour over the pigeons.

STRING BEANS AU MAITRE D'HOTEL.—String with care; cut into inch lengths and cook tender in plenty of boiling water slightly salted; drain dry; have ready in a frying pan a tablespoonful of butter, salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of vinegar, hot but not boiling; stir in the beans, tossing lightly with a silver fork, and serve hot.

SCALLOP OF CORN AND TOMATOES.—Shave the corn from the cob and pack in alternate layers with tomatoes peeled and sliced in a bake dish; sprinkle each stratum with butter, pepper, salt, a little sugar and a few bits of minced onion, and, if you like, some shreds of fat salt pork; cover with fine crumbs, peppered and salted, with bits of butter here and there; bake covered until the surface is bubbling hot, then brown lightly.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Two cups of strained apple sauce, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar for the sauce, one for the meringue; one tablespoonful of butter, stirred in the sauce while hot; some good pie crust; grated lemon peel for seasoning; beat four yolks and two whites light with the sugar and whip with the sauce; have ready a plate lined with nice crust, baked; fill with the mixture; spread with a meringue made of the remaining whites and sugar; brown lightly and quickly in a hot oven; eat cold.

Every Age for Itself.

Bro. Gardner in Detroit Free Press.

A note has been left on my desk axin' me why de present aige has not produced a Cicero, Diogenes or Milton. I answer to de effeck dat each aige has produced of itself an' fur itself.

Diogenes was looked upon as a wise man in his day an' aige. Put him an' his tub on airth to-day, an' it wouldn't be twenty-four hours befo' he'd be jerked to de jug fur a crank, an' de law would fo'ce him to cut his ha'r, dig out his finger nails an' put on a clean shirt.

Cicero was applauded by thousan's fur his masterly oratory. At dat aige de gift of gab was a rare thing. In dis aige you kin attend a five-dollar lawsuit befo' any justice of de peace an' find a match for Cicero in a three-dollar lawyer. If he could drop down among us, he'd find it hard work to get a resolushun fur a new sidewalk frew de city council.

Shakespeare was a bigbug fur de aige in which he lived. He was probably de only person on airth who could have writ' his writings, an' he deserved all praise. If he was among us to-day he'd find ebery newspaper givin' him de guy, an' all de boys yellin' out "chestnut!" as his works appeared in Seaside form. Dis aige demands a different style. We want sunthin' 'bout agents comin' down an' takin' leetle chill'en straight up to heaben, or a feller gwine out to Texas an' killin' half a dozen Injuns a day fur a vacashun.

CHURCHES AND CHURCHMEN.

A Psalm in Sadness that is in Accord with True Hearts.

The Sunday-School Lesson for the Day—East Portland Churches and Sunday-School Items —General Notes.

As the heart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.—Psalms xlii: 1-2.

The sweetest music in the world is the music of undertones. The clash of the cymbals and the beating of the drum may serve us well enough in the hour of victory and on festival days. But life's festival days are so few and our victories are fewer still. Songs of exultation sometimes suit our mood, but plaintive strains and sacred undertones are most in harmony with a life that runs deeply, tenderly and true. Here is a psalm in sadness, a psalm sung 3000 years ago, that awakens sympathetic chords in all true hearts to-day. The man who sung this psalm had drunk many a bitter cup of sadness and knew much better than most men how exceedingly sorrowful life could be. The dearest friend he ever had lay dead upon the fields of Gilboa; and those who professed to be his friends smiled the sweetest when their treachery was the deepest. Darkness was on the home, the throne and in the heart of David. His was no common sorrow. It was not a mere ruffle on the stream of life that awoke the pathos of this psalm. The king's life was lashed to storm and tempest; as he says, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts; all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me." The current of our lives has often been disturbed, but we have not often known such sorrows as these impressive words indicate. We have often shed bitter tears, but very few of us could say as David said: "My tears have been my meat day and night." Sorrow comes to all; great souls must have great sorrows. The order of the noblest life is not through sunny fields and along paths strewed with flowers.

"Through the mist and through the mirkness
Through the darkness and the dale,
Travels the great human soul."

There is no ministry so gracious as the ministry of sorrow, for the ministry of sorrow is not to lead men to darkness and despair, but through darkness to the clearer light and the larger hope. The sorrows of David's life led him to God, the only hope and comfort of the sorrowful. As one by one the pleasant fountains dried up, David became athirst, athirst for the enduring good, athirst for God, for the living God. As the weary, thirsting hart, spent with long, swift running in the chase, pants for the cooling brooks, so David could sing:

"As pants the hart for cooling brooks,
When heated by the chase,
So pants my heart for thee, O God,
And thy refreshing grace."

What we most of all want is God. The joys, the pleasures, the pursuits, that lead us away from him are curses, not blessings. Whatever fills the soul with such satisfaction that we are led to forget God, is not a gain but a disaster. On the other hand, whatever comes to us to teach us that God alone can satisfy the soul he has created is an unmixed benediction. It is good to be as friendless as David was, if by that means we are led nearer to David's God. It is good that life should be as stormy as David's, if through the angry tempest and the weltering storm we are brought nearer to him who "sitteth upon the floods" and who is the refuge of all who put their trust in him. It is good for us that we shed many bitter tears, if by those tears our eyes are purged to see more clearly the king in his beauty and the city that is afar off. This thirsting after God that takes the form of a sacred passion is a mood much to be desired. For such thirsting is sure to find fullest satisfaction. It was so with David, it may be so with us. David said, as we can sometimes say, "As with a sword in my bones mine enemies reproach me;" but David could also say, "Yet the Lord will command his loving kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me." The days are happy when God commands his loving kindness to march along in grand procession, and the nights can have little sadness where music of his songs is found.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY.

Monday—

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which, within,
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin.

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart and weapon strong,
In the power of truth assailing
Every form of wrong.
—*J. G. Whittier.*

Tuesday—So for us, the condition and preparation on and by which we are sheltered by that great hand, is the faith that asks and the asking faith. We must forsake the earthly props, but we must also believeingly desire to be upheld by the heavenly arms. We make God responsible for our safety when we abandon other defense and commit ourselves to him.—*Alexander Maclaren.*

Wednesday—

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See, the summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers
Droops into pallid autumn; winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away:
Then melts into the spring; soft spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend,—
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
—*Edward Young.*

Thursday—But the divine love is ever seeking to win our attention by messengers innumerable; now by the appalling storm, again by a summer summer sunset; now by an awful providence, again by a great joy; at times by stern prophets and teachers, but more often by the gentle human agencies of which Annie was the type.—*E. P. Roe.*

Friday—Every young man is now a sower of seed on the field of life. The bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed, whose good or evil fruit will prove bliss or bane of your after life.—*Dr. Wise.*

Saturday—I will confess that the majesty of the scripture strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction; how contemptible are they, compared with the scriptures! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and so sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose name it records should be himself a mere man? —*Anonymous.*

EAST PORTLAND.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL ITEMS.

A meeting of the members of the First Baptist church and congregation of this city was held on Thursday evening to consider the subject of securing the services of a pastor in place of Rev. C. H. Hobart, resigned. It was unanimously voted to extend an invitation to Rev. D. T. Richards of Tama City, Iowa, to supply the pulpit for a period of three months, at the expiration of which time, all things being agreeable a call will be extended to him to become the permanent pastor.

The Right Rev. Bishop Morris will preach at St. David's Episcopal church this evening. Service to commence at 7:30 o'clock.

Rev. Father Bouchard will preach at St. Francis Catholic church in this city this morning at 10:30 o'clock.

There will be interesting Sunday school exercises at Zion Evangelical church, Stephens addition, this evening, commencing at 7:30 o'clock. The exercises will consist of Sunday school songs, readings and declamations, and an address by the pastor, Rev. C. C. Poling. The public are invited to be present.

THE W. C. T. U.

The Women's Christian Temperance union held their regular meeting Thursday evening, the 23d, at their hall, and after the routine of business elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

In spite of the reluctance and repeated refusal of Mrs. K. P. Mendenhall to preside over the union another term, she was enthusiastically elected as president for the third year; Mrs. J. G. Ross, vice-president; Mrs. M. L. Kenworthy, recording secretary; Mrs. Pierce, assistant secretary; Mrs. Newell, recording secretary; Auntie Frush, treasurer; Mrs. Waite, organist; Mrs. Haines, assistant. The following are the superintendents of work: Mrs. Ross, scientific instruction; Mrs. Posson, Sabbath-school work; Miss Dr. Clara Peaslee, superintendent of hygiene; Mrs. Ross, evangelistic work; M. L. Kenworthy, conference with influential bodies; Mrs. Hersha, unfermented wine in churches; superintendent of young women's work; Mrs. R. M. Robb; prison and almshouse work, Auntie Frush and Mrs. Dr. Charlton; fairs and public gatherings, Mrs. C. J. Ward; work among foreigners, Mrs. Pierce; *Union Signal*, Mrs. Long; juvenile work, Mrs. A. A. Kellogg; tobacco habit, Mrs. Stanton; capital and labor, Mrs. Forbes; legislative and petition work, Mrs. Dr. Smith and Rev. Mrs. Crosier; Sabbath desecration, Rev. Mrs. Stiller; flower mission, Mrs. C. Taylor; social purity, Mrs. Charlton. The union voted a sum from its treasury to help send Mrs. Riggs, state president, a delegate to the national union.

A staunch, loyal few have stood by the colors of the union in spite of sneers and animadversions, hoping and trusting that if no other good is accomplished than keeping up a "constant agitation" on this, more than all other momentous questions, they shall not count their labor futile.
M. L. K., Secretary.

L. & P. C. U. ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Ladies' and Pastor's Christian Union of the M. E. church of East Portland held their first meeting since conference on Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 3 o'clock P. M., at the church for the transaction of business. After the reports of the various committees had been read and acted upon, an election of officers for the ensuing year was held, and resulted as follows: President, Mrs. E. Claggett; first vice-president, Mrs. C. J. Ward; second vice-president, Mrs. I. D. Driver; secretary, Mrs. M. K. Kenworthy; assistant secretary, Mrs. Daley; treasurer, Mrs. McClure. The officers of the Union were made a committee for the transaction of business.

To those who do not understand the object and workings of the Union, it may be stated that the city is districted and given to different lady members of the church, who look up all strangers and give them a welcome, learn if any are sick or in indigence, or sad, or homesick, carrying their cases to the pastor for spiritual care, while the sisterhood relieve temporal and social needs. Many strangers who have come "within our gates" bear ample testimony to the good accomplished by this corps of Christian workers.

FROM THE CHURCHES.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Rev. Henry Brown, pastor of the church in Walla Walla, who has been spending a few weeks at Ilwaco on account of ill health, passed through the city on Tuesday on his way home.

Rev. H. Hadley, for years a member of the Rock River conference, and last year and this supplying on the Skamokway circuit, Puget sound conference, was in the city last week with his wife.

Mr. J. D. Harrison, special agent of the Indian Rights association of Philadelphia, who is charged with the investigation of school and farm and religious work on the different reservations on the coast, has been visiting Puget sound and Yakima.

Says the *Astorian:* During the past summer a neat parsonage has been built adjoining the Presbyterian church at Clatsop plains. This church is of historic interest. The First Presbyterian church organization on the Pacific coast of which there is any record, was organized here, some of the members still living. Ten acres of ground were donated by Mr. R. W. Morrison, who still lives, a hale pioneer, on the ground he chose for a house forty years ago. The church divides with a church in the Willamette valley the honor of being the first of the kind on the coast. Rev. J. E. Day is the present pastor, and officiates alternate Sundays at Clatsop and Knappa.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTES.

Father Blanchet contemplates building a church at Ashland.

Catholic *Sentinel:* The Most Rev. Archbishop Gross went to Roseburg on Saturday. His grace was accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McIntyre of Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Fathers Gillis and McDonald, who went overland to California en route for home.

The first negro to be ordained in the Roman Catholic church in American, Augustus Tolken, said his first mass in Rome on Holy Saturday. He was born a slave of Catholic parents in Missouri in 1854, and has spent six years in Rome studying. He is to have charge of a colored congregation in Quincy, Ill.

Rev. Father Casey of St. Peter's church, San Francisco, stopped over in this city last Sunday on his way to Puget sound. The reverend father preached a touching and interesting sermon during the last mass on "The Sorrows of the Blessed Mother of God," Sunday being the Feast of the Seven Dolores. Father Casey returns by way of Portland in about ten days.

CITY PULPITS.

Trinity church, corner of Sixth and Oak streets. Services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school 9:45 A. M.

St. Matthew's Chapel, First and Caruthers streets, regular Sunday services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M.

Scandinavian Lutheran Trinity church, corner Sixth and Alder streets. J. Tackle, pastor. Divine service, 7:30 H. M. No forenoon service.

Advent Christian Mission, 82 Sixth street, between Stark and Oak. Regular services at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7:45 P. M. All are cordially invited.

Hall Street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 82:15 P. M. Concert by the Sunday school at 7:30 P. M. Free seats to all services.

First Congregational church, Rev. T. E. Clapp, pastor—Morning service at 11 o'clock. Bible school at 12:30. Meeting of the Society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 P. M. Evening song service at 7:30.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church—Sermon morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. F. M. Mulleneaux. Sunday school after the morning service. Praise service from 6:30 to 7:30 o'clock P. M.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner of Multnomah and Clay streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. by the Rev. J. H. Thompson of Vancouver. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

South Portland chapel (Unitarian), Porter street, west of First (end of horse-car track). Religious services Sunday evening, Sept. 26th, at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. T. L. Eliot preaching. Sunday school every Sunday at 3 P. M.

Plymouth Congregational church, corner Fourteenth and E streets—Rev. L. Kelsey, will preach Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 P. M. Strangers are welcome.

First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor—There will be no preaching service to-morrow, as the church building is being repaired and painted and the pastor absent. Sabbath school as usual at 12:30 o'clock.

The First Society of Spiritualists will hold meetings at Good Templars' hall, southeast corner Alder and third streets, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. The public are invited. Seats free. The Hofstad brothers, mind readers, will be present and give tests in mind reading.

Y. M. C. A., Corner First and Salmon—Young Men's Bible class, 9:30 to 10:30 A. M. Subject, "Life of Joseph." An address will be delivered at 4 o'clock in the afternoon by E. C. Chapin, Esq. Subject, "Controversy and its Results." All are cordially invited.

United Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and Montgomery streets. Wm. R. Stevenson, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 12:30. The communion services arranged for will be postponed until the third Sabbath in October. The evening service will be omitted.

First German Evangelical church, corner Eighth and Clay—Services Sunday, Sept. 26th at 7 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. A. Schlenk—residence 191 Clay streets. The public are cordially invited to attend these services.

Mariners' church, corner Third and D streets—Bethel services every Sunday evening at 7:30 P. M. Preaching by A. L. Lindsley, pastor of First Presbyterian Church. Prayer meeting every Friday evening at 7:30. All services in charge of W. S. Fletcher. All welcome; free to all.

St. Stephen's Episcopal chapel corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets.—Divine service will be held in the chapel on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, when the Right. Rev. Bishop Morris will officiate, previous to his departure for the general convention at Chicago. Also evening prayer at 4. Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

First Presbyterian church, Washington and Third streets—Services morning and evening at the usual hours. Dr. Lindsley will preach in the morning on "The Positive Relief"—a sermon for honest doubters. Rev. A. H. Seeley, of New York, will preach in the evening. Seats for all strangers. Young men are specially invited.

Grace M. E. church, corner Taylor and Eleventh street, Rev. E. W. Caswell, pastor—Preaching at 11 A. M. by the pastor. At 7:30 P. M. a church extension service will be held. Music by the chorus choir. Addresses by the pastor and others. Sunday school at 12:15 P. M.; prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30; seats free; ushers in attendance.

German Methodist Episcopal church, corner North Eighth and D streets. Rev. F. Bonn, pastor. Preaching in German at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. After the sermon in the morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. Sabbath school commences at 9:30 A. M. At the close of the exercises five persons will be baptized. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30.

EAST SIDE PULPITS.

St. Francis Catholic Church; Rev. Father Bouchard will preach at 10:30 A. M. to-morrow. The public are invited.

First Presbyterian church, corner of Sixth and J streets, Rev. D. O. Ghormley, pastor—Services as usual at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Strangers invited.

Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. I. D. Driver, pastor—Services both morning and evening at 11 and 7:30 o'clock, as usual. Sabbath school meets at 12:30 o'clock, as usual.

Zion Evangelical church, Stephens' addition, Rev. C. C. Poling, pastor. Services as usual at 11 A. M. Children's services at 7:30 in the evening. Sabbath school meets at 10 A. M.

Mizpah chapel, Tibbitt's Addition, Rev. D. O. Ghormley, pastor. Services at 4 P. M. Sabbath school at 2:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. You are invited to these services.

First Baptist church, corner G and Seventh streets—Rev. C. W. Reese will preach at the usual hours both morning and evening. Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock. Young people's meeting at 6:30. P. M.

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev. John W. Sellwood, rector—Regular services at 11 o'clock A. M. Bishop Morris will preach in the evening at the usual hour. Sunday school meets at 9:45 o'clock. Service at 7:30 Friday evening.

Congregational church, Holladay's addition, Rev. Daniel Staver, pastor—Services both morning and evening at the usual hours. Subject for morning discourse: "Lessons from Little Things." Subject for evening: "Jonah, the Self-willed Prophet." Sabbath school at 12:30 o'clock. Young people's prayer meeting at 6:30 P. M. A cordial welcome to all.

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State, Wednesday..Sept. 1	Oregon, Monday...Aug. 30
Oregon, Saturday..Sept. 4	Columbia, Friday..Sept. 3
Columbia, Th'rsd'y.Sept. 9	State, Wednesday .Sept. 8
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This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business. Loans made, bills discounted and Commercial Credits granted. Deposits received on current account, subject to check; also on special deposit.
FRED'K TOWNSEND, Manager.

Ladd & Tilton, Bankers,
Transact a General Banking Business.
INTEREST allowed on Time Deposits.
COLLECTIONS made at all points on favorable terms.
LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia.
EXCHANGE sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort and Hongkong.

THE
Portland National Bank,
Transacts a General Banking Business,
ACCOUNTS kept, subject to check.
SELLS EXCHANGE on San Francisco and New York.
MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms.
LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
WILLIAM REID.................. President.
GEN. RUFUS INGALLS.................. Vice-President.
D. F. SHERMAN.................. Cashier.

London and San Francisco Bank,
LIMITED.
Capital and Reserve.................. $[illegible]
Head Office, 22 Old Broad St., London.
This Bank transacts a General Banking and Exchange business, makes loans, discounts bills, and issues commercial and travelers' credits, available in any city in the world.
Portland Branch, 48 First St.
W. MACKINTOSH, Manager.

FRANK DEKUM, President. | W. K. SMITH, Vice Pres't. | H. C. STRATTON, Cashier.
The Portland Savings Bank
OF PORTLAND, OR.,
PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.
DIRECTORS:
D. P. Thompson, Sol. Hirsch, E. J. Jeffery, Frank Dekum, W. K. Smith, C. A. Dolph, R. M. Wade, Geo. H. Durham, J. W. Brazee, Ward S. Stevens, Cleveland Rockwell.
S. W. cor. Second and Washington sts.

OREGON & WASHINGTON
Mortgage Savings Bank
91 First street, Portland, Or.
Rates of Interest on Deposits,
Three months 4 per cent.
Six months, 5 "
Nine months, 5½ "
One Year 6 "

LOANED ON MORTGAGES
$7,597,721 in 11 Years.

CORRESPONDENCE
is solicited, and every information and facility for examination will be furnished by applying to
WILLIAM REID, President.
CITY, COUNTY AND SCHOOL BONDS WANTED.

First National Bank
OF PORTLAND.
Designated Depositary and Financial Agent of the United States.
President.................. HENRY FAILING.
Vice President.................. H. W. CORBETT.
Cashier.................. G. E. WITHINGTON.
Assistant Cashier.................. H. J. CORBETT.
LETTERS OF CREDIT issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.
SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFERS sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, San Francisco, and the principal points in the Northwest.
SIGHT and TIME BILLS drawn in sums to suit on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Hongkong.
COLLECTIONS made on favorable terms at all accessible points.

Merchants National Bank,
PORTLAND, OR.,
TRANSACTS GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
President.................. JAMES STEEL.
Vice President.................. W. C. JOHNSON.
Cashier.................. L. A. MACRUM.
ISSUES LETTERS OF CREDIT available throughout the United States.
SELLS SIGHT EXCHANGE and TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER on San Francisco and New York.
MAKES COLLECTIONS on favorable terms.

VAN B. DeLASHMUTT, President. JUDGE W. W. THAYER, Vice-President.
SAM J. GORMAN, Cashier.
Metropolitan Savings Bank
Transacts a General Banking Business; allows interest on deposits as follows:
On 3 months certificates 4 per cent.
On 6 months certificates 5 per cent.
On 12 months certificates 6 per cent.
Directors:
Judge W. W. Thayer, Judge E. D. Shattuck, Sylvester Farrell, Hon. Richard Williams, Van B. DeLashmutt, G. H. Dodd, E. W. Smith, M. W. Mossman, Dr. W. H. Saylor, Dr. S. J. Barber, I. F. Powell.

Commercial National Bank
OF PORTLAND.
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.
President.................. D. P. THOMPSON.
Vice President.................. R. M. WADE.
Cashier.................. R. L. DURHAM.
Assistant Cashier.................. H. C. WORTMAN.
SIGHT EXCHANGE & TELEGRAPHIC TRANSFER, sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, Omaha, St. Paul, San Francisco and all principal places throughout the northwest.
EXCHANGE sold on principal cities in Europe and on Hong Kong.
Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

INSURANCE.

Union Insurance Company
FIRE AND MARINE.
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Capital - - - $750,000.
AGENCY OREGON DIVISION,
No. 9 Stark St.
JAMES S. REED, Agent.

THE OREGON
[illegible]
OF PORTLAND.
Capital Authorized.................. $[illegible]
Capital Paid Up.................. [illegible]
Assets.................. [illegible]
Net Surplus.................. [illegible]
Principal Office.................. 31 Stark st.

THE THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LIVERPOOL.
Capital.................. $[illegible]
Reserve Fund, (in addition).................. [illegible]
Deposit in Oregon.................. [illegible]
☞ Agency in Portland at No. 8 First street.
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent.

MARKETS.

PACIFIC MARKET.
E. M. SPAULDING. THOS. PAPWORTH.
SPAULDING & PAPWORTH,
BUTCHERS AND PACKERS, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF MEATS,
Corner Third and Ash Streets.

A. H. JOHNSON,
CENTRAL MARKET,
Wholesale Butcher and Packer.
Special attention paid to supplying ships.
Highest cash price paid for all kinds of fat stock.

O'SHEA BROS.,
Wholesale Butchers & Packers
And Retail Dealers in all kinds of Meats.
Special attention given to supplying ships.
Stalls 20, 22 and 24 Central Market, Portland.

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MEMBERSHIP OPEN TO ALL.
Over 12,000 Volumes and 125 Papers and Periodicals.
Monthly Dues, $1; Quarterly, $3, and Half Yearly, $4.50.
DIRECTORS:
WILLIAM M. LADD, PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, MATTHEW P. DEADY, H. W. CORBETT, E. S. KEARNEY, ADDISON C. GIBBS, C. H. LEWIS, M. W. FECHHEIMER, HENRY FAILING, R. H. LAMSON.
MATTHEW P. DEADY.................. President.
HENRY FAILING.................. Vice President.
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER.................. Treasurer.
WM. M. LADD.................. Cor. Secretary.
HENRY A. OXER.................. Librarian and Rec. Sec'y.

THE EAST.

A Banking Firm Wrecked by a Dishonest Clerk.

SECRET MARRIAGE OF YOUNG CASE.

Last Day of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows—Severe Storm in Michigan—Eastern Notes.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—The *Mail and Express* says: It was reported this afternoon that the suspension of John M. Moore & Co., bankers and brokers of No. 8 Broadway, as announced in the *Mail and Express* on Thursday, was the result of irregularities on the part of a trusted employe of the house. At Moore & Co.'s office it was admitted that such was a fact, but the name of the offender was withheld. It was ascertained that some months back the firm took into their employ a young man aged 21, who had, up to that time, resided in a Western city. He brought with him to the metropolis a method of growing rich with ease and rapidity and without expenditure of capital. Having no faith in the rise of stocks, he reached the conclusion that on such of the firm's customers as gave orders for long account he would give directions for selling short, without the knowledge of the firm. Finding the market going against him, he left the city a few days since, notifying the firm by letter that his "hedging" process, which had been carried on for some weeks, had panned out disastrously, and that the firm, according to his calculations, would find themselves short some $60,000.

An examination of the books revealed the fact that the firm has thus far sustained a loss of close on to $100,000. The whereabouts of the confidential clerk cannot be ascertained. The loss occasioned by the clerk's speculations falls upon the firm alone. They expect to resume business in a few days.

A SECRET MARRIAGE.

The Son of J. I. Case Wedded to the Divorced Wife of a Mechanic.

RACINE, Wis., Sept. 25.—It has just been discovered that Jackson Irving Case, 22-year-old son of the several times millionaire, J. I. Case, owner of Jay Eye See, Phallas and other well known race horses, was secretly wedded last March to Henrietta Roy, divorced wife of a poor young mechanic. Young Case aspired to be a blood, and for several years has been the leader of a fast set of young sons of rich fathers. While out with the boys one night over three years ago Case met Mrs. Roy, and an entanglement followed, but no one ever dreamed of marriage following. The father is boiling over with rage at his son's escapade and threatens to cut the boy off without a dollar. Case is estimated to be worth from five to eight millions, and though devotedly fond of his son, is a man of iron will, and it is the general sentiment that he will never forgive the lad for the misalliance.

THE ODD FELLOWS.

Last Day's Session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge at Boston.

BOSTON, Sept. 25.—Last night's session of the sovereign grand lodge of Odd Fellows did not close until midnight. It was ordered that after the first of January, 1887, all cantons shall be required to procure uniforms before being mustered; that officers shall be elected on the night next before the 25th of April, and that the clerks report the same to the adjutant of the battalion, and the adjutants, through brigade and divisions, to the adjutant-general of the army. Provision was made for an expense department. The report of Gen. Underwood was then adopted.

The sovereign grand lodge was then called to order at 9 o'clock this morning, Mr. White in the chair. A resolution that the sovereign grand lodge will not be responsible for any debts or contracts of patriarchs, unless authorized by the grand lodge, was laid on the table.

The grand lodge accepted the proposition of the order in Columbus, Ohio, to give the second floor of the Odd Fellows' temple for the officers of the Sovereign grand lodge, and a committee of three, in connection with the grand officers, was appointed to make all the necessary contracts and leases involved in the removal of the office from Baltimore to Columbus.

A resolution requiring proof sheets of the revised ritual of the degree of Rebekah to be submitted before being published was adopted.

Various resolutions, thanks to local lodges, the governor, mayor and citizens were unanimously adopted.

The following legislation was adopted: In lieu of other regalia, members of grand lodges may wear a scarlet ribbon, and members of the grand encampment a purple ribbon.

The mother of an Odd Fellow widow and unmarried step daughter were made eligible to membership in a lodge of the degree of Rebekah.

Certificates of secretaries of lodges of members' good standing must accompany petitions for membership in an encampment.

Encampments of British Columbia, now existing or hereafter to be organized, are transferred to the grand encampment of Washington territory.

Benefits to dependent relatives of deceased members cannot be paid from the orphan fund.

The report on the journal having been disposed of, and business concluded, the grand lodge proceeded to installation of officers, which being completed, the grand chaplain offered prayer and the Grand lodge, adjourned session 1886, was closed.

EASTERN NEWS ITEMS.

SEVERE STORM IN MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Sept. 25.—A *Free Press* Reed city special says: A terrific thunder storm commenced at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and lasted until 9 P. M. Christopher Cabel's barn was struck by lightning and consumed, together with the season's crops, involving a loss of $2000.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad has had washouts half a mile north of the depot, and the track is undermined for half a mile between Reed City and Crapo, on the Hersey river. The flood carried away everything.

Gingeriche's dam, north of here, was washed out at 8 o'clock, and the rush of water cleared the way. Morris & Martin's and P. & J. Bitner's dams at this place and at Hersey are also gone. The Flint & Pere Marquette railroad has a number of washouts east and west of here. Their bridge, about five miles east, has been moved out of position, besides damage to the stone work from the settling of the foundation.

At Couplets lightning struck a tree, which fell on a house, killing a child and badly injuring its mother. The names are unknown. The loss in this section is estimated at $100,000. Trains will be delayed several days.

MRS. SCHILLING AND HER FATHER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—James B. Cumming, of the firm of Vanderpool, Green & Cumming, who, it has been stated, acted as intermediary between Victoria Morosini-Schilling and her father, looking to some sort of reconciliation, has arrived from Europe. He said: "As professional adviser and friend of Mr. Morosini, I can say very little about this matter. Mrs. Schilling did come to me. She said she was tired of the relationship existing between herself and Schilling, and perhaps she intimated she wanted to leave him. Morosini did not see his daughter in this office, and I do not believe he has seen her since she left her husband. I do not care to say whether Mrs. Schilling's wish to leave her husband was communicated to her father. The story that Schilling received money from Mr. Morosini is untrue. Mrs. Schilling is not at her father's home at Riverdale; she is not at a convent, and she is not with relatives of the Morosini family. I do not know where she is, but the story that she has run off with another man is a falsehood. I do not know that Mr. Morosini is paying her bills, but I feel that he would do so were she ever in need."

THE CAMPAIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25.—The republicans opened the gubernatorial campaign here tonight with a torchlight parade and an immense mass meeting at Music hall. About 10,000 men were in the procession, which marched through the principal streets, and then escorted the speakers to the meeting hall, which has a seating capacity of 6000. It was filled long before 8 o'clock, and when speaking began there was not standing room. Among those who addressed the meeting were Gen. Beaver, candidate for governor, Gen. Osborne and Gen. John A. Logan. The latter did not arrive until 9:20 P. M., and at 10 o'clock was introduced to the audience by President Wm. Metcalf. The appearance of Gen. Logan created unbounded enthusiasm and for five minutes he was unable to speak for cheering.

BOYCOTTERS ARRAIGNED.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 25.—In the United States district court this morning John H. Dunn, John Doyle, Edward Bates, George Salsugh, members of the cigarmakers' union of Binghampton, were arraigned on a charge of conspiracy to injure a citizen of the United States in the exercise and enjoyment of rights and privileges secured to him by the constitution of the United States. They pleaded "not guilty," and were held in $1000 bail each to appear at the November term at Auburn. The specific charge is that they attempted to boycott non-union cigar manufacturers, and the case is brought under section 5508 of the United States revised statutes. The case is of the most importance, as if the construction of this statute, claimed to be the true one, is sustained by the court, it will wipe out all boycotting of non-union made cigars throughout the United States.

A STRING TO IT.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 25.—After the adjournment of the Knights Templar grand encampment one of the members of the Grand Commandery said: The selection of Washington as the place for the next triennial conclave was coupled with a proviso, giving the grand master the authority to name another place three months prior to the time appointed for holding the conclave, in case there was any disposition towards imposition on the part of hotel keepers or others.

STRIKE OF COAL MINERS.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 25.—Sims, Dak., special to the *Pioneer Press*: All the miners of the Northern Pacific Coal company struck to-day on account of Vice-President Bullet's order that employes should sign a contract forfeiting all pay due on the violation of any of the company's rules. The strikers are promised aid from Timber Line and it is thought the difficulties at that point may be repeated here.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—The Rock Island directors have declared the usual dividend of 1¾ per cent., payable November 1st.

The Pullman company's statement for the year ending July 31st, shows surplus earnings under the payment of dividends of $1,250,000.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—A meeting of promoters of the international chess tournament, to be held in this city next spring, was held here tonight, when committees were appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the tournament. The prizes will aggregate $5000, and the first prize is to be $1000.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Richard Butler, secretary of the American committee on the Bartholdi statue of Liberty, announces that the 28th day of October next has been decided upon by the American committee for inauguration of the statue.

PROCLAMATION AGAINST CATTLE DISEASE.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 25.—Gov. Larrabee today issued a proclamation forbidding the importation into Iowa from Illinois of cattle unless the same are accompanied by a certificate showing that they are free from pleuro-pneumonia.

THE SITUATION AT CHARLESTON.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 25.—All was quiet here last night, but there were two slight earthquake shocks, accompanied by detonations, at Summerville.

DEATH OF JOHN B. TAYLOR.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 25.—The death of John B. Taylor, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, is announced to-day.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS.

NOT SEEN BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—A Washington special says: The state department authorities still very earnestly insist that no such treaty as that just published at Ottawa has ever been seen in the department. Whatever has been suggested as to a treaty on this subject, nothing in such definite form has ever been considered here. There is naturally some feeling that this alleged treaty has been given out in Canada before even a rough draft of it has been submitted to our state department. It is supposed that the proposed reconstruction of the treaty of 1818 and of 1854 is in substance the proposition submitted by Lord Salisbury's government, through Sir J. Ferguson, to our minister in London, and by the British colonial office forwarded to Sir John Macdonald, Canadian premier, on his suggestion.

INTERESTING LAND DECISIONS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—An important case, affecting the Pueblo lands of the city of Monterey, in California, which has been pending in the general land office for several years, has been decided by Commissioner Sparks in favor of the city.

Commissioner Sparks has also instructed the local land offices in New Mexico, in a case where certain Navajo Indians have long occupied a canyon in that territory, that lands embraced within the area of Indian settlement were exempted from the grant to the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad company, and it is directed that the application of the Indians to make homestead entries on such lands be allowed.

THE WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.

WASHINGTON Sept. 25.—On the 1st of October nearly 300 mechanics will be discharged from the Washington navy yard, as a result of a recently issued order by Secretary Whitney, turning over the entire yard to the ordnance bureau. Nearly all of the heavy plant now in the place will be removed to other yards, and the buildings vacated will be used to accommodate improved machinery for the fabrication of heavy ordnance. It is believed that the machinery of the equipment department will be sent to the Boston navy yard.

THE UMATILLA RESERVATION.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The Indian bureau is about to send out a commission consisting of a special agent and an Indian inspector, to visit the Umatilla reservation in Oregon, with a view to inducing the Indians to take up lands in severalty, under the act of March 3, 1885.

GREENBAUM NOT A CONSUL.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Greenbaum, consul to the Samoan islands, has gone back to his post, but he has no commission, and will not have. It is said at the state department that he is out of the service, all reports to the contrary notwitstanding.

INDIAN CLAIMS ALLOWED.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The interior department yesterday allowed J. H. Bean $450, and Samuel C. Moore, $500, both of Douglas county, Oregon, for Indian depredations in 1856.

APPOINTED CUSTODIAN.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Garton Allen, of South Carolina, has been appointed custodian of the abandoned military reservation at Fort Ellis, Mont.

SPORTING NOTES.

JEROME PARK RACES.

JEROME PARK, Sept. 25.—No public betting was allowed.

Three-quarter mile—Saxony won, Jim Douglass second, Eolian third: time, 1:17½.

The Nursery stakes, three-quarter mile—Ferenzi won, Belvidere second, Santa Rita third—time, 1:17.

The Jerome stakes, for 3 year olds, one and three-quarter miles—Won by The Bard, Elkwood second, Mollie McCarthy's Last third, no time was taken.

Manhattan handicap, for all ages, one and one-quarter miles—Won by Electric, Wickham second, Buckstone third; time, 2:11.

Selling allowances, seven furlongs—Pegasus won, Witch second, Petticoat third; time, 1:30½.

RACING AT PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 25.—Racing at the Gentleman's driving park, first day. The track and weather were very fine.

For Maidens, three-quarter mile—Plough Boy won, Count Luna second, Monarch of the Oaks third; time, 1:19½.

One mile, selling allowances—Belle B. won, Myrtle second, Sister third; time, 1:46¼.

For beaten horses, three-quarters mile—Harry Russell won, Malaria second, Gilt third; time 1:17.

Seven-eighths mile, selling allowances—Tunis won, Pope Leo second, Gen. Price third; time 1:31¼.

Hurdle, eleven-sixteenths mile—Rushbrook won, Burgomaster second; no time taken. Rochester finished first, but was disqualified for fouling Rushbrook.

BRIGHTON BEACH RACES.

BRIGHTON BEACH, Sept. 25.—Three-fourths mile—Bonnie Prince won, Bellinger second, Epicure third; time, 1:17.

Second race, three-fourths mile—Heather Stockings won, Cato second, Pennetta third; time, 1:17¾.

Selling allowance, seven furlongs—Won by King Arthur, Burgomaster second, Ferg Kyle third; time, 1:30¾.

Selling allowance, seven furlongs—Joe Murray won, Jim Brennan second, Annie Martin third; time, 1:30½.

Three-fourths mile—Suitor won, Willie Palmer second, Georgie C third; time. 1:17¾.

Handicap, one mile—Franz won, Joe Mitchell second, May W third; time, 1:44¼.

BASEBALL.

PHILADELPHIA. Sept. 25.—The Chicago ball club to-day played off the postponed game here with the Philadelphia team. Philadelphia 11, Chicago 4.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—New York 8, Kansas City 3. The game was called in the seventh inning on account of darkness.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—St. Louis 1, Washington 3.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 25.—Chicago 0, Philadelphia 5.

BOSTON, Sept. 25.—Boston 2, Detroit 1.

THE YACHT RACE OFF.

MARBLEHEAD, Sept. 25.—Capt. Stone of the Mayflower thinks the race with the Galatea will be sailed to-day. The wind is in the northeast and blowing a good sailing breeze.

BOSTON, Sept. 25.—A dispatch from Marblehead, time 9:20, states that Commodore Hovey has officially declared the race between the Mayflower and the Galatea off, as, although there is a good breeze, it is one that will prove tricky and probably fail before the course is covered.

STEAMER MOVEMENTS.

QUEENSTOWN, Sept. 25.—Arrived, steamers Celtic and Servia, from New York.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Object of Justin McCarthy's Visit to this Country.

THE LAST DAY OF PARLIAMENT.

Beach Defeats Wallace Ross—The Bulgarian Question—Cable Notes from Berlin—War Probable in Canada.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Justin McCarthy, who arrived here this afternoon on the White Star steamer Britannic, was met down the bay by a committee of reception, on the revenue cutter. The committee cordially greeted McCarthy, who was pleased to meet them. The committee consisted of Cavanaugh, Wm. Lane O'Neil and Wm. B. Clarke. McCarthy is a middle-sized man, with a florid complexion and sandy gray beard. He talked freely, and said in regard to the defeat of Gladstone's home rule measure that he was quite prepared for it, and was surprised that there was not a greater majority against it. People were now anxious to see what Chamberlain would do. He did not think that Hartington had carried so many with him as it was thought he would do, and he believed it would be found that the dissenters would fall away from the ranks of Salisbury, when they found they had received no appointment.

If eviction was passed in Ireland he thought there might be individual disturbances here and there, but there would be no organized political trouble, because the Irish people understood the position of affairs perfectly. As to the suppression of the National league, that could not take place, because it was an English as well as an Irish institution, and it would require an act of parliament to bring it to pass, which would be very difficult of accomplishment, as they numbered eighty-six home rulers, and would be very sure to have a great many radicals with them.

There had been something said about an organized attempt on behalf of the Irish people to avoid paying their rent. He did not believe anything of the kind would occur. Of course, in some cases, it was impossible for the people to pay the rent, as they were without means.

CONCERNING THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

In speaking of the appointment of a commission to inquire as to tenure and purchase of land in Ireland, mentioned in the queen's speech to-day, he said that was one of many ways the tories had of evading the question, and that it only meant a delay to enable them to formulate some definite plan for dealing with the Irish question.

He spoke of the recent defeat in Derry, and said the case would come up for hearing before Justice O'Brien, who was an enemy to the cause of home rule, he having been defeated by friends of Parnell in his contest at Ennis.

As to his return to Europe, McCarthy said he intended to go back for the opening of parliament on the 6th of February. He had not come here on any political mission of any kind, but to give political lectures for his own purpose. He had come as a literary man rather than a politician, and intended to lecture on the "English House of Parliament," "Irish National Cause," "English Politics," and one or two other subjects, and endeavor to give the American people a fair view of things on the other side.

HOPEFUL.

The Irish people, he added, feel perfectly satisfied with the defeat of Gladstone's measure, and seemed disposed to call it a victory rather than defeat, for when they commenced the fight eight years ago they had but eight or nine home rulers, while when they walked with Gladstone to the house of commons last March they had 311. He believed if the present government carried out Lord Carnarvan's plan they would be in power for a long time, and Lord Randolph Churchill would, he believed, be educated to home rule. He was a very clever young man, and a deep thinker, although but a schoolboy in many of his ways.

McCarthy spoke of the admiration which Gladstone and Parnell had for each other, and said Parnell believed implicitly in Gladstone's power to give the Irish people what they sought, if he lived.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT PROROGUED UNTIL NOV. 11.

LONDON, Sep. 25.—Parliament was prorogued to-day until November 11th. Following is the queen's speech upon the closing of the session:

"My Lords and Gentlemen: I am glad to be able to release you from your arduous duties. My relations with foreign powers continue to be friendly. The mutiny of a portion of the Bulgarian army has led to the abdication of Prince Alexander. A regency has been established which is now administering the affairs of the principality, and preparations are being made for the election of a successor to Prince Alexander in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of Berlin. In answer to a communication addressed by the porte to the signatory powers to that treaty, I have stated that so far as this country is concerned, there will be no infraction of the conditions guaranteed by the treaties to Bulgaria. Assurances to the same effect have been given by the other powers.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I thank you for the supplies you have voted for the requirements of the public service.

"My Lords and Gentlemen: I have directed the issue of a commission to inquire into the circumstances which appear to have prevented the anticipated operation of recent acts dealing with tenure and purchase of land in Ireland."

BEACH DEFEATS WALLACE ROSS.

LONDON, Sept. 25.—In the sculling match today between Wm. Beach, of Australia, and Wallace Ross, of New Brunswick, Ross was beaten by four lengths.

Beach won the toss for position and took the Surrey side of the river. Beach was the favorite in the betting, 35 to 10 being placed on him. When the signal was given Ross was the first away, but he led only the first six strokes when Beach passed him, and steadily increased his lead until he was two lengths ahead. At Waldens Ross spurted and when Hammersmith bridge was reached he drew up on Beach. Several barges got in Beach's water and he was compelled to cross Ross' bow, but he avoided fouling the Australian, shot ahead and there was two lengths of open water between himself and his opponent when the Doves was reached. He increased his lead to the end of the race, which was a procession almost throughout.

The race was rowed over the championship course, from Putney to Mortlake. Beach's time was twenty-three minutes and five seconds.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY MYSTERY.

LONDON, Sept. 25.—Moritz A. Fischer, the gentleman who was found unconscious and bleeding in a compartment of a car on the underground railway Thursday evening, has remained insensible ever since, and lies prostrate. The police have framed a theory that Mr. Fischer received the wound on his forehead by coming in contact with the brickwork of the tunnel, while leaning, through curiosity, out of his compartment window to observe the occupants of an adjoining compartment, while the train was at full speed.

GERMANY.

CABLE NOTES FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN, Sept. 25.—The regular session of the reichstag will be convened about the middle of November. The most interest centers in the military budget. It is expected that the government will demand additional regiments of cavalry and artillery, besides baloon detachments. The question of Sunday rest will also be dealt with. The government, however, is unwilling to make large concessions to zealous Sabbotarians in the reichstag.

The utterances in America of Herr Liebknecht, socialistic deputy, form a prominent topic of conversation. Reports that he has tried to interfere with American affairs, especially in the case of the Chicago anarchists, are scarcely credited here.

The popularity of cremation in Germany as a means of disposing of the dead is steadily increasing, and crematories are shortly to be erected at Hamburg, Darmstadt and Zeirich. Previous to this time Gotha was the only town in Germany where cremation was possible. German, Austrian and Swiss cremation societies will hold a second congress at Gotha Monday next, and an international congress, in which representatives of all countries will be invited, will meet in Berlin in 1888.

The death of Prof. Karl Damm, at Karlsruhe, is announced. He was 74 years of age. Prof. Damm took an active share in the struggle for liberty in Germany in 1848.

THE BULGARIAN CRISIS.

ADVICES FROM SOFIA.

SOFIA, Sept. 25.—It is stated that when Prince Alexander was still in power Mr. Mackay, the American millionaire, offered to advance a large loan to the Bulgarian government.

Gen. Kaulbars, bearer of the Russian ultimatum, will declare that the acceptance of the ultimatum will restore good relations between Bulgaria and Russia. It is expected that if the Bulgarian government does not comply with Russia's demand, Gen. Kaulbars will immediately return to St. Petersburg.

The assertion is made in political circles that the grand sobranje will elect King Charles of Roumania, prince of Bulgaria, in reward for Roumania's recent friendly attitude. The election of King Charles, will, it is thought, be agreeable to Servia, because it will be calculated to realize the formation of a Balkan federation. It is further asserted that if the powers do not accept King Charles, Aliko Pasha, or one of the Orleans princes, or as a final resort, the Russian general, Ignatieff, will be proposed. The state of siege will be raised on the 2d of October, so that the election may be held.

A SEMI-OFFICIAL UTTERANCE.

BERLIN, Sept. 25.—The *North German Gazette*, Prince Bismarck's organ, commenting on the attitude of the Austrian press toward the Bulgarian situation, says: "We think that the Austrians betray an extraordinary desire to destroy peace between Germany and Austria, the only two European nations bound together by an honorable alliance. Articles in Vienna and Pesth papers will not turn the German policy aside from its course, any more than did similar articles published in Germany, and which have now disappeared from the surface of politics, because of existing treaties.

Germany's sympathy and interest dictate her present policy. It is fortunate for both nations that the existence of international treaties does not depend upon newspaper editorials, nor upon parliamentary disputants, who, in their speeches, use all kinds of pretexts for the disturbance of Germany's foreign relations. Existing treaties rest on a firm basis, and have procured the well considered sanction of the sovereigns of the countries concerned."

TRYING TO FORM AN ALLIANCE.

VIENNA, Sept. 25.—There is good authority for the statement that Lord Iddesleigh, British foreign secretary, is trying to effect an alliance between Servia, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey. It is thought that Austria will favor such an alliance, which is considered possible, owing to the necessity of uniting against common invaders. It is thought the only serious difficulty will be to induce Greece to join the alliance.

CANADA.

CIVIL WAR POSSIBLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—A dispatch to the *Bulletin* from Toronto says: The breach between the French Canadians and the English speaking people in Canada, created by the execution of Riel by the conservative government, is assuming a serious aspect, and the papers are stating that the Dominion is on the brink of civil war. The chief organ of the conservative government suggests not only the disfranchisement of the French Canadians, but the revocation of that right granted to them by the British government in the treaty of Paris, to support their ecclesiastical institutions by tithes. It is greatly feared the present administration will show bitter hostility to French Canadians by some act of oppression directed against their church, which will certainly lead to deplorable results.

QUARANTINE AGAINST PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

OTTAWA, Sept. 25.—To-day's Canada *Gazette* contains an order in council prohibiting the importation of live cattle from eleven English counties and districts in London, on account of the existence there of pleuro-pneumonia.

SCHOONER WRECKED.

WINNIPEG, Sept. 25.—A schooner is reported wrecked 174 miles west of Port Arthur. Two bodies and a portion of the cargo have drifted ashore.

CHOLERA.

IN ITALY.

ROME, Sept. 25.—Quarantine has been established against all persons from Sardonia. Since the last report there have been five deaths from cholera and twenty new cases of the malady reported from Cagliari. Throughout all the rest of the kingdom twenty-five deaths from the disease and thirty-eight new cases were reported.

IN HUNGARY.

VIENNA, Sept. 25.—Eighteen deaths from cholera and thirty-eight new cases have occurred in Pesth, Hungary, since the last report. Two deaths and four new cases were reported in other parts of Hungary.

REAL ESTATE.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clark, real estate agent and auctioneer:

The business of the past week as shown by county records is thirty-two deeds, amounting to $61,783 50. The number of releases is ten, aggregating $15,251, and of mortgages nine, with a total of $58,750. Whilst publishing an itemized statement of deeds of sale recorded, we have always refrained from itemizing mortgages and releases, considering them private business of no public benefit and only concerning parties interested. To those who have access to the information afforded by the various inquiry offices, it must be obvious that the excess in amount of mortgages above releases during the past week is due to several real estate securities given to banks. In other words banks which since 1883 have more or less preferred personal to real estate security are now desirous of the latter. The action of the banks in this matter was not so much on account of doubt of real estate security as a determined protest against "the mortgage tax and usury laws" which endeavored to fix the price of money, which, like wheat, salmon and other products, is worth what it will bring in the market, and should be left equally unencumbered. How much have the people of the state gained by those laws? Let the borrowers on mortgage in the grain and cow counties, as well as in Portland, answer. If they answer truly they will tell us "that they had had to pay enormous bonuses to procure loans, and that the acts they thought would give them cheap money has ruined thousands." Generally improving business, prospective certainties of railroad and other industrial operations are exciting hope and confidence to an extent unknown for several years past, and to the calm observer it is apparent that the clouds that obscured the horizon are fading away before the now rising sun of new dawning prosperity. Following are the transfers of last week:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.	
Sellwood Real Estate Co. to M. J. Davis, lot 4, blk 55, Sellwood	175 00
Marshal of East Portland to H. Baumhoer, lot 5, blk 9, Cole's, East Portland	3 30
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20.	
G. H. Denham, master in chancery to Hugh Roger, lots 7 and 8, blk 110; lots 1 and 2, blk 117, city; blk 87, 96, N ½, blk 88, 95, East Portland	23,40[illegible] 00
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.	
T. Straham and wife to G. and E. T. Peterson, 10 acres, S5, 1S, 2E	1,100 00
Vincent Cook and wife to Rose Varwig, 60x100 feet, near Twentieth and F streets, city	1,250 00
Rose Varwig and husband to G. Sunderland, 30x100 feet, near Twentieth and F streets, city	625 00
J. J. Fisher and wife to G. N. Eelman, north ½ lot 3, Glenwood park	150 00
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.	
E M Hall and wife to S Harris, lot 6, blk 164, Couch	1,500 00
D McDonald to W Hahn, lot 1, blk 20, Albina	200 00
B W Morris to A H Tanner, tract near B and North Nineteenth streets, City	850 00
P E Brigham and wife to C W Johnson, west ½ lots 6, 7, blk 171, Couch	2,500 00
Sheriff to G Tibbetts, east ½ lots 5, 6, blk 116, E P	1,732 20
Trust deed—Ben Holladay and wife to Geo H Weidler, lot cor Fifth and Columbia sts, tract near car shops	——
Amanda Cole and husband to Ida Morris, lot 3, blk 5, Cole's, E P	150 00
J Kenworthy and wife to W Kincaid, lots 5, 6, blk 3, Kenworthy's, E P	475 00
W S Ladd and wife to W League, 20 acres, secs 22, 23, 1 S, 2 E	400 00
G H Durham to Lewis Love, lot 4, blk 116, City	3,100 00
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.	
W S Lindsay to Wm McLean frac south-east cor Thirteenth and Market sts, City	1,330 00
Albert Vail and wife to Lena Meyer, 5 acres, sec 5, 1 S, 2 E	700 00
Clara I. Hurlburt and wife to N L Curry, lots 16, 17, Spring Valley Add	350 00
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.	
State of Oregon to A. C. Wilson, 80 acres, sec 9, 1 S, 4 E	100 00
Same to same, 80 acres, sec 16, 1 S, 4 E	150 00
C. Cardinell and wife to L. F. Baker, N 48 ft of W 90 ft lot 6, blk 240, city	4,000 00
S. L. Righetti to C. M. Idleman, 4 acres, sec 11, 1 S, 1 E	1 00
Couch heirs to J. F. Neil, lots 6, 7, blk 47, Couch	
John Kenworthy and wife to E. Shelby, lots 1, 2, blk 1, Kenworthy's, E P	450 00
J. B. Garrison to Mary A. Winne, lots 1, 2, 6, blk 6, lots 1 to 7, blk 7, Garrison's, E P	500 00
Same to same, blks 2, 3, 8, lots 5 to 8, blk 5, lots 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, blk 8, Garrison's, E P	1 00
Same to same, E 79 ft of N ½ of lot 2, blk 20, city	15,803 00
Hannah H. Morris and husband to B. Wistar Morris, 18x130 ft blk 275, Couch	1 00
River View Cemetery ass'n to C. E. Sitton, lot 81, sec 3, cemetery	200 00
Sarah A. Talbot to Ella Talbot, 4 90-100 acres, sec 8, 1 S 1 E	500 00

DISTRIBUTION OF DEEDS.

	Deeds.	Amount.
Country	11	$ 3,033 00
City	8	43,975 00
Couch	4	4,001 00
East Portland	7	9,711 50
Albina	1	200 00
Cemetery	1	200 00
Total deeds of sale	32	$61,783 50
Mortgages	9	58,750 00
Releases	10	15,351 00

PACIFIC COAST.

A Roseburg Man Fails and Commits Suicide.

THE FAILURE A VERY BAD ONE.

Many Farmers Lose by the Crash—A Verdict of Acquittal in the Dayton Arson Case—A Railroad Rumor Denied.

ROSEBURG, Ogn., Sept. 25.—Yesterday morning, Friday, September 24, it was announced on the streets of Roseburg that Hon. W. F. Owens, manager of the Grange warehouse, had failed. The amount of the failure is variously estimated at from $40,000 to $50,000. It was caused by legitimate business transactions based upon unjudicious speculations. Many of the farmers will lose heavily, but they express confidence in Mr. Owen's business integrity.

On Saturday morning creditors swarmed in from every quarter, and it was noticeable that Mr. Owens was much concerned for their welfare. Owing to the fact that he had lost three nights sleep and had undergone such symptoms of derangement, at 8 o'clock A. M. it was suggested that a watch be placed over him. At 9 o'clock he had an altercation with Hon. J. C. Fullerton, attorney for one of the creditors, and drew a revolver at the same time informing Mr. Fullerton he would kill him, but after expressing his opinion he voluntarily put the revolver in his pocket. Mr. Owens then passed through the business portion of town again, and went to his residence, evidently for the purpose of lying down to take needed rest. He sat on the edge of the bed, and after pulling off his hat and boots, and holding a thirty-eight calibre Smith & Weston revolver to his right temple, he shot himself, the ball passing out of the left temple. He immediately fell on the floor and gave but a few struggles until life was extinct. He was alone when the deed was committed.

His daughter was the first to enter the room, but several came in before he drew the last breath. It is thought the deed was done in a moment of temporary derangement. His wife is visiting in Yakima, and he will probably not be buried until her return. He was aged 41, raised in Oregon, well respected, and his death is seriously regretted. He was a member of the A. O. U. W. in good standing.

CALIFORNIA.

UNITED LABOR PARTY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—The united labor party, organized for the purpose of "combining all the independent voters in this state, the Knights of Labor, grangers, trades unions and greenbackers into one political party for action at the ensuing election, for the purpose of saving themselves from boss rule and wholesale corruption," at a convention this evening adopted a platform embodying the principles of the Knights of Labor organization, and also planks relating to local affairs. It then proceeded to make nominations for a state ticket. On the fourth ballot C. F. McGlashan was chosen nominee for governor. Other names presented to the convention for that office were Jerome B. Cox, Isaac Kinley of Los Angeles, Joel Russell and Waldron Shear. Horace Bell of Los Angeles was selected as nominee for lieutenant-governor and then the convention adjourned.

A RAILROAD RUMOR DENIED.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—A report was published this evening stating that the Southern Pacific company and the South Pacific Coast railroad company (narrow gauge) are negotiating for the sale of the narrow gauge road, franchises, buildings and real estate in San Francisco, Alameda, Santa Clara and Santa Cruz counties to the Southern Pacific company. It is further stated that the transfer to the Southern Pacific company will be made on October 1. Senator Fair, president of the narrow gauge road, when interviewed on the subject, denied the truth of the report. A. E. Davis, vice-president and general manager of the same road, also made a denial. T. H. Goodeman, general passenger agent of the Southern Pacific company, denied the truth of the statement.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

THE DAYTON ARSON CASE.

DAYTON, Sept. 25.—In the McClary arson case to-day D. B. Hutchings testified: "I talked with McClary before the fire. He said he would get even with Waite. I was with McClary a few days before the fire at the planing mill. We arranged the fuse and poured the coal oil over some boxes under the mill."

For the defense Arthur Oppenheimer testified: "I always kept the back window locked, and do not think it possible for any one to get through the window without me knowing it. I kept fuse in the store, but never missed any; do not think the fuse found under the chop mill was like ours."

C. F. McClary, defendant: "I have heard the testimony of Frank Taylor and Dorris Hutchings. It is entirely false. I did offer $50 reward at the indignation meeting to discover the perpetrator. I never bought any fuse; never had a conversation with Taylor about getting revenge out of Waite; have employed Taylor for some time as my bartender; did say to Sheriff Hosler, when I paid the fine, that Waite did not treat me right."

The case was given to the jury at 6 o'clock. Common opinion is that they will disagree.

DAYTON, Sept. 25.—The jury came in at 7:45 with a verdict of acquittal in the case of C. F. McClary, tried for arson.

NEVADA.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

CARSON, Sept. 25.—The republican state convention was called to order at 9 A. M. Wm. Woodburn, of Storey, was nominated for congress; Edwards, of Ormsby, for judge of the supreme court. Adjourned till 2 P. M.

C. C. Stevenson, of Storey, was nominated for governor.

H. C. Davis of Humboldt was nominated for lieutenant-governor; for secretary, J. M. Dormer of Ormsby; for controller, J. F. Hallock of White Pine; for treasurer, George Tufly of Ormsby; for attorney-general, John F. Alexander of Washoe; for clerk of the supreme court, C. F. Bicknell of Ormsby.

AN EFFICIENT MILITIA.

PORTLAND, Sept. 25.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

I am pleased to find THE OREGONIAN advocating measures looking to the better appointment and greater efficiency of the state militia. It is well if the people of the state recognize the necessity of a well appointed militia without awaiting the time when a maddened mob shall render such necessity most apparent. Much has been done during the past two years to improve the efficiency of our militia, but nearly all that has been accomplished in this direction has been through the individual efforts of the officers and men composing the several military organizations. The state has done very little, and the citizens nothing in this direction. True, last spring when there was well grounded reasons to fear mob violence, the state authorities did authorize repairing arms, and issuing ammunition; but these preparations were only made when almost wrung from the civil authorities by the importunity of the militia officers, and after a commanding officer had declared that he would never allow his command to confront a mob in the neglect of such preparations. We were much nearer an outbreak against law and order, life and property, just then than many good citizens realized. The local militia companies were fully prepared, and alert to suppress any attempted demonstration of lawlessness. At very considerable sacrifice of comfort and outlay of their private funds, the city companies maintained a vigilant watch and ward while citizens securely slept. The money so expended by them has never been refunded by either the state or the citizens. It is true the state finally gave them better arms, but all this cost the state was the asking for them. Great coats and blankets, etc., are still lacking and should be provided at once.

The active, intelligent men and officers have accomplished all that can be done under our present defective and crude laws.

Legislation should be given of such a clear, decisive and efficient kind as would place our military organization on an equal footing with that of other states. Proper legislation would weed the force of such incompetents as Cooke, and would render it impossible that a man who "never set a squadron in the field" nor understands the most simple tactical movements should head a brigade. Organized squads, held together by no more efficient bond than a frequent keg of beer, would be driven from participation in public allowances, which would be then paid to deserving commands. The attempt to have the county provide one large armory for all the companies is the manifestation of the proper spirit actuating the rank and file, but it would be a stride in the wrong direction. The maintenance of the militia should be wholly lifted from counties and placed upon the state, where it properly belongs; and until this is done, perfect, harmonious and efficient organization will be impossible.

Probably the most practical plan for providing one common armory for the Portland companies, would be to have the city furnish the ground for both an armory and a parade ground. Then let an association of capitalists, property holders, etc., build the armory with sufficient accommodations for a full regiment of at least eight companies, including a battery of artillery, or a Gatling gun company. The money now paid for rents by the organizations and companies of the city would pay a handsome interest on the investment. We would then have all the advantages of a common and well-appointed armory, and would avoid the bickerings and jealousies that would certainly grow out of any attempt of the county or state to build. From past experience I know this to be the most feasible and desirable plan to secure the desired and necessary accommodations for our city companies. But little can be expected from the legislature. The companies have done nearly all they can do unaided. It is true they might drill in the peculiar tactics and evolutions of street fighting; as movements and deployments of the double column of fours, wheeling, and loading and firings in double rank formation; but even here in the most necessary part of their military education their efforts would be nearly fruitless for lack of proper armory facilities.

The situation is a grave one for the taxpayers and property-holders. Will they recognize and show proper appreciation of the labors of the men who, last spring, at the prospect of an outbreak, without great coats or blankets or rations and shivering from cold, stood guard over the lives and property of thousands of sleeping citizens or will they slumber on in the spirit of apathy and indifference until a howling mob destroys many lives and desolates our streets with the incendiary's torch? Better by far to adopt the "ounce of prevention," even though expensive, than await the time when the more costly "pound of cure" must be provided. These are considerations that concern every law-abiding, patriotic citizen who has, or hopes to have, any sort of stake in the country. Rich and poor alike must seek their prosperity in the determined enforcement and observation of law and order.

A CITIZEN.

GLACIERS AND MT. TABOR.

PORTLAND, Sept. 22.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

My attention has been called to the following inquiry:

"Will you kindly allow me to ask some geological or hydrostatical scientist to show the reason why water bubbles from numerous springs and appears to be everywhere obtainable, at moderate depth, on Mt. Tabor, whilst on the level lands lying around it great depths are necessary to procure water. J. FRED CLARK."

While I do not profess to be a scientist of any kind, I have an opinion as an observer as to the cause of the springs and water alluded to on Mt. Tabor, and I will venture to give it. It must be borne in mind that the present contour of the country did not always exist. Prior to the great catastrophe known as the glacial period the western coast of Oregon, and perhaps the whole of the northwest coast, was many feet lower than at present. The summit of Mt. Tabor was perhaps nearly level with the Willamette river at Portland. River gravel, not only from the Columbia river, filled the whole of the lower end of the valley, from the summit of Mt. Tabor to an equal height along the basaltic hills back and west of Portland, and northward and eastward to the surrounding mountains. Remnants of this immense gravel bed may be seen back of Mr. Jeffery's and along the Cornell road to a considerable height. While the country thus occupied a lower level than now and was filled with gravel, a free subterranean passage for water existed from the higher grounds along the Cascade mountains, through which water flowed to the base of Mt. Tabor, thence up through the gravel to the surface, forming, perhaps, extensive springs of artesian make, similar to the present springs in East Portland. These waters, being impregnated more or less with iron and other cementing ingredients, gradually cemented the gravel and sand all around the passageway to the surface. This formed a hard conglomerate chimney, or stanch pipe, as it were, through which the water found its way to the surface. During the great glacial catastrophe, which so nearly wrecked the world, the land alternately rose and fell, sometimes much above the sea level, sometimes much below. In other parts of the world there is abundant evidence that the surface has been submerged at least 1000 feet. During the time that the land was elevated the immense glaciers that came down into the Columbia river basin and the Willamette valley eroded this gravel bed and carried the gravel out to sea. Mount Tabor, standing at the line of the main force of the glacial flow, and being very much harder than the surrounding gravel bed, withstood the grinding power of the glaciers, while the softer gravel was swept away, leaving Mount Tabor a hard, gravelly butte, in the midst of loose gravel ridges. The water continues to flow through this subterranean passage from the elevated ground along the mountains and up through the hard cemented chimney to the surface, where it saturates the ground and appears in the form of springs. I have gone on the supposition that Mount Tabor is composed of gravel. It may have a central core of basalt, but that would make no difference, provided it had an outside lining of some material that would retain water.

Now, why do they have to dig so deep in the adjoining country to get water? I believe from the same general cause—the glaciers. River gravel with its accompanying sand and other fine debris forms an excellent receptacle for water. It possesses great retaining capacity for water through capillary attraction, etc.; hence in digging we most always find water when we reach this deposit. But if the gravel is deprived of its sand and other fine matter, it can not retain or hold water. The original deposit of sand and gravel that surrounded Mount Tabor has been carried away by these immense glaciers, and this deposit has been replaced by gravel from which all or nearly all the sand and other fine material has been removed. The carrying away and refilling has been done by the same glacial power; just how the sand was washed out of the gravel I have not investigated enough to determine. The peninsula lying north of Mt. Tabor and between the Columbia and Willamette is composed of this same gravel almost destitute of sand, hence they do not get water until they reach the level of the river. These gravels cause the blowing wells of which mention was made in THE OREGONIAN a few years ago. The gravel is so open and loose that it forms a huge air chamber, and when the tide is rising or falling in the river it acts like a huge bellows to force the air out and draw it in, which it does sometimes with great force. I understand that Mr. Ladd in his artesian well northwest of Mount Tabor had to go to the river level through this loose gravel before he reached water-bearing strata, and if his casing to the solid bed rock is not water-tight he may dig till doomsday and never get a flowing well from the top; the water will run off through this open gravel and never reach the surface. I see but one other solution to the problem of water flowing out near the summits of isolated buttes, and that is that, the hill being exposed to the atmosphere all around, a circulation of air is set up through the gravel, and the moisture contained in the air is condensed by coming in contact with the cold rocks, and flows out in the form of springs. The rain that falls through our long dry summers is certainly not sufficient to keep these springs flowing when the ground every place else is hot and dry, while but few feet of earth and stones remain above the springs.

W. H. SMITH.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

THE WHIPPING POST AND THE PILLORY.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 25.—Four negroes and two white convicts were whipped at Newcastle to-day. Three of the negroes received ten lashes each and the others five, for petty larceny. The whites, Harry Smith and Frank Hays, each received twenty lashes and were stood one hour in the pillory for horse stealing. They were arrested in Philadelphia with horses in their possession. Edward Burnes, white, who robbed Charles Reynolds, proprietor of the Malta house, on July 3, also stood an hour in the pillory. The whippings were light and no blood was drawn. Some 200 spectators were present.

DECISION AGAINST THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The Anglo-Californian bank (limited) recently protested to the treasury department against the action of the collector of customs at San Francisco in refusing to permit entries of imported merchandise consigned to the bank through bills of lading, on the ground that the bank is a foreign corporation. The question was referred to the solicitor of the treasury, who has given an opinion that a bank which was incorporated in London and carries on its business in this country through two agents or managers cannot, under the existing statute, be allowed to make the entries in question, inasmuch as the consignee is in law a non-resident foreign corporation, having none of its corporative officers residing in the United States, and therefore incapable of complying with the laws and regulations of import entries. The solicitor further advises that in all such consignments of goods to said bank the proper course to pursue is to treat the goods as unclaimed and send them into general order. Secretary Fairchild has instructed the collector to be governed by the views of the solicitor.

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